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THE

MEDFORD HISTORICAL  
REGISTER

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VOL. XXI, 1918-1923



PUBLISHED BY THE  
MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
MEDFORD, MASS.

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MEDFORD

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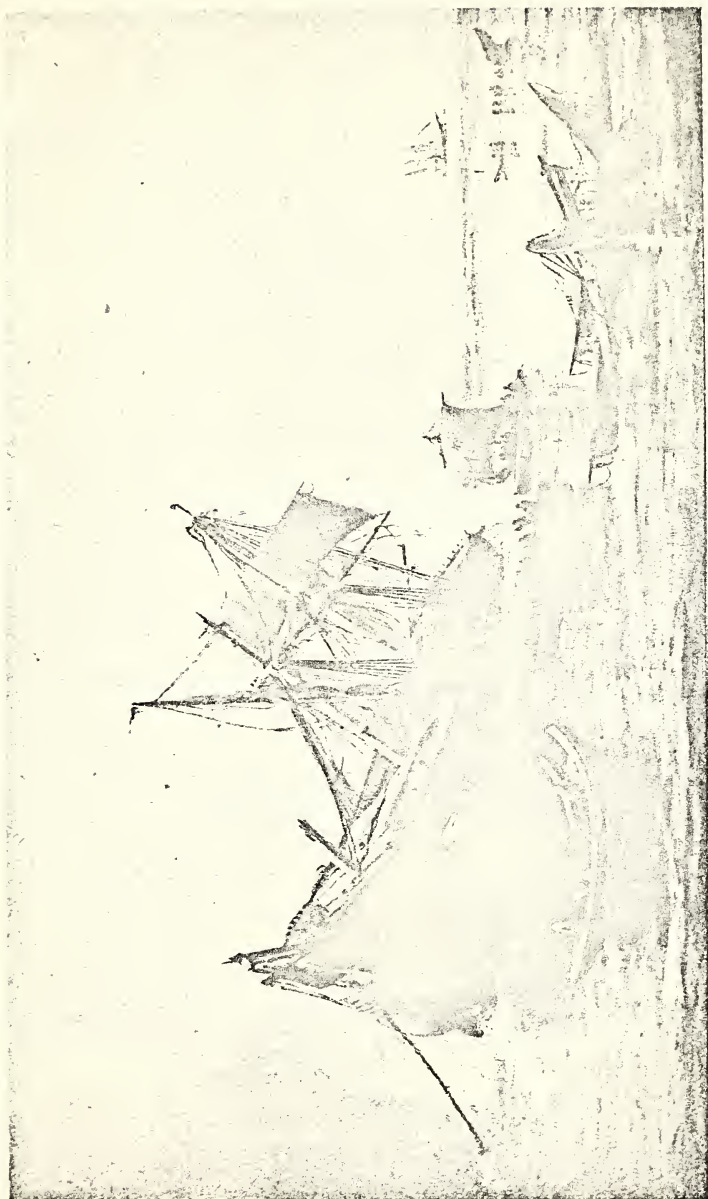
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WRECK OF THE *LIVING AGE*.



Vol. 100



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# The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XXI.

JANUARY, 1918.

No. 1.

## "OLD SHIPPING DAYS."

IN Vol. XVI, p. 71, the REGISTER has noted the last Medford-built ship, the *Pilgrim*. As none are now afloat it would be interesting to know of their style of build, kind, and time of service, and their final fate. The age of the *Pilgrim* was less than nineteen years. Her cargo, when wrecked, coal. All hands escaped.

We have never seen any account of the fate of any other of the long list (567) of those built along the banks of the Mystic until within a few days of present writing, when there came to us the recent brochure of the State Street Trust Company of Boston, styled *Old Shipping Days*. In this we find the story of the wreck of the *Living Age*, which by the courtesy and permission of said Trust Company we present.

In 1846 the Rev. A. R. Baker (then twelve years pastor of the Second, or First Trinitarian, Congregational Church) preached a sermon on ship-building, and appended a "register of vessels built in Medford," which then numbered 359. Mr. Baker is certainly to be commended for his interest in Medford history and for his contribution to Medford annals. By the publication of the History of Medford, Mr. Brooks preserved this "register" and completed it to date, a total enumeration of 513.

Thirty years later Mr. Usher alluded to the same and said it "is too extensive for admission here," but gave an abstract of the same, which shows the number built in each of the seven decades, 1803 to 1873, and totals 567, 483 in the first five, and 84 in the last two, decades. Thirty of these last were named in detail by Mr. Brooks. All Mr. Usher said relative to the other is,



The last ship built in this town was launched from the ship yard of Mr. Joshua T. Foster in 1873.

He did not even give the name. Thus it appears (except in the above) there were 54 ships built in Medford, of which there is no record of name, owner, builder, style or tonnage, and that, too, in a history paid for liberally by the town, as well as by the purchasers.

Referring to this "register" we find the first in enumeration of 1848, and 399th in order —

Ship, *Living Age*; ship yard, J. Stetson's; builder, J. Stetson; owner, E. D. Peters & Co., Boston; tonnage, 758.

Jotham Stetson's ship yard was just below the location of Winthrop bridge, and the last remains of wharf and piling were removed a few years ago in the dredging and park improvements.

In May, 1855, the *Living Age*, then in other ownership, sailed from New York with a cargo of general merchandise for the Sandwich Islands. It was mid-winter in the Southern hemisphere, when for thirty days, with scant food and scurvy-smitten sailors, she was beating around Cape Horn. "One hundred and fifty-three long, hard days" elapsed ere anchor was cast at Honolulu, where her cargo was discharged. Thence she sailed in ballast for Shanghai, where she took on a cargo of tea and silk valued at \$200,000. On December 25 she started on the homeward stretch of the voyage round the world, one destined not to be completed, but to end in disaster.

The *Living Age* was then under command of Captain Holmes, and in all twenty-three persons were on board. They were captain and wife, three mates, and eighteen men and boys before the mast. This crew were American, English, a few Swedes, and one Italian, and are described as an excellent set of sailors. The cook was French.

The northeast monsoon was a favoring wind, but the weather conditions and dense fog gave no opportunity



for taking observations. Only the heaving of the log at two-hour intervals gave any indication of speed, and the reckoning was necessarily inaccurate. Well realizing the danger, the captain picked his way carefully along, and for a time successfully. After four days second mate Hinckley was on deck in the early morning watch, and at four o'clock found they were still in the treacherous China Sea and near Pratas Shoal, which has been the graveyard of many a noble ship besides the *Living Age*. Here is the story he tells: —

Day by day the *Living Age* nosed her way through the dangerous shoals of the China Sea. At four in the morning of the fifth day out Captain Hinckley, who was the watch on deck, realized that the ship was near Pratas Shoal. The course was changed to avoid it, but owing to the unreliability of the log line reckonings the ship did not pass the shoal as Captain Hinckley, who was keeping a sharp lookout, supposed she had done. He was confident that open sea was ahead. He peered through the fog, and saw ahead what appeared to be a breaker, although as the sea was heavy he was not sure but that it was the crest of a rising wave. A sudden fear of great danger swept over him and he rushed forward to see if the lookout was on the alert. Just as he reached the main hatchway the *Living Age*, sinking in the hollow of a huge wave, struck bottom with a tremendous crash. Rising with the following sea, she floated and pushed on, but only for a brief moment. Then she settled again, crushing her bow against the rocks, and stuck fast. All hands rushed on deck. Instant destruction was looked for every minute, as the ship was being pounded terrifically by the mighty breakers. The crew turned to the boats, but before they could cut the lashings the sea tossed them like egg-shells out of sight, two on top of the forecastle and one on the davits being washed away.

Thinking that he would have to swim for his life, Captain Hinckley rushed to his stateroom to take off the heavy underclothes he wore under his oilskins, with the shrieks of the panic-stricken crew rushing about on deck ringing in his ears. He found Mrs. Holmes, the captain's wife, sitting on his sea-chest, clad in her husband's pants and the mate's coat and vest.

"Have you a ditty box?" she asked Captain Hinckley.

"Yes," said he, and handed her his own box from a shelf above his head.

Mrs. Holmes, as calmly as if she had been in her own sitting-room, selected from the box needles and thread, which she carefully



tucked away in the pockets of her coat. All the while the ship was lurching fearfully and pounding against the coral reef.

"You don't happen to have an extra hat?" asked Mrs. Holmes.

Captain Hinckley handed her a Louis Kossuth hat, which had become famous after Kossuth's visit to this country.

Taking a pair of scissors, she coolly and quickly cut off her hair close to her head, tried on the hat, and secured it under her chin with a tape fastened with safety pins.

"There, don't I look like a boy?" she asked jokingly, and went calmly on deck in the midst of the uproar and confusion.

Mrs. Holmes' manner was never other than brave throughout the fearful days that followed. Where men who had followed the sea for years were frightened, she herself showed no sign of fear, and her example did much towards restoring to order a panic-stricken crew.

The men threw everything unnecessary for safety overboard to lighten the ship. The crew, officers, and Mrs. Holmes gathered in the topgallant forecabin, and a bed was made for Mrs. Holmes by placing boards from the breast-hook to a tar-barrel, and a sail was hung over the break of the forecabin to keep off the spray. The crew slept on the opposite side of the forecabin from the captain and his wife. For thirty-five days they lived in this manner, each morning hoping that the signal of distress which they had hoisted would attract passing vessels, and each night doomed to disappointment. The ship's colors had been washed overboard, but the union jack remained. Captain Hinckley cut up in strips some red and white underflannels, sewed them together for stripes, and attached them to the union jack to form the colors. This hastily improvised banner they kept flying all day, union down. One or two vessels passed within their range, but failed to see their signals.

"While searching the hold for stores," says Captain Hinckley, "a barrel of English ale was found and divided among all hands. One man, however, managed to procure more than his share, and got very drunk. His antics during the day, and his urgency that the colors should be kept flying all night to attract the attention of passing vessels, gave us a hearty fit of laughter. In the search there was also found a music-box belonging to Mrs. Holmes, much injured by salt water, but with some music still left in it. This we kept playing constantly, for the music was superb in our ears, and we all took turns at winding it until its last mutilated and fragmentary tune had died away. In vain we tinkered with it. Its last note had fled, and we gave it a sailor's burial."

It was about the twentieth day on the wreck, that Mr. Baptisteá, the French cook, gave notice. It had occurred to Mr. Baptisteá that,



by the laws of the sea, since he was wrecked and had received no wages he could not work. The officers said that if he would not cook for them they would build no raft for him, whereupon he set about building a raft of his own. He soon decided, however, that he would resume the cooking.

A roughly constructed flat-bottomed boat was built, and Mr. Campbell, the chief officer, took a few men and started when the sea was smooth to inspect an island lying about ten miles distant. After nearly being driven out to sea by the changing wind the boat's crew succeeded in landing on the island, erected a pole bearing a distress signal, and stationed a lookout near it. One day they sighted a ship. She approached, hove to, and lowered a boat, but to the astonishment of the shipwrecked party the boat after nearing them turned about and returned to the strange ship, which then filled away and disappeared to the south. The men of the *Living Age* did not discover until they were rescued later that the reason for this strange action was that the ship had struck a shoal in approaching them and punched a hole in her bottom, and that, fearing lest the five hundred Chinese coolies on board whom she was carrying to California would in terror at her leaking condition seize the ship if he sent part of his crew away to rescue the shipwrecked party, the ship's captain had decided to make all sail for Manila for repairs and report the discovery of the crew of the *Living Age*.

On the thirty-fifth day after the wreck, a Chinese sampan was sighted by the part of the ship's company which had remained on the *Living Age* and in it were Mr. Campbell and his men. The adventures of the crew were related, and on February 6 all hands left the *Living Age* and set sail for Pratas Island where they made themselves as comfortable as possible.

"At last at dawn of February 25th," adds Captain Hinckley, "I espied on the horizon a column of black smoke; a whaler or steamer it seemed to be. We hoisted all our signals and launched a boat to intercept her. To our unspeakable relief the spars and smokestack of a steamer loomed up, and she shortly after came to anchor near the shore, lowering her largest boat, the officer of which on hearing my story directed our boat to go aboard, while he went ashore for the remainder. The steamer was the *Shanghai* (English) from Manila, Captain Munroe, and in a short time we all stood without effects on a friendly deck." Thence they proceeded to Hong Kong. For the rescue Captain Munroe received from President Fillmore a gold chronometer.

We have had an interesting interview with Captain Hinckley, who though well nigh a nonagenarian, is still actively engaged in the insurance business in Boston,



and who followed the seas for several years after the loss of the *Living Age*. His voyages were to St. John, N. B.; London; Antwerp; Gibraltar; Malaga; and to Batavia, Java, the latter with a cargo of ice for Frederick Tudor. It is somewhat remarkable that these were also made in four Medford-built vessels, the *Cygnets*, *Horsburgh*, *Vancouver*, and *Josiah Quincy*. The *N. B. Palmer*, in which he returned after the wreck of the *Living Age* was not here built.

Captain Hinckley modestly disclaims the title, and says "it was hard to say no to the offer of the ship owners of a captain's position, pay and 'privilege,'" having served thus temporarily in those his youthful days. But the title has clung and effort to shake it off has been unavailing.

He tells us that the owners of the *Living Age* lost two other ships in that same fateful Pratas Shoal, and that remains of one there wrecked *before* the *Living Age* and another just *after* were there during their stay of thirty-five days ere their rescue therefrom.

We deem ourselves fortunate in thus, after the lapse of sixty-three years, gaining this information from, and interview with, one who can truly say "all of which I saw and part of which I was"; also of being able to thus preserve the same, as we have many other incidents, by the REGISTER.

---

#### WHEN A BOY IN MEDFORD

There comes to us a bit of information relative to a boy's life in the Medford of nearly a century ago and worth noticing, from the autobiography of William Wilkins Warren, son of Isaac Warren of old Menotomy. By some change in family fortune William was placed in the care of his paternal grandfather, Amos Warren of Medford, at the age of six years, in 1820, and lived with him eight years.

Amos Warren came from old Menotomy (then the west parish of Cambridge), now Arlington, in an early



year of the century, and bought a small farm in the western part of Medford on the side of a hill, with an orchard of fifteen acres, and lived there until his death in 1831.

It was doubtless the old home of the pious deacon John Whitmore on which the later residence of James M. Usher was built. Across the street was the old Bucknam house, in recent years removed, making room for the West Medford post-office, and the cottage of Captain Wyatt, which still remains as a reminder of those early days. The great Whitmore elm was then in its prime, and for sixty years thereafter. Whitmore brook flowed through the Warren farm, but had not then acquired its modern habit of taking a summer vacation. Some rods to the west was the Middlesex canal, but no railroad was dreamed of when this boy came to his grandfather's to live.

He described his grandparents as very pious, and kind and affectionate to him, his grandmother especially so. Because of old associations they worshipped in the old meeting-house at Menotomy, but when his mother (and sister) came to Medford and lived in the old Bucknam house, she was taken into the Medford church and all her children baptized by Dr. Osgood who was a friend and contemporary of her grandfather, Dr. Cummings of Billerica. Thereafter William's Sunday school days were divided between Menotomy and Medford, where such an institution was then something new. Miss Lucy Osgood directed it and Miss Elizabeth Brooks was his teacher. Another innovation in William Warren's boyhood was the first stove in the Medford meeting-house in the winter of 1820. As his mother did not come till two years later, chances are that he went to Menotomy with grand-sire Warren, and so did not witness the novel installation, and just here we are led to make some mental comparisons of that time, less than a century ago, with the present fuel conservation that would close our churches, and the "cold and shivering air," we assume in a winter no more rigorous than in those times.



Mr. Warren in his autobiography written in 1884, attributes to the influence of his grandparents whatever of religious characteristics he possessed. He was "ambitious to study and earn money" and was careful of his earnings made in various ways. "Sticking cards" was one of these. This would be a lost art to the youth of to-day, who know more of playing cards than of those more useful articles used in the textile industries of many New England homes of that time. This was the placing of many crooked bits of wire in a backing of perforated leather by slow process of manual labor, and which a few years later was superseded by machine work in his native town. But this was a winter work.

Like other New England farmers, Amos Warren believed in the gospel of hard work, and so six months of the year William Wilkins became an "enthusiastic young farmer," and in the winter months attended the town school, primary and grammar he styles them. As there was no school then in the West End, he was a "Fag-ender" at the old one near the meeting-house. He says "I never identified myself with the Medford fighting-boys who were hostile to the Charlestown boys on the frozen Middlesex canal, and had many hard fights." The passage of the boats through the lock and the alewife fishing on the river near by were more to his taste.

Mr., afterward Dr., Furness and Luther Angier were his teachers in the town school. The latter recommended him, when twelve years old, to Medford Academy, as he styles Mr. John Angier's school, and for a time he was in Mr. Angier's family. While attending the town school he walked to Charlestown bridge, and alone, to see Lafayette and the great procession to the corner-stone laying at Bunker Hill, which was to him a most notable occasion. While at the academy he paid for his tuition by work in and about the place.

During his stay in Medford, his grandsire Warren had as tenants in his house a Mr. Reed and family. He mentions enjoying much the society of this family and their



three pretty, intelligent daughters. One of these, Rebecca Theresa Reed is remembered by a story given to the press, prior to the disgraceful riot resulting in the destruction of the Ursuline convent at Charlestown. He probably little dreamed that his future wife would be the last survivor of that conventual school.

When fourteen years of age he left Mr. Angier's school to learn the printer's trade. He had read the life of Benjamin Franklin, which "inclined him to that mechanical art." The proprietor of the *New England Farmer* was a relative, and in his family he found kind friends and a happy home. But while attaining some proficiency in the "art preservative" he seems to have relinquished the mechanical part for other activities, and followed his employers into that garden-seed business which still continues in Boston.

Of Mr. Warren's subsequent successful business life in the Danish West India Islands we need not here allude, only to say that he doubtless followed his old sea-captain friend's advice on starting thither, "Willie, my boy, always remember to look out for number one." He early acquired a competence, and retiring from active business, attended to the wise management of his affairs and in many positions of trust which have been noted in a former issue of the REGISTER. It is to his boyhood days and times we refer. In reading his autobiography, one is impressed with the *worthwhileness* of his early education in the Medford schools, both public and private, and the influence of the home of his grandparents that gave him a start in his business career. His interest in the life of Franklin read in his boyhood led him to secure (on opportunity) the old Ramage press, said to have been used by Franklin, for the Bostonian Society, in whose rooms in the Old State House it may be seen. May the many Medford schoolboys that throng our streets and schools with all the modern advantages, have as successful a career.



## HISTORY TOLD BY NAMES OF STREETS.

In Volume VII the REGISTER noted the significance of the names of Medford streets. In the thirteen years that have elapsed population has largely increased, vacant land been developed and estates divided. The new streets are so numerous as to require a directory and specific instruction for even an old resident to readily find them.

The nomenclature of these is a matter of some interest, as a glance at the list shows. A little book, the result of recent private enterprise, is a handy *City Guide* to over five hundred streets, avenues, courts, places, roads, squares and terraces. By duplication of the latter the actual number of names is reduced just one hundred. Not all are public or accepted by the city, and thus a few names are duplicated. To a few a former name clings, while the newer or established name is also given.

It would be interesting to know just why we have a "Sayso road" while the more pretentious name of Bowen avenue has official sanction. The title examiner finds difficulties in the many recorded plans and deeds where appear names that of necessity were changed on a street's acceptance.

This *City Guide*, for convenience, refers to Glenwood, Hillside, South Medford, Wellington and West Medford, which lay around the border and partially encircle the old Medford.

In 1829 the selectmen named the ways radiating from the town pump (which seems to have been the *hub* of Medford), but prior to that time they were the "roads to" various places.

The REGISTER has told "how Medford began to grow." She has continued to, and has not yet "got her growth." Some enterprising speculator develops vacant land or divides an ancestral estate, gives it a name, lays out streets and assigns names of his own fancy to them. For instance, at South Medford the old road to Cambridge



and its college was called Harvard street. By and by there was a half-mile race-track beside it, next a brick-yard, and after years of vacancy the place becomes *College field*, with Amherst, Bowdoin, Colby, Dartmouth, Princeton, Radcliffe and Yale, with Andover and Exeter beside. Along comes another, and across Buzzell's lane are the abandoned clay-pits of Buzzell's decadent brick industry, with a piece of upland on Main street extending to College avenue, which name, of course, relates to Tufts college. The ash dumpage of Somerville comes into the clay-pits, Captain Adams' brick house is demolished, and *College acres* appears.

Stanley and Frederick avenues connect Main street with College avenue and Windsor road with Hinsdale street. Of the significance of these names we are unaware, as well as of Rhinecliff, the next in order. The only *dale* we see is the remains of the old clay-pit, and the only *cliff* the edge of the ever-increasing dump, but the slow trickle of Two-penny brook beside it isn't comparable with the great German river.

A lot of the sand of College field has migrated to the acres in the form of the concrete block foundations. Some store-building syndicate has erected its structure on Main street, and the Church Extension Society located on a strategic point the temporary chapel of St. John's Church.

Across the way, where once was Isaac Royall's farmhouse, not many years since was the Mystic trotting park. Blocks of stores, garage and dwellings now line its new streets. These bear the names of former proprietors and turfmen — Wright, Willis, Bonner, Golden and Trott. Hicks avenue leads to the later Combination park and perpetuates its projector's name. Dexter street recalls a former owner, and in the corner of the city are another owner's children's names — Joseph, Lewis, Edward and Henry.

Away back in 1845 Edward Hastings and Samuel Teel laid out the land on either side High street from



the Woburn road to the Lowell railroad. A plan of the same has recently come to the Historical Society on which one reads, "offensive trades prohibited by indenture." The noble elms bordering those streets were also of the proprietors' foresight. The names they gave remain today, save Lowell, which failed to displace the appropriate one of Canal, and there were Canal streets leading to the Middlesex canal in other towns also.

Brooks street then extended from Irving to Woburn streets, but since to High and Winthrop. Doubtless it was named for Hon. Edward Brooks, as was the new schoolhouse erected beside it in 1851. Cottage, probably from the type of houses there erected; Mystic, because of its trend from Mystic mount (now Hastings heights), toward the river. Auburn, Allston, Irving and Prescott are sentimental, reflecting the cultivated and literary taste of Rev. John Pierpont and Charles Brooks.

Woburn street was, of course, the old "Oborne rode" of the early days. Warren street extends through the old farm of Amos Warren, and the newer Wyman street through the old Wyman estate. Gleason street adjoins the Gleason school, both named for Hon. Daniel A. Gleason of the school committee.

Madison street was one of the later streets, and probably suggested by James Madison Usher, a namesake of President Madison. Usher road lies within the limits of his former estate, while Gorham, Clewley, Chardon and Wheelwright are those of relatives of the Brooks family, whose land they traverse. Century road was laid out in the closing year of the nineteenth century. Playstead road is self-evident, as it borders the playground. Chandler road, because of Frank E. Chandler's ownership, and Woods Edge road is on the edge of the wooded hill. Laurel and Vernon are probably fanciful, as also Boylston terrace. Smith's and Hastings' lane and Whittle road were proprietary. Rock hill is also very truly named, and High street reaches its highest point near by.

At the West End one looks in vain for Gorham and



Lake parks as shown on Walling's map of Medford, or some streets of old recorded plans. One of these, Winthrop, became Sharon by the town's acceptance. Medford already had a Winthrop street and several names were suggested for this new one, but that of their old home town, suggested by the Morse brothers, whose new home adjoined it, found most favor. Myrtle could not be duplicated, and E. W. Metcalf, an abutter and petitioner, suggested Jerome, in honor of Jerome Bonaparte Judkins, one of the land developers of 1870. He was the grandfather of the young soldier, Medford's first loss in the present war. Mr. Judkins gave the names of Temple and Tontine, Lincoln and Sherman to those streets. Holton street was laid out by Samuel S. Holton, Sr., to subdivide some large lots and provide a corner location for Trinity Church, and so given his name. As old Ship street had become Riverside avenue, a new name had to be found for the western one, which on acceptance became Arlington street. It is a long street, reaching nearly to Arlington line.

In a subdivision of the older plan in 1870 two new streets were called Linden and Hawthorn, both grafted into Myrtle. As the latter was uprooted or transplanted as Jerome, so Linden got the name of a worthy resident, Fairfield. Only Hawthorn remains, and that only on paper.

Minot street of the old plan was laid out by the county commissioners as Boston avenue, and it had been better had a suggestion of eighty feet wide instead of sixty been heeded.

Whatever suggested Monument is a query. Possibly Bunker Hill monument was *then* visible there over the rise of College hill (not now), as it was from Grove street near by. Mr. Brooks planted a grove in the "Delta" in 1820; from this may have come the name given the old Cambridge road to Woburn, now Grove street. Bower (not Bowers) street was so called by Thomas P. Smith, land owner, for a Bower street where he had formerly



lived, and which similarly got the name from a grove or bower of trees. Harvard *avenue* was the West Medford way to the college, as was Harvard *street* before mentioned from South Medford. Circuit street is a circuitous route from Bower, beside the railroad, and to Bower again.

Within a few years a real estate trust has, on the Francis Brooks estate, opened Jackson, Woodland and Newton roads, Kilgore, Pitcher, Johnson and Tyler avenues (all names of the company), and has preserved the Brooks monument to Sagamore John at Sagamore avenue and place. Ravine road and Lakeview are thus appropriately named.

In this article we have covered mainly the South and West Medford sections, with less than one hundred names. To mention the names, with why and wherefore, is merely to skim the surface of the subject. The reclamation of waste places, construction of passable roads, with their arteries of water and gas, nerves of electricity, and intestinal sewers, has been a work of years of private enterprise and public cost. Still the work goes on, even though the town pump, the original radial center, is gone, unknown to the present and only remembered by the oldest inhabitants.

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#### AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

Josiah G. Fuller of West Medford had the following experience during his participation in the 24th National Encampment of the G. A. R. at Boston, 1890:—

“He was one of the little band of Abolitionists who went to Kansas in 1854 for the avowed purpose of freeing that state from the blight of slavery. He passed through many thrilling experiences during the exciting days of ‘Bleeding Kansas,’ and two years later was cast into prison at Lecompton, as a result of refusing to assist in the enforcement of the fugitive slave law at Lawrence. One night, while in confinement at the court house, which served as a prison, six ruffians, who were playing



cards in the room, learned that he was an 'Abolitionist preacher,' and hung him to the rafters. He was left for dead on the floor, but was awakened to consciousness by the kicks of his jailor. As one hanging was considered sufficient, Mr. Fuller was allowed to depart, which he lost no time in doing. But he was heard from again as a Union soldier, and did good service during the war.

"At the Encampment in Boston, Comrade Fuller received an invitation to join in the Grand Army delegates' excursion down the harbor; but he arrived at the wharf just as the steamer had left her moorings. Observing two colored men on the wharf, he approached them, and seeing by the brown button that they wore that they were Grand Army boys, he engaged them in conversation. What was Mr. Fuller's surprise when he learned that one of these comrades was an attendant at his church while preaching at Boonsville, Mo., in 1850, and also that the man was one of the slaves whom he helped to set free in 1862. The scene was a touching one as they indulged in reminiscences of the past, and will never be forgotten by the two veterans. Comrade Fuller is now seventy-three years of age, but notwithstanding his more than three score and ten years, he marched with his Post during the entire parade."

The above account was thought worthy of insertion in the handsome souvenir volume of three hundred pages issued by the Executive Committee having charge of the arrangements for the Twenty-fourth National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, Boston, August 11 to 16, 1890.

Mr. Fuller was born in Newport, N. H., November 28, 1817. He enlisted as a private September 4, 1861, in the 1st Kansas Battery, served three years and ten months, being discharged July 17, 1865. He lived for many years in West Medford, Mass., and married there, September 27, 1865, Sarah Hovey Barnes, who died November, 1895. He died January 1, 1899. He joined Post 66, G. A. R., June 10, 1884.

E. M. G.



## MORE INTERESTING INCIDENTS.

I remember hearing Mr. Fuller recount his Kansas experiences on several occasions. On one occasion, he was the substitute for the absent entertainers on a rainy evening at the monthly sociable of the First Trinitarian Church. Once when his funds were low, and his wood-pile was reduced to nothing, a load was left at his door, and on several occasions when he had no food, his needs were supplied from sources he could not have named as likely to make such provision, and in his own mind there was no doubt that these gifts were the direct answers to his prayers. Like John G. Paton, he was conscious of being providentially safeguarded. The Bibles and tracts he distributed were "seed corn," and by talking seeds and crops with the farmers, he secured their attention to his main object, and in many cases their co-operation.

In Kansas he was a colporteur, sowing seeds for a spiritual harvest, and suffering with those who opposed the extension of slavery. In the Civil War he was a soldier fighting for freedom and equality. He was taken prisoner and was one of a hundred lined up for execution. Some of the group were able to give a sign of distress which adjourned the shooting, another providential escape for Josiah! After the war he was a distributor of revenue stamps for the commission allowed by the Government. He said his business was "stamping about Boston."

His marriage completed a double knot, as his sister was the wife of Henry S. Barnes, whose sister became Mr. Fuller's wife.

When the First Trinitarian was merged with the Mystic Church he became a member of the West Medford Congregational Church, of whose meeting-house he was janitor for some years. During a severe illness his duties were performed by two members of the Parish Committee, who thus saved to his family his salary for several months. (One of the two was Robert A. Rogers, who passed away a few weeks since).



I think it was in the summer of 1864, on a beautiful, but quite warm sabbath morning that I first saw Mr. Fuller. He was seated in the centre, fourth pew from the front of the meeting-house of the First Trinitarian Church, in the uniform of a Union soldier. He had obtained a furlough, and had arrived in town just in good time for church. He had either omitted to write about it, or had come more quickly than his letter, so his coming was unexpected. His sister was becoming anxious for him, not having received letters for several months. Arriving as the service was about to begin, she stood a full minute in the aisle, perplexed at seeing her soldier brother in the family pew. The surprise was complete, whether intended or not, and this is the most vivid recollection I have of Mr. Josiah G. Fuller.

H. N. A.

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#### AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

The gathering on Jan. 4 ('18) of fourteen members of Medford's first city government, with the auditor and collector who have served continuously, was surely a pleasant and notable occasion. That so many have survived the stress of the years and enjoyed the reunion, is worthy of notice in Medford annals. They were Aldermen William Cushing Wait, Walter F. Cushing, Lewis H. Lovering and J. R. Teel, with Richard Gibson, E. C. Ellis, George T. Sampson, Herman L. Buss, William H. Casey, Allston H. Evans, N. E. Wilber, E. F. Kakas, Charles H. Loomis and E. I. Langell, of the council. As their former clerk Langell called the roll, fitting notice was taken of "Those who answer not, however we may call." Auditor Cummings and Collector Hayes were guests of the evening. After the dinner came the "smoke talk" with "everybody in it" and a final word by chairman Loomis to close the "First Session." Judge Wait presided over the "Second Session" opening court (?) with words of greeting. Councilman Evans paid tribute to Medford by reading original verses:—



## MEDFORD.

There's a Medford in Wisconsin,  
And there's also one in Maine,  
And in Maryland for Medford  
We do not look in vain.

Even Oklahoma  
Boasts a Medford of her own,  
But about one in Arkansas  
Nothing here is known.

In Minnesota and New Jersey,  
And in Oregon as well,  
Still we find the name of Medford,  
Still we find its mystic spell.

The famous vintage "Medford"  
Is known from shore to shore,  
Carried in our Mystic ships  
In the good old days of yore.

A city eighteen ninety-three,  
We started it on its way.  
At the end of a quarter of a century,  
We are here to celebrate the day.

But there's only one real Medford,  
Which in all ways can surpass  
All the many other Medfords,  
Here's a health to Medford, Mass.

Alderman Cushing's subject was the "Board of '93", and the survivors have now no excuse for not making a record, as he presented each with an up-to-date fountain pen. Next Councilman Loomis read

## THEN -AND NOW.

The passing years no halting know,  
But onward hold their even way;  
No protest or regret from man  
Has any power to make them stay.  
So we who met in Ninety-Three  
With problems deep and hard to strive,  
Look back tonight on by-gone years,  
And count them, twenty-five.



Those were the days of comrade's cheer,  
Of friendship's loyal, helpful aid;  
Tonight, all are not gathered here,  
We mourn the breaks the years have made,  
We span the time with kindly thought,  
While memories bright their radiance cast,  
And clearly from those distant days,  
Shine records of the past.

But since those days what have we gained?  
What civic lessons have we learned?  
Increased in numbers, and in wealth,  
Have we "rewards of merit" earned?  
Huge piles of brick and stone we've reared,  
Streets, boulevards and parks laid out;  
But in the rush of rapid growth,  
Have ideals met their rout?

In earlier days good-will prevailed,  
Forbearance toward each other;  
Perchance we sometimes disagreed,  
We hailed each still as brother.  
We had no Aldermanic scraps,  
Nor mob-like Council Meetings,  
When angry members yelled and fumed,  
We believed in courteous greetings.

But in these later restless days  
A change we note has come about,  
Some legislators seem to think  
To be impressive they must shout;  
And if a man should choose to vote  
Upon the side which they oppose,  
Make him a target for abuse,  
No decency he knows.

In earlier days we had our fights,  
To win we did our very best.  
Whichever side the victor proved,  
With wishes good was promptly blessed.  
The winners reaped their earned rewards,  
The losers, glum, of course, might feel,  
But victors did not loudly boast,  
And losers did not "squeal."

No public servant can succeed,  
If fiercely fought at every step.  
Success, coöperation needs,  
With mutual work, and lots of "pep."



We can not always think alike;  
We can at least the game play fair,  
And if opponents come half-way,  
Let's treat them "on the square."

Harsh judgments often are unjust,  
Distorted facts their poison spread,  
Much that is heard in politics  
Far better had been left unsaid.  
For oftentimes the loud-mouthed man  
Who leads in sinister attacks,  
Himself no public place could fill,  
He brains and courage lacks.

So as we scan these later years,  
Regretfully we fail to see  
Wherein the quarter century passed  
Has gained us civic harmony.  
And as we ponder on this fact,  
With me, my comrades, you'll agree,  
No better Council since has sat  
Than that of Ninety-Three.

The ever versatile councilman from ward six made some observations upon his bailiwick, as only Wilber can do. Evidently this reunion was a sort of love-feast, and those present had no cause to be ashamed of their record in performing the new duties to which they were called in '93. If some successors did not as well, the lesson should come home to the voters who elect them.

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#### THE USHER BRIDGE.

Usher bridge was named for James M. Usher. He was mainly instrumental in the laying out of the road from High street in Medford to Broadway in Arlington. I signed the petition to the county commissioners for the laying out of the road at Mr. Usher's request. It is that in Medford known as Harvard avenue. The abutments and central pier of the bridge were reinforced with concrete when the river was deepened a few years since by the Metropolitan Commission.

J. H. H.



## THOSE OTHER MEDFORDS.

The verses found elsewhere in this issue bring to mind the effort made by the REGISTER a few years since, to furnish some reliable information of the other Medfords of our country (see Vol. XVII, p. 99). We had then secured a portion, but being under prospect of discontinuance, could not well pursue inquiry of the eight then unheard from. There were then fourteen in all. At this later date, former councilman Evans seems to have no better success with Arkansas, than did the REGISTER. Just now we are wondering what the "Nathaniel Medford Club" organized in Pittsburg in 1864 was, and whether Medford enterprise (or spirit) was operative in the smoky city fifty-four years ago. We find the same mentioned in one of our recent exchanges. Who knows anything about it?

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## WE'LL NOT SOON FORGET IT.

The passing winter has been one to be remembered in various ways, especially the fuel shortage. The sight of numerous children, with some women, and a few men dragging homeward their allotted hundred pounds, is something new in Medford. The inclement days and icy streets made conditions bad enough, but the stuff they got was deficient in heating quality, containing a large per cent of non-burnable refuse. The cost of railway service to haul from the mines, the woman and child power to haul home, and the certain per cent of the energy of the real coal to heat somewhat this refuse in the effort to burn, contribute to waste rather than conservation, of which so much is now being said and written. Even the ash men of the city have found an increase in their labor in carting the waste to the city dumps. It would be well if the political economists would investigate, whether or no the "dear public" haven't paid for a lot of former years' waste in this season's "run of mine coal," in which householders find double the former waste.



The complex weather conditions that first made icy the streets, and later light snow fall, lightened the children's labors a little in the use of their sleds, but when in a day almost everywhere the bare ground appeared, the boys were unprepared with wheels. Their tug and pull was pitiful to see. But the Medford boys (and girls too) are plucky, and inventive as well, as some of their improvised coal carts are witness. Once the coveted coal card secured from the fuel office, the procession moved on.

And then the water troubles. Sunday morning, December 30, the city woke to trouble; mercury eighteen degrees below zero, and henceforward plumbers, water department men, and electric men were in constant demand to thaw and mend, only to thaw and mend again. It was no uncommon sight, that of coal or coke fires across sidewalks over night, that the pick and shovel men might dig down next day to a depth never known to freeze before. In suffering the attendant discomforts we have learned how dependent we have become upon modern improvements, and for a time were worse off than our grandfathers.

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#### AN APPRECIATION.

In the organization of the Society for 1918 the reader will miss the name of Eliza M. Gill, who has faithfully served for several years as Secretary. Because of impaired health, she is obliged to give up her willing service, but not her interest. One of the original corporators, she has ever been in labors abundant, both as an officer and interested active member, keeping in touch with historic interests elsewhere, as well as in Medford. The papers she has read before the Society show careful study of her subjects, and are supplemented by other articles in the REGISTER, and not a little of material has been furnished by her to aid other writers. To the REGISTER she has ever been devoted, and its editor acknowledges her many favors and assistance. We are hoping for her rest and recovery ere long.



### ORGANIZATION FOR 1918.

The organization of the Historical Society for the current year is herewith presented. A copy is sent to each member with the notice of the March meeting, and will serve as notice of appointment of committees as a whole and individually, by the Board of Directors.

The first named is expected to see that each committee promptly begins its work for the Society interests.

The Society is now housed in permanent quarters, conveniently located, and after the inconveniences of recent years should take up with interest its important work. Will each member of these committees readily report to its chairman, and each committee have a friendly rivalry with each other, and so boom our Society this year.

Some surprise has been expressed that the Society should assemble for its meeting on the heatless Monday evenings called for by the fuel administrator. Our reply is, that as an *educational* institution, and patriotic withal, we best conserve our resources—fuel and light included—by attending to “business as usual,” and at the regularly appointed times, at no excessive expense.

On three occasions there has been the new and interesting feature of instrumental and vocal music, which will be continued. Light refreshments on two occasions have added to the social interest, and not materially depleted the treasury or caused any non-observance of meatless, wheatless, or eatless days.

It is the desire and intention of the Society, through its Directorate, to fulfill its mission in our good old city of Medford. To this end it asks the co-operation of all its membership, both present and prospective.

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### OUR ADVERTISERS.

Don't forget to patronize our advertisers of this issue, and as occasion offers, invite them to our meetings, to enjoy their interesting features helpful to Medford interests.



## OUR TWENTIETH VOLUME.

The October issue of the REGISTER completed two decades of service in the preservation of Medford annals. It has put into permanent form for reference many of the interesting papers that have been prepared for and read before the Historical Society, which assumes its publication and gathered up very many local incidents and features of interest that otherwise would have been lost. All these can be safely drawn upon by such as shall sometime write an adequate history of our city. Exclusive of title and index, its pages now number 2140 of superior quality.

It has always been a labor of love by its contributors and editors, and no inconsiderable draft on the Society's treasury. Other historical works our town and city have three times assisted financially, but the REGISTER has been maintained by its own and the Historical Society's efforts. The text-book used in our public schools has drawn largely upon it for facts, and was carefully examined by the REGISTER editor before its introduction.

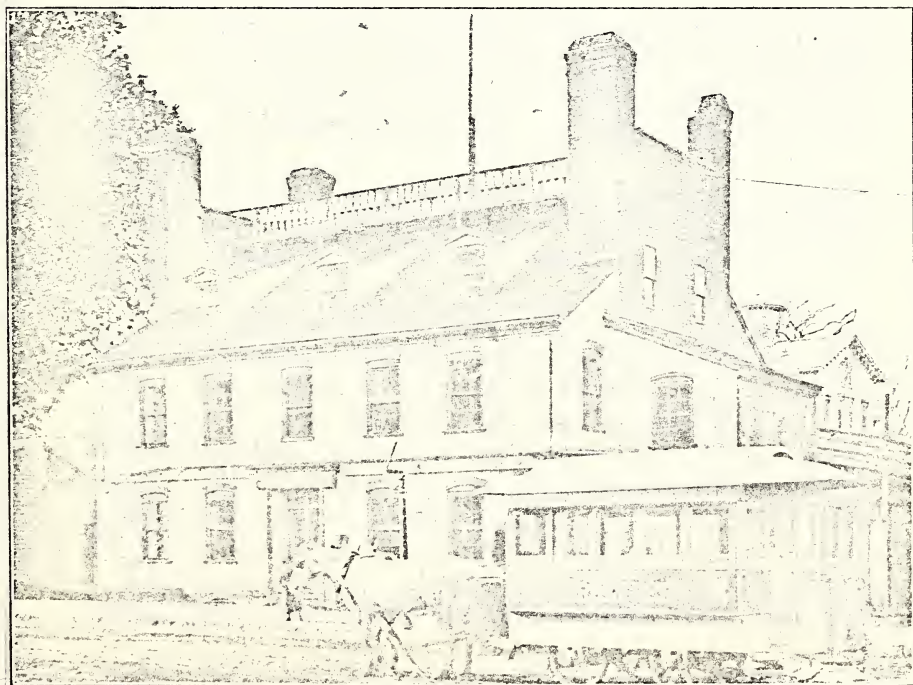
We bespeak for the coming issue a more lively interest and larger circulation, and call attention to the fact that a *limited* number of full sets may yet be procured which contain a wealth of information nowhere else to be found regarding our city.

Few historical societies can show a longer or better record in publication. If as far as possible, members become subscribers, and by individual work add thereto, a better future awaits our effort.





THE GRAY MANSION, HIGH STREET.



SECCOMB HOUSE AND BOB-TAIL CAR.

Courtesy Halliday Photograph Co., Boston.



# The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XXI.

APRIL, 1918.

No. 2.

## WILLIAM GRAY OF SALEM AND SAMUEL GRAY OF MEDFORD.

IF Lynn feels that she was honored by having been the birthplace of William Gray, and Salem and Boston deem themselves favored by having been his places of residence for many years, Medford should be glad to be able to add the name of the famous ship merchant, often called Billy Gray, to her list of distinguished guests and residents, though he was here but a short time. (REGISTER, Vol. XVI, No. 1.)

The papers of this merchant, who owned more ships than any one in the country, were destroyed in the great Boston fire, 1872, but there is a letter written by Mrs. Gray from Medford, in which she mentions being "in the country."

The family is supposed to have been here several summers; is *known* to have been one at a place called "The Chimneys," which our historians have failed to locate.

Horace, the youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Gray, was born in Medford, August 25, 1800, and baptized six days later. He became a merchant in Boston, and the city is indebted to him primarily for the formation of its fine Public Garden. A son of his, also named Horace, gave honor to the family name as chief justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts and justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

There are several reasons to account for the Grays being here, relationship for one, as Mrs. Gray was the



daughter of John Chipman and Elizabeth (Brown) Chipman of Marblehead, the latter's sister, Abigail Brown, being the wife of Rev. Edward Brooks of Medford.

At that time our town was a small one, with a population of eleven hundred. There were not many houses on the Woburn road (our present High street) between the market place and Meeting-house brook. Most of them had wide spaces of land around and between them, with an open view across the river. Save for a few buildings close to the market place on the east, there were still fewer houses along the Salem road.

Ship building had not begun; there was no local stage; only one long-distance one passed through the place;\* there was no town house; but one meeting-house, and one schoolhouse. Sea captains and Boston merchants found it a good residential place for the summer. Several who came for a short time became permanent residents.

Salem was a thriving town, a well-known port with a large East India commerce; a place of many large and beautiful colonial houses, and of such business activity that perhaps the quiet of our town, and its nearness to Boston, drew this merchant and his family here for a few weeks. It was said of Medford as late as 1853, "It was a quiet, restful place, withal, excepting in the ship-yards." Possibly the strongest reason that drew them was to be near their daughter Lucia, twelve years old, who was a pupil at Mrs. Susanna Rowson's celebrated private school.

If class prophecies were then in order, and it had been foretold that Lucia Gray would have a daughter who would live beyond a century's mark, and a granddaughter who would be well known in the world of art and letters, it might have seemed like a wild flight of fancy, but it would have run parallel with the true course of events. A daughter of this little Medford school girl married Francis Alexander, a native of Connecticut. He was an artist, who settled first in Boston, then in Florence, Italy,

\* Medford was on the stage line called the upper route to Exeter and Portland.



where the daughter, Francesca, was born. She inherited artistic taste and was endowed with poetic gifts. She became well known as an author and illustrator, and Ruskin, who was a friend of mother and daughter, thought very highly of this talented American girl. Francesca died in February, 1917.

Another granddaughter of Lucia Gray, Mrs. Edward N. Hallowell, for many years a resident of West Medford, visited Mrs. Alexander in Florence on the occasion of the latter's one hundredth anniversary of her birth, and found her aunt "as bright as a woman of fifty."

#### OTHER FACTS OF INTEREST CONNECT BILLY GRAY WITH MEDFORD.

February 27, 1801, he bought of Rev. Jedidiah Morse of Charlestown the property known to three generations of our townsmen as the Train estate. The dwelling-house has been taken down within two years. When William Gray purchased this estate it contained two acres, more or less, was bounded southerly on the country road, easterly on land of Abigail Tarbett, northerly on land of John Bishop, and westerly on land of David Buckman. An old building on the lot was bought by Samuel Swan and removed.

May 29, 1806, William Gray sold this property to James Gilchrist, who lived here many years. He was a sea captain, sailing from Salem and Boston, engaged in trade with China and the East Indies. As there is no one of that name listed in the Boston Directory of 1810, it is not unsafe to assume that the Captain Gilchrist who was master of Gray's brig, the *Caravan*, that year was the same as Capt. James Gilchrist of this town.

Joseph Swan (1784-1853), our townsman, was educated in William Gray's counting-room, and the church formed by those who withdrew from the First Parish received a gift of a thousand dollars from the philanthropic merchant, with which they purchased the site on High street on which they erected a house of worship.



It was burned in 1860 and a second building was erected on the same spot. After serving both Protestants and Roman Catholics, the steeple was removed, the interior and exterior were altered, and today it is the hardware store of Page & Curtin, for whom the changes were made.

William R. Gray, oldest child of William, must have spent some time here with his family, as our records note the baptism of a daughter, October 10, 1819, and a son, August 5, 1821.

A relative of the writer (whose life, beginning in the last decade of the eighteenth century, extended over more than three-quarters of the nineteenth), a resident of Boston, knew it well, and used to tell of seeing it grow from a town into a city, of cows being pastured south of Summer street, and of Billy Gray's mansion on that street.

Samuel Gray of Salem married first Anna Orne of Marblehead, by whom he had six children. He married a second time, at Medford, April 25, 1799, Mary, daughter of Rev. Edward Brooks and Abigail (Brown) Brooks. There were seven children by this marriage. It was natural, then, that he should finally settle in Medford.

Before the erection of the Angier-Boynnton house, about seventy-five years ago, the house next below Dr. Osgood's was that of Isaac Warren, on the site of the one now west of the Public Library. Isaac Warren was made deacon of the church, 1767. His son, also named Isaac, inherited the so-called mansion and lived there. A later tenant was Dr. Luther Stearns, who, when the place was sold to Samuel Gray, moved to the vicinity of what was later the Medford turnpike, and opened his academy. The Warren *house* was moved to a lot on the Woburn road (High street) further west and the Gray family lived in it until the new house was built, 1802 or 1803, on the site of the old one. The house built by Samuel Gray is still standing just west of the Public Library. The old house became the home of the Roach\*

\* See REGISTER, Vol. XI, p. 47.



family, respectable people, notwithstanding their peculiar name, and the remains of the cellar can be seen east of Grace Church parsonage.

Though information at hand from two sources states the purchase of the land was 1802 and the erection of the house 1802 or 1803, and the church recorded the baptism of a child in 1806 and one in 1811, yet Samuel Gray is not listed as a resident tax payer till 1811. From 1805 (records missing 1803 and 1804) till 1811 he is classed as non-resident, also non-resident in 1813, resident in 1814 and 1815. The diary of Rev. William Bently states Mr. Gray moved to Medford 1811.

Samuel Gray died January 21, 1816, aged fifty-six. His wife, Mary, died January 30, 1842, aged seventy-three. They were buried in the family tomb bearing his name in the old Salem street burying ground. It is in the northwest corner, extending under the passageway which in our youth was called Deadman's alley. On the plan accompanying Dr. Swan's thesis, 1803, it is marked Burying Yard Lane. So distinctive a name as Deadman's alley would, in London, draw hundreds of visitors to it yearly. Its official name is River street.

The new home of the Grays must have been the scene of many festivities, for there were nine daughters in the family, and the marriages of seven are found on our records. Two became brides of men of their home town. Anna married Andrew Hall, April 9, 1815; Catherine (1797-1874) married Jonathan Porter (1791-1859), July 22, 1823. She is represented here today by two great-grandchildren, one a recent war bride.

Sarah Charlotte, born 1808, married, December 23, 1828, Ignatius Sargent of Boston, where she died, 1831. Her sister Henrietta (1811-1891) became the second wife of Mr. Sargent, May 7, 1835. In 1842 the heirs of Samuel Gray sold the homestead to Mr. Sargent and it became the residence of his family for a few years, until he moved to Brookline. The youngest child of three in his family today recalls the pleasure he had picking up



the seeds of the horse-chestnuts and storing them in the attic. "The child is father to the man," and perhaps the lad acquired in this place the love for trees that has made his name known throughout the world as the able professor of horticulture and arboriculture, the director of the Botanic Garden of Harvard University, Charles Sprague Sargent, a man of many honors, one of the latest having been noticed in the *Outlook*, August 22, 1917.

In 1850 Francis A. Gray, youngest child of Samuel and Mary, bought the property of the Sargents. He was born in this house October 5, 1813, and died there, December, 1888. He married Helen Wyckoff Wainwright of New York, 1857, who died September 12, 1895. They had two children, who married and left Medford—Mary, now a widow, living in Paris, France, and Francis A. Gray, with wife and two children, living in Evanston, Wyoming. One of these children was born in Medford.

In 1892 the property passed to strangers, having been owned until then, from the time the house was built, by descendants of Samuel Gray.

In the elder days of Art  
Builders wrought with greatest care

and in commonplace things those who erected houses and made furniture did their work with a conscientiousness and thoroughness that shames much that is modern. So today the house of Samuel Gray, having weathered more than a hundred years, stands as a monument to the excellent workmanship of those who constructed it. It is said to be a copy of a colonial house in Salem, constructed by a builder from that town assisted by carpenters from the ship-yards. The rooms are lathed and plastered and boarded up on each side. Some of the beams are so large and hard they could not be cut through when later occupants put in a furnace. The main part has two stories, the ell three, making a curious arrangement of staircases. The roofs are on a level, though the ell is built on land lower than the main part



and you step down two or three steps from the latter to reach the rooms of the ell. There are many rooms, all the old ones having fire-places, for to the original building rooms have been added in the ell on two stories to include modern conveniences.

The plain exterior gives no hint of the charm of the interior. The house faces nearly south, with an entrance of generous proportions in the middle. On each side of the hall are large square rooms on both stories, in each of which are four large shuttered windows. The hall is particularly interesting, wide and high, ending at the second story in a rounded or domed ceiling. At the back it is part of an ellipse, with a door on each story of peculiar construction, being curved. The work was so well done that there has never been any warping and they close perfectly. The staircase is wide, long and curving, of easy ascent. The hand-rail is mahogany, the balusters are simple square uprights, making a light, graceful effect.

On the first floor, back of the northeast room, is a small one once a butler's pantry. From this a passageway leads to a small but wide, high, well-lighted hall, giving an entrance on the west. This is a fine piece of work. At the back of this hall, its east side, the back stairs come down to meet the front hall, which is wholly shut off from the small one. The east part of this small hall is a fine arch, and here, and in other parts of the house, is some fine but simple ornamental woodwork.

Later owners have made minor changes here that have not substantially altered the plan. The integrity of the old-fashioned mansion is maintained, and no evidence is visible to the casual observer of altered construction. The external appearance of the house is the same today as when built. The entrance door of the small hall has side and top lights, the former with long, narrow hinged shutters. The north wall of the butler's pantry and of the little hall was the limit of the main part of the house, and from the pantry a door led outside.



The fire-place of the original kitchen, occupying the western side of the ell, was of the generous proportions of the old days, and the porch door and an inner one here, now enclosed, form a closet.

A high board fence along the front of the estate screened it from view. There was no gate or walk to the front door, the entrance being by the carriage way at the west, and the place had a secluded, quiet air. The stable was removed and the front fence taken down about twenty years ago. The settles on the porch are modern additions. Across the street was an open lot, used as a garden by the Grays, where now stands St. Joseph's Church.

NOTE.—Since writing the above we have learned that "Gilchrist took over a house formerly occupied by W. R. Gray." Captain Gilchrist moved from the house he bought of William Gray to the Parson Turell house, then back to the former house, which his wife preferred. So in one of these houses William R. Gray resided the seasons he spent in Medford.

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ELIZA M. GILL.

#### MEDFORD ON THE MAP.

We often hear the words "on the map" as expressive of publicity or wide-awakeness. Appropriate in its way, for the town or hamlet not shown on some map must be small indeed. Our caption, however, must be taken literally. In the early days of the Medford Historical Society, President Wait prepared and read a valuable paper on Maps of Medford (*REGISTER*, Vol. I, p. 119) in which are reproductions, necessarily small, of six maps showing Medford's area as a whole or in part. The latest Medford map thus alluded to was that of 1855, by H. F. Walling, and to this is a half page devoted in Brooks' history of the same year, which says, "The map is accompanied by eleven other maps or sections, on a scale of two hundred feet to an inch, on sheets of twenty-six to thirty-nine inches, and all bound together in an atlas." Diligent inquiry fails to discover such atlas, or any one that has memory of it.\* At the time of the proposed division of

\* As both history and map were published at nearly the same time and by separate interest, it is probable that the reference to "eleven sections" was made from some prospectus, rather than actual issue.



the town some printed reproductions ( $14\frac{1}{4} \times 15\frac{1}{4}$  inches in size), with six quarter-mile circles around Medford square (showing marshland in yellow, woodland in green, and boundary lines in red) were made for reference at the legislative hearings. Two of these are framed and are in the Society's collection. A later and finer reproduction of this map ( $17\frac{1}{2} \times 18\frac{1}{2}$  inches), on fine white paper, shows the new boundary, made by the transfer to Malden of a strip of Medford of about a fifth of a mile on Salem street. This was issued just as Medford became a city, as it shows no ward divisions. Various maps prepared by the city engineers, showing the water and sewer systems, have been included in the printed city reports.

The latest we notice is that of Engineer Charnock, January 1, 1916. This shows the ward and precinct lines, and such streets in Malden, Somerville and Arlington as cross or are near boundaries. Judge Wait alluded to twenty-two plans of various localities in Medford that were recorded in Middlesex (South) Registry between 1827 and 1855. One of these (August, 1850) in *Plan Book 5*, p. 8, he styles very interesting. It is called "Land of Brooks," at West Medford.\* It shows the entire tract between High street, the B. & L. R. R. and the river, with the Middlesex canal and its lock, aqueduct and tavern. Practically the same layout is shown on the Walling map of 1855, but without the names of streets, though the names of Gorham and Lake parks are given. This plan was made in the last days of the canal's operation, which had ceased when the Walling map was made. In the records of the canal company is an allusion by its agent to a company of gentlemen who had laid out this adjoining territory into house-lots, which they called *Brooklands*, and a suggestion that the canal's property there might be disposed of to the proprietors of "Brooklands." In the closing of the canal's affairs this strip with a portion beyond the river, was sold to J. M. Usher

\* See REGISTER, Vol. I, p. 126.



Of those park names Gorham was a family name (of Brooks), while Lake was appropriate, as a miniature lake or pond was shown therein. Conditions favored the same, as the writer has seen the springy ground there covered with flags and cat-tails.

In *Plan Book 8, Plan 1, 1855*, is the same territory (see REGISTER, Vol. I, p. 126), being the "Fuller Plan of Smith Estate." Here we must "good naturedly" differ a little with His Honor, who styles it "the present laying out."

Fuller's plan was made in early '50s, but little or no use was made of it until 1870, when, on June 21, there was a land sale on the premises. In 1865 the conduit of the Charlestown water works was built across this entire tract. The Fuller plan (which omitted the "parks" and had a somewhat different arrangement of streets) was modified somewhat. Two new plans were later made by Josiah Hovey covering the entire river border, or half the area of "Brooklands," which name had been forgotten. Then the county commissioners came and laid out Boston avenue, as they had previously done with Harvard avenue. Therein lies an explanation of the hopeless tangle of lines intersected by the fifth and sixth circles on the plan formerly alluded to. But the subdivision did not end with these, as conveyancers find sometimes to their dismay, for numerous other smaller plans are duly recorded, but not all in this section.

Who knows where *Emperor* street is? If any one now should make "a laying out with royal names" he might lay himself open to criticism. But in 1855, *Plan Book 7, p. 33*, is "old road now called Emperor street." *Book 8, p. 26*, is a "rough form" of the same by Daniel Ayer, of whom an old resident says, "He had a faculty of developing all sorts of odd places." The old school-master, Aaron K. Hathaway, made the finished and earlier recorded plan. One house was erected on this royal layout; is now, and has been for sixty years, the farthest removed from neighbors of any in Medford.



Emperor street is part of the old lane or wood road leading from Winthrop street by the old railroad cut in Sugar-loaf hill. After crossing the west branch of meeting-house brook it turns sharply to the left at the foot of a hill on which are the other royalties — *King, Queen, and Prince*. *Emperor* was the equivalent of *Kaiser* sixty-three years ago, but the modern Kaiser will find no place on Medford's modern map.

On the Walling map, midway between the almshouse and Oak Grove Cemetery, is shown the "Meridian Monument, Harvard University," due north from the observatory at Cambridge. This was torn down four years ago (REGISTER, Vol. XVII, p. 23). In the second number of Vol. XVI may be found a view and description of same; also in an earlier issue of the *Medford Mercury*.

In the reports of Metropolitan Park Commission are maps showing its various takings in Medford along the river and in the rocky woodland of the Fells. On the latter, various localities like "*old silver mine*" and others are shown, but we look in vain thereon for the "*Old Man of the Fells*" (REGISTER, Vol. XV, frontispiece).

To the Water Department report (1893) is attached a map of the vicinity of Wright's pond. We thought we saw on this, at the proper location, the words *Indian Profile*, but a reading glass only showed the same to be but topographical shading marks. Later reports contain half-tones, showing the dam and water tower in construction; and on page 200 of *Medford Reports*, 1898, is a fine view of the completed works, which were for a time the high service of Medford's water system, now a thing of the past and partially removed.

The town records show that as long ago as 1738 a map of Medford was suggested, and by vote left to the discretion of a committee, but nothing came of it. Had there been one made then, it would have been of equal interest, and practically contemporary with the Usher plan of the Royall estate across the river, then in Charlestown. The vote of the town (July 19, 1738) was that



the affier of plan of Medford and the land voted to petition for should be left to y<sup>e</sup> Discretion of the Committee the Town have Imployed in that affaier to act therein as they shall judg most for the Towns interest.

Medford had two years before petitioned for a thousand acres of province land and employed a surveyor to lay out the same. A "plat" and description thereof was required and was returned to the General Court in 1736. The grant of December 29 received the signature of Governor Belcher on January 1, 1736-7 (see *Massachusetts Archives*, also elsewhere in this issue). There being no legislation *requiring* it, that committee probably considered the "plan of Medford" as unnecessary.

In 1898 there was published by G. W. Stadly & Co. an *Atlas of Medford*, consisting of twenty-one double pages. Upon one of these is the Tufts map of 1794 and the reprint of the Walling map we have alluded to. The first plate shows the entire territory of the city in colors, and has Arabic numerals in each shade referring to the succeeding sectional plates, while the various wards are designated by Roman. A peculiar feature is the section above the Fellsway, then called "Osgood Heights," with its winding streets, thus necessary because of the local elevation and contour. These sections indicate all then existing houses.

*The Atlas of Boundaries*, 1898 (see REGISTER, Vol. XVIII, p. 90), beside the map, is devoted to description of the boundary lines, and contains half-tone cuts of all the thirty monuments that mark the corners of Medford.

Thus far we have mentioned the maps and plans that ordinarily come under observation. A visit to the office of the city engineer reveals Medford on the map in closer detail. Twenty-eight sheets (5 x 8 feet leonine paper mounted upon cloth) are covered with accurate drawing on the scale of forty feet to the inch, showing the shape and location of every building on its lot, and the property divisions of each owner in the inhabited portions of the city. The brooks and natural water courses are shown,



also the stone walls and fences standing at the time of survey, 1893-'99. Besides, there are the water-mains, sewers and curb-stones. In fact, little has escaped notice, and these surveys are revised every year, showing all alterations or additions made. Thus Medford is on the map up to date.

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#### MEDFORD'S TOWN FARM.

This title does not refer to the present "City Home," nor yet to the tract invaded by the pioneer railroad of 1835, but refers to a broader domain of a thousand acres which Medford obtained in province days "when we were under the king." The more recent and present town farms have been for the housing and use of the town's poor, *within* the town limits; this one was gotten for the purpose of enabling the ancient Medfordites to maintain the ministry and school master. Mr. Brooks, in his history, makes brief mention of its grant, and says, "It was not of great value," and "It was sold soon after." He also located it on the Piscataqua river, which stream is one of the principal rivers of New Hampshire, reaching the ocean at Portsmouth.

What is the story of this Medford "Town Farm"? In the "Archives" at the State House may be found a plan of the same, made by a Medford man, with his accompanying description and certificate, as follows:—

By virtue of a Grant made by the Great & General Court to y<sup>e</sup> town of Medford I the subscriber have surveyed and Laid out with the assistance of Lt John Goffe and Mr. Ephraim Bushnell Chanemen one Thousand acres of Land in the following manner viz. bounded southerly by a tract of Land Laid out to the grantees of y<sup>e</sup> town Whys \* called by the name of Olld Harrys town Westerly by Province Land northerly and Easterly by Pescataquogg River the lines beginning att a pitch pine tree on the bank of Sd River (about two miles west of Merrimack River) markt M F then running due West by y<sup>e</sup> needle with a line of markt trees 693 perch then turning No 15 Degrees E to a Maple tree standing on the bank of the aforsd Pescataquogg River markt M F 400 perch then turning and running with sd Pescataquogg River until it come to y<sup>e</sup>

\* Which is.



pitch pine first mentioned, which plan is Protracted by a scale of  
80 poles or perch to one inch

June the 16 1736

By me Caleb Brooks G Surveyr.

In surveying this farm there was Given one Chain in fifty for Broken  
Land and Sagge of Chain

Middlesex June 18 1736

Personally appearing be fore me the Subscriber Calap Brooks  
Survayor John Goff and Ephra<sup>m</sup> Busnall Chanmen mad oath that  
in the Survayin and meafuring a thousand acrs of Land Granted by  
Gener Cout to the Town of Medford thay did dewe faithfouly and  
Impe<sup>r</sup>tially

Eleazar Tyng

just Peace

On file with the plan and the above is the following:—

In the House of Representatives, June 22, 1736.

Read and ordered That the plat be accepted and the lands therein  
delineated and described be and hereby are confirmed to the town of  
Medford, in the County of Middlesex, the better to enable them to  
support the ministry and keep a school in the town agreeable to the  
prayer of the petition of said town presented to the court in June  
last: provided the plat exceeds not the quantity of a thousand  
acres and does not interfere with any former grant. Sent up for  
concurrence

J. Quincy, Spkr.

In House of Representatives Dec 22 1736

Read again and question put whether the plat shall be accepted,  
It passed in the negative

Dec. 29, 1736. Read again and reconsidered and ordered

Sent up for concurrence,

J. Quincy, Spkr.

In Council Dec. 31, 1736.

Read and concurred

Simon Frost. Dep. Sec.

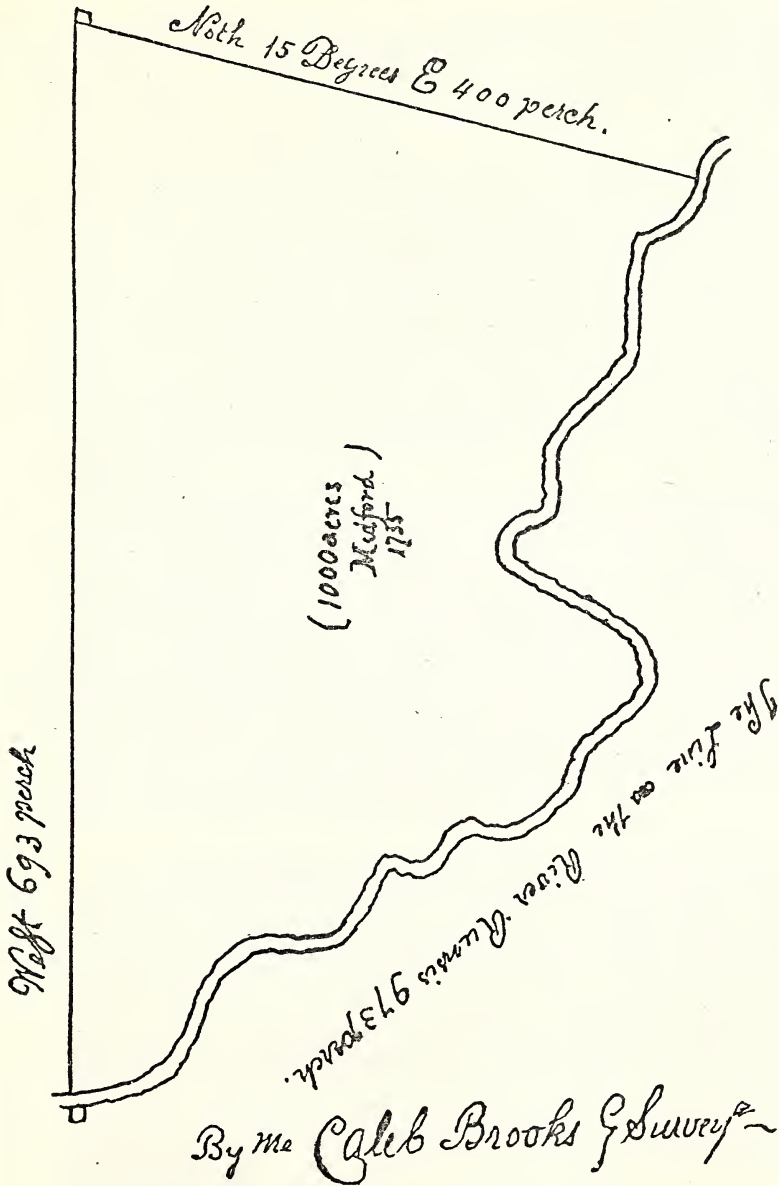
Jan. 1, 1736,-7. Consented to

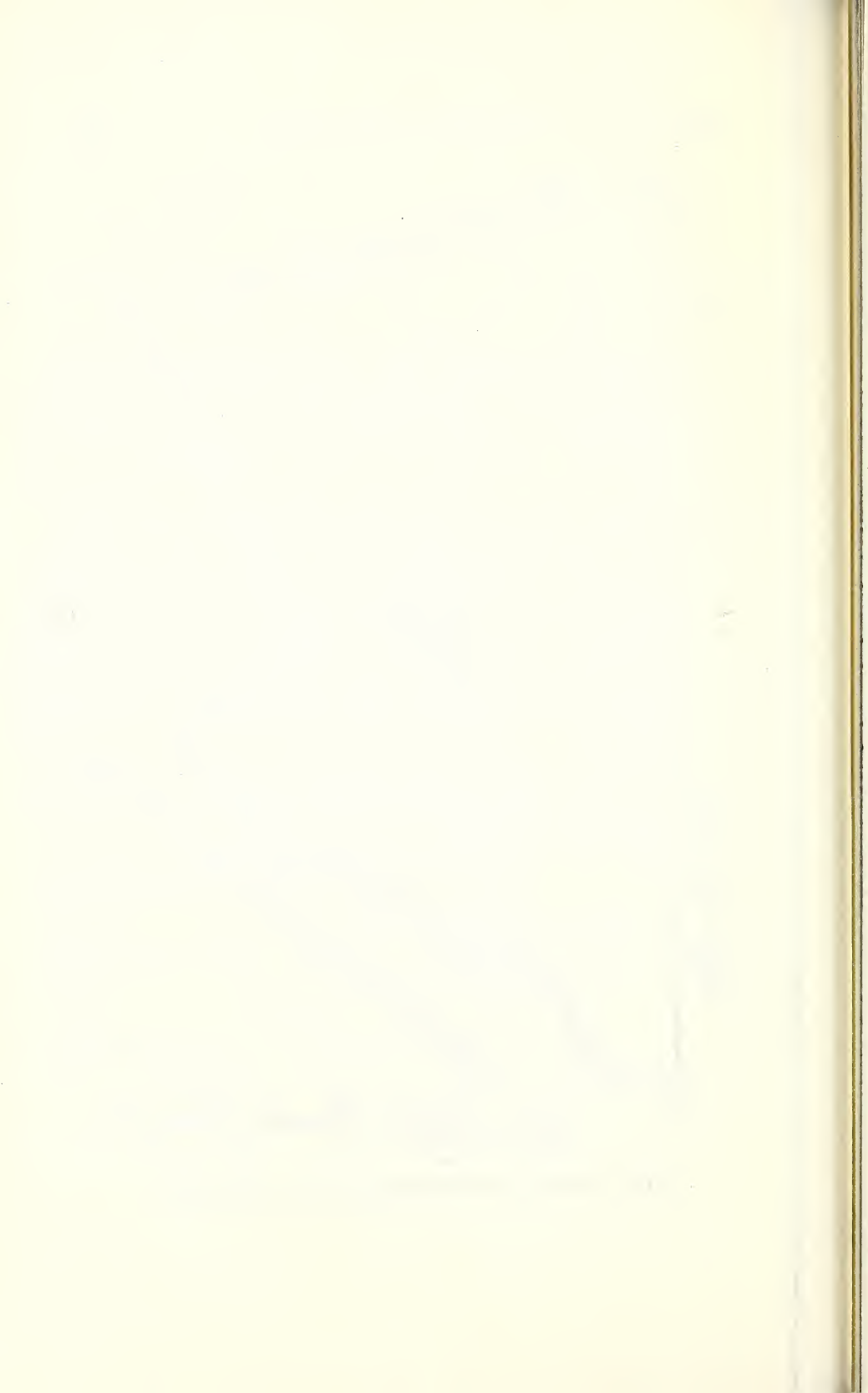
J. Belcher —

All the above is self-explanatory, but where was the  
Old Harry's Town? The *N. H. Manual*, page 41, under  
the head of *Manchester*, says:—

This territory was originally known as Harry town or Old Harry  
Town— . . . Granted by Mason Apr. 17, 1735, to Capt W<sup>m</sup>  
Tyng's "Snow-shoe men" and hence called *Tyngstown* Incorporated as *Derryfield* Sep 3 1751







As already stated, this town farm was procured in the interest of religion and education. Its development and care seems to have been the subject of town meetings for a period of fourteen years, and the ancient town record is of much interest.

Mr. MORSS, in his excellent article on Medford schools, REGISTER, Vol. III, p. 12, alludes to it, and locates it "between the Piscataqua and Merrimac rivers," evidently quoting from Brooks' history. But his entire article contains carefully made quotations from the town records relative to school matters. As will be seen from the above, this town farm was two miles *westward* from the Merrimack and *bordered* on its small tributary, the Piscataquogg, and *not* nearly forty miles eastward on the larger Piscataqua.

The old town record book is surely interesting. We found it so as we sat in the present cramped quarters of the city clerk's office with the book in our lap and copied verbatim the town's doings of nearly two centuries ago, and were reminded of the flight of present time every quarter hour by the cathedral chimes just outside. Evidently that "the king's business demands haste" was the thought in those days, as the town warrant, dated February 3, 1735-6, called a town meeting *three days* later and some others in lesser time.

Att a town meeting legally convened In Medford february y<sup>e</sup> 6th Day 1735-6 Capt Ebenezer Brooks chosen Moderator . . . Voted to Chuse a committee of Two Persons to Lookout Sum Sutable Place in the unappropriated Lands of this Provence to Lay out the thousand Acres of Land Granted to the said town of Medford by the Gen<sup>l</sup> Court in the year one thousand seven hundred and thirty-five where it may be most advantageous to the town and the Said Comm<sup>tee</sup> are hereby Empowered to Imploy Such men for Surveyor and Chain men as they shall Judg most Proper and they are to Procicute said afaier as soon as the Season of y<sup>e</sup> year will Permit and likewise to make Report to the Town of their Reasonable Charge in Mannaging the Same and the Town to Reamburft y<sup>e</sup> same; At Sd meting { Mr W<sup>m</sup> Willis } chosen for the  
{ & Capt John Hall } ends aforesaid



Att Said meet put to Vote whether y<sup>e</sup> Selectmen should Draw an order on the Tresurer for Ten pounds to be pay<sup>d</sup> to y<sup>e</sup> above S<sup>d</sup> Committe for to enable them att present to manage the aforsfd afaires

Voted in the affirmative

As seen in the State Archives, the committee secured the services of Caleb Brooks, who had the assistance of Lieutenant Goffe (who was resident in that vicinity) and another, not a *chairman*, as Brooks' history says, but "chanemen," as is clearly spelled in his certificate.\* This Caleb Brooks was doubtless the son of the moderator and an early teacher in Medford.

At the town meeting, July 19, 1738, was discussed

The affier of plan of Medford and the land voted to be petitioned for should be left to y<sup>e</sup> Discretion of the Committe

By this it would appear that a map, or plan, of Medford and its distant "farm" had been contemplated. Had the committeemen's (Willis and Hall) "judg meet for the Town's interest" that such should have been made, it would have antedated the Ephraim Jones plan noted by Judge Wait (REGISTER, Vol. I, p. 128), the earliest plan of Medford, by sixteen years. But the plan of the distant farm had been made and filed with the province authorities two years before, and perhaps the committee deemed that enough. An interesting entry in the Medford record is this:—

We the Subscribers being appointed July 14 1740 a committee to perfect the lines of the farm granted by the Gen<sup>l</sup> Court 1735 which Lyeth on Pescatequogg River according to the Plan of the Same accordingly we Repaired to said farm on the 19<sup>th</sup> of Aug<sup>t</sup> 1740 and on the 21 and 22<sup>d</sup> Dayes of Said month with the assiftance of Mr John Goff and Mr. John Lovell

We dislike to criticise harshly the worthy committeemen of so long ago, but do wish that they, or Clerk Willis, had finished the statement so well begun on the thirtieth page of *Vol. III, Medford Records*. About two

\* The word chairman in Brooks' history is doubtless a misprint that escaped detection, as Rev. Mr. Brooks must have known that the surveyor's assistant was called a chainman.



inches at the bottom of that page and nearly as much at top of the next is still blank, and is mute testimony that a complete report was intended, but by some means neglected or omitted.

On the 29th of June, 1740, the committee were Impowered to Do what they may Judg will be most for the Towns Advantage in building a small Houfe on the Farm or by other ways Desposing by Leting out the said farm for a Term or other wayes as may be for the town's interest

At this time fifteen pounds were appropriated.

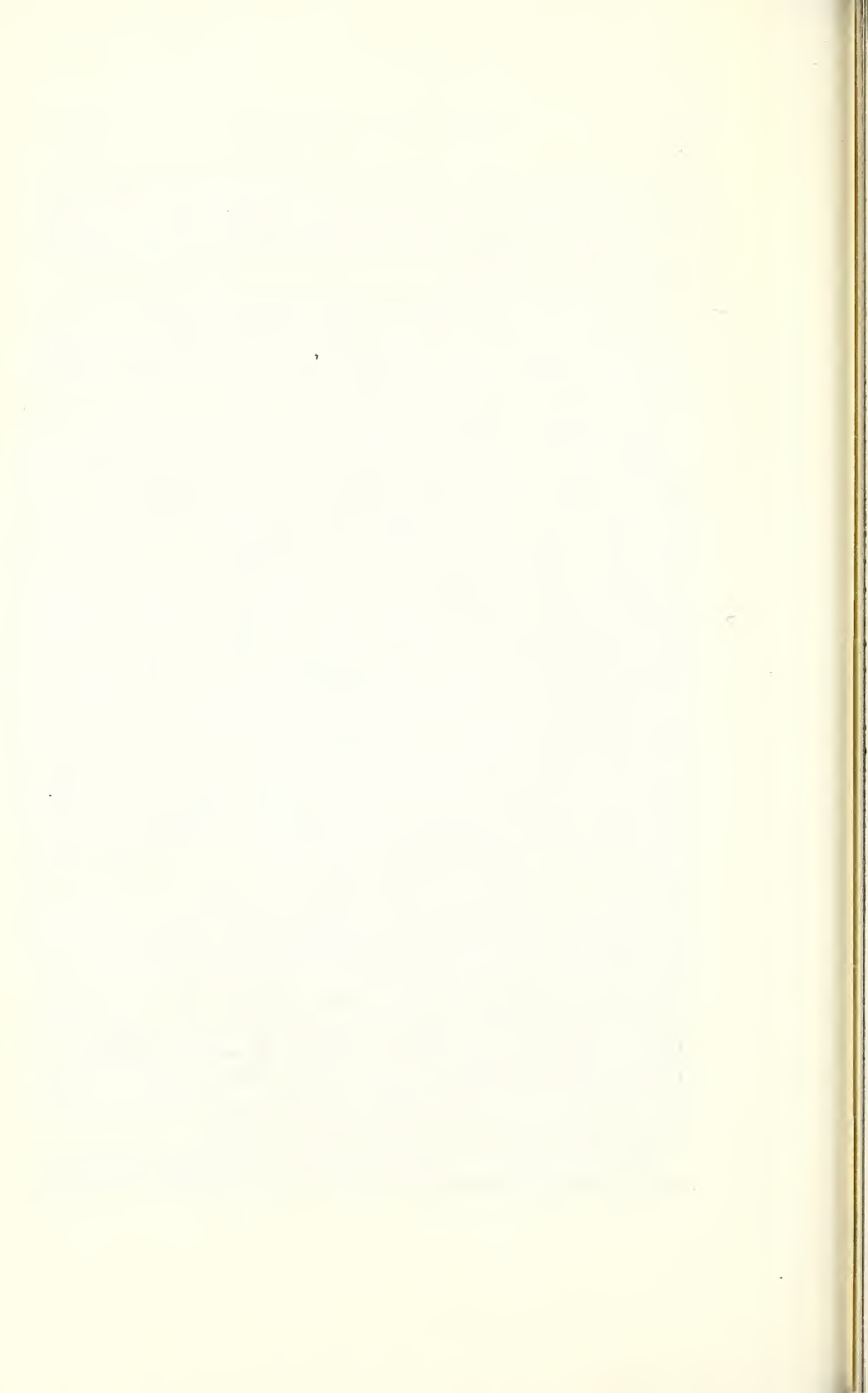
On March 15, 1741-2, the same committee were given further power as to the "Town Farm," "inasmuch as it has now fallen into the province of Hamp shier." Ten pounds were appropriated, and Benjamin Parker and Benjamin Willis added to the committee.

There is an indication of the boundary controversy, based on the "three miles north of the Merrimack," in the charter given by King Charles. Massachusetts had claimed and had placed a boundary stone in the bed of Winnepesaukee river as the three-mile north limit from which the "westward to the South Sea" line was to extend. The stone, with the initials of governor and commissioners, is there today under a granite canopy recently erected by the state of New Hampshire. But the boundary controversy was accompanied by the Mason grant and Gorges patent difficulties, as we may later notice. On July 11, 1743, the town voted

150 pounds old tenor money to be paid Benja Parker, Town Treasurer on the 14 September next to sattisfy the debts and charges and what may yet arise in the affairs of the said Towns farm

And on the 14th of May, 1744, 250 pounds more were voted to pay debts about the town farm. At that time there seems to have been a change of administration, as Capt. Samuel Brooks, Joseph Tufts and Ebenezer Cutter were chosen "Committe to Take care of the Towns farm lying at a place called Pascattequag."

On November 1, 1744, the town meeting's attention was diverted somewhat from the farm matters to paying



for the past ringing of the newly acquired bell on the meeting-house and providing for its future service, and adjournment was had to the 15th, to receive account of audit of accounts of town farm, when the same was allowed and accepted.

At the meeting of March 4, 1744-5 the same committee was continued. On May 6, 1745, the freeholders in land of forty pounds or other estate of fifty at least were warned to meet on May 20. Thomas Seccomb had become the town clerk, and his entry of record is today as clear-cut and legible as print. The business was election of deputy, defraying necessary charges, report of committees, "to find the mind of the town as to charge of ringing bell; if swine to go at large till first Monday in March next and to take measures to prevent their Dogs from coming into the Public assembly on Sabbath." The farm matters are not in evidence till October 25, 1748, when a warrant called a meeting on the 28th.

Inasmuch as we have been informed by sundry persons that there is danger of some Peoples getting Possession of it . . . Put to vote whether the Committe be impowered to agree with some suitable persons to Dwell in said Farm and also to take care that said Farm be Fenced with a Possession Fence as soon as may be at the charge of the town Voted in the affirmative

It would be very interesting to know just what conditions then existed as the committee found them. Evidently the town was not finding its thousand-acre farm a bonanza for ministry or school support, and was ready to sell out and do business nearer home, as witness the following, a month later:—

Nov 28. 1748 Put to vote whether the Town Farm shall be sold at Public Vendue to the highest bidder on Monday the fifth day of December next at the house of Mrs. Sarah Floyd Inholder to begin at three o'clock in y<sup>e</sup> afternoon and be put up at two thousand pounds Old Tenor. Voted in the affirmative

Andrew Hall Esq<sup>r</sup>

Dea Benja Willis

Mr W<sup>m</sup> Willis

Lieut Stephen Hale Jun<sup>r</sup>

Mr Francis Whitmore Jun<sup>r</sup>



The condition of Sale is as follows viz The said Commitee to take good Security for the Money at Interest at £ 6 p cent for two years and . . . give a Quitclaim of said Farm according to the Grant of the General Court with the House and Fences with all the Emprovements and Utensils thereon and said Purchasers are to pay down the sum of Fifty Pounds Old Tenor to be deducted out of said Sum sold for and none to bid less than £5 Old Tenor at a time.

Voted in the affirmative.

We are unable to find any record of any vendue at Mrs. Floyd's tavern in the old Medford market-place a week later, and have grave doubt thereof: because on January 23, 1748-9, a warrant was issued, calling a town meeting at *6 o'clock in the afternoon of that day*, at the house of Mrs. Sarah Floyd,

inasmuch as we find that it may be of great service to y<sup>e</sup> town as to their Farm at Piscataquogge (so called) that some person or persons should be forthwith sent to Portsmouth in the Province of New Hampshire in order to discourse with the Gentlemen that have purchased Mason's Right or Patent and to determine what will be best for the Town to do with Respect to said Farm.

And here again we are left with our curiosity unsatisfied. But on May 1 the town voted to sell, and immediately after voted "to sell their Farm at Piscataquogge within twelve months." As to what the result of the discourse *forthwith* with the "Gentlemen" at Portsmouth was, and whether a sale was made or not, we are not informed, but the town's vote a year later

July 31 1750 Selectmen sell the utensils of the Town Farm certainly has an ominous look.

Historian Brooks says the vote to sell at auction was reconsidered, and that May 15, 1749, "Andrew Hall, Capt. Sam<sup>l</sup> Brooks, and Richard Sprague were chosen to manage the affairs for selling the Town's farm," and adds his own statement, "It was sold soon after." Our own opinion is, that as the grant of the provincial legislature was, "provided that it does not interfere with any former grant," the Mason grant was valid, and the "discourse" at Portsmouth convinced the Medford commit-



tee that the house and fencing were a dead loss to Medford, and that the "utensils" only remained for the town to realize anything from.

Just what the "Possession Fence" was, that Medford erected on the two land boundaries, which were something over a half mile in length, we do not know, probably not of barbed wire, though the pitch pine and maple trees on the river bank would have made good terminal posts for such.

In 1746 the last surviving heir of Mason had sold his rights to twelve gentlemen of Portsmouth, who, to conciliate, recorded quit claims to towns where settlement had been made, but we have found no indication of Medford being thus favored. It might be interesting to know how the old tenor basal price named for the vendue compared with the standard hard money of the time.

By careful comparison of the foregoing plat and its bounds and courses with the map of the New Hampshire county of Hillsborough, it is evident that the town farm was within the territory incorporated by Gov. Benning Wentworth on June 16, 1761, as Goffstown, in honor of Col. John Goffe, a resident of the adjoining town of Bedford, and one of the chainmen named in the certificate of Caleb Brooks.

The Masonian proprietors had made a grant in 1748 to Rev. Thomas Parker of Dracut, and to others. These last were probably the "some Peoples" and the Portsmouth gentlemen referred to in Medford records, and by or under them the first settling thought to have been begun in 1742.

The decision of the crown as to boundary was in 1740, and gave to New Hampshire territory fourteen miles further south than she had ever claimed. Piscataquogg meant "great deer place." The usual reservation of "masts for our royal navy" was in the charter of all the scores of towns chartered by Wentworth, and perhaps *after* province days some of the timber of that region found its way to Medford ship yards.



"Squog" village, within the two miles west of the Merrimack, has been annexed to, and is now a part of, Manchester.

In 1812 there was built, perhaps on quite this old Medford town farm, a canal boat called the *Experiment*. It was hauled by forty yoke of oxen to the Merrimack, launched on the river, loaded, and made the trip down stream under the charge of Captain Isaac Riddle. It left the river at Chelmsford and came through the Middlesex canal, thus voyaging through Medford to Boston, where its arrival was hailed with cannon salute.

It is recorded that the enterprise boomed Bedford, the "Hamp shier" town, but we find no record of any material boom coming to Medford by the grant of the General Court and the town's outlay thereon, or any help in the support of minister or schoolmaster from the "town's farm" in "Old Harry's town."

M. W. M.

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#### MEDFORD NOT IN IT.

There has recently come to our city clerk, from a college professor of New York, an inquiry as to what action Medford instructed her deputy in an early General Court to take. Limitations of office quarters, and safe keeping of records elsewhere, prohibits an immediate official and conclusive answer to the inquirer, who supposes the subject in question to be a matter of record here. The problem has been referred to the President of the Historical Society for solution, and who has replied in a way to the various queries. As Medford's earliest records are of 1674, and the earliest deputy or representative, 1685, it is evident that Medford's chances of being historically connected with the famous "stray sowe" case in Boston, 1636 to '42, are none whatever. Those who may be curious as to this matter are referred to page 271, Vol. 2, *Life and Letters of John Winthrop*, where is told the story of the "great sowe case" of Goody Sherman *vs.* Captain Keayne in 1642. The office of hogreeve in those early days, at



least in the case of founder of the "Ancients," incurred much responsibility, as it was taken under consideration by the Church and next by the General Court, and the third party that meddled in the strife found Solomon's proverb true, as the colony records show that

George Story undertook for Rich'd Sherman that if he shal bee cast [assessed] what cost he shalbee ceased [assessed] he will beare it.

As the matter was threshed out in the court, it resolved itself into this, in which some towns instructed their representatives how to vote.

Whether the defend<sup>t</sup> bee found to have been possesst of the plaintiffs sowe & converted her to his own use or not; it was voted by 2 ma<sup>trats</sup> & 15 deputies for the plaintiff, & 7 ma<sup>trats</sup> & 8 deputies for the defend<sup>t</sup> & 7 deputies were neuters

Like some modern lawsuits, the case "dragged its slow length along," and a year later the record reads,

Wee conceive that hee [Story] can blame none but himself . . . and that hee must stay till the Co't come again unless Capt Keayne & hee come to an agreem<sup>t</sup> betwixt themselves, we<sup>h</sup> wee much desire.

The fact that Medford was a *peculiar*, and not yet a full-fledged town (only "Governor Cradock's farm"), accounts for the absence of town records, and kept Medford out of the famous controversy of those early days.

Incidentally we note, in this occurrence was the beginning of our dual legislature, the Senate and House—and that because of a stray pig.

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### THE OLD BOB-TAIL CAR.

By the immediate courtesy of the *Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities* our frontispiece presents two Medford antiquities, the older of which is fresh in our memory—the Thomas Seccomb house. But to many the so-called bob-tail car, by courtesy or modern *camouflage* styled TRANSFER, is a real antique.



In 1885 the Middlesex Street Railway (or its successor), by the \$8,500 aid of the town, rebuilt its track from the top of Winter hill, and later up High Street to West Medford. At the latter place there was much disappointment and not a little resentment, that in view of the heavy outlay no better car or service was furnished. One of the indignant speakers at the meeting for town division voiced the same, saying, "Why! yes, they *have* given us the *bob-tail car*." It was but little larger than the old omnibus first put on the road by N. B. Cunningham, and later run by Duncklee and Grimes, till in its decrepitude it gave way to the new-comer in 1885. We regret that the photo of that which its proprietor once had taken has vanished, but are hoping it may yet be found, to be reproduced as of local interest.

But the bob-tail, unlike some of its contemporaries in other towns, boasted of *two* horses and conductor, as well as the needful driver. With patience and long-suffering the dear public endured the noisy rattle of its loose-fitting windows and its general run-downness, until the line extended to Everett and, electrified, became the Crosstown.

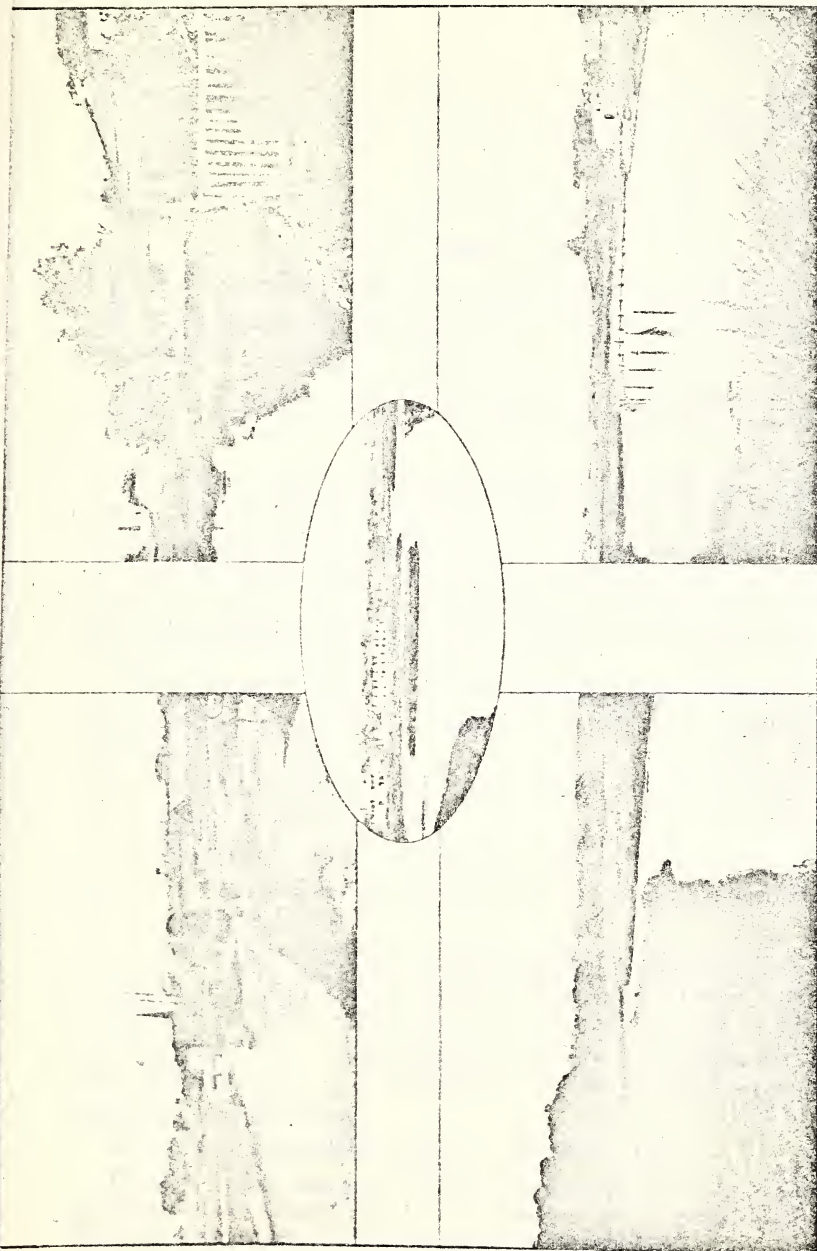
Mr. Haddock was the conductor of this pioneer car, leaving the same for his present position as city employee.

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#### OLD GLORY AT THE TOP.

During the past month a flag-staff has been placed at the top of "Medford's Sky-scraper," the wireless tower at Tufts College (REGISTER, Vol. XVIII, p. 75). We have not its measure, nor yet that of the Stars and Stripes that fly from its peak (probably twelve feet or more), but we venture to say that as the tower is a little way up the hill-slope and is three hundred feet high, the added length of the staff flies the colors at the highest altitude in the vicinity of Boston, for as yet the five-hundred-foot tower of the Custom House does not thus display either the national colors or the customs flag.





BELOW CRADOCK BRIDGE.      ALONG THE MYSTIC RIVER.      NEAR WEST MEDFORD.  
FROM (OLD) AUBURN-STREET BRIDGE.      "THE FORD AT MYSTICK."      FISH WEIRS, AT WEST MEDFORD.  
ROCK HILL, AUGUST 1888



# The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XXI.

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No. 3.

## WHY MYSTIC?

THE earliest mention of our river is said to have been made by some of the Plymouth Pilgrims in September, 1621, who said,

Within this bay the salvages say there are two rivers: one whereof we saw having a fair entrance but we had no time to discover it.

Later comes Johnson, who in his *Wonder-Working Providence* in describing Charlestown, tells of "the pleasant and navigable river of Mistick," using the name that Governor Winthrop wrote in his diary under date of June 17, 1630,

We went up Mystick River about six miles.

Dudley, in his letter to the Countess of Lincoln on March 28, 1631, tells of settlers at Watertown, on the Charles river, and

some of us upon Mistick, which we called Meadford.

And again Winthrop tells —

The Governor and others went over Mistic River at Medford two or three miles among the rocks to a very great pond which they called Spot Pond.

In these three instances, the earliest known, the river is called by name, the name the aboriginal dwellers gave it, Missi-tuk, abbreviated and modified a little to suit the English lips. The Indian name of the Charles river was *Quinobequin*, the adjective *quin* meaning long, and certainly appropriate.

Trumbull gives the origin of *Mistick* thus —

TUK in Indian denotes a river whose waters are driven in *waves* by the tides or winds. With the adjective *missi*, great, it forms Missi-tuk, the name of the great river of Boston Bay.



Even a cursory glance at the early maps, and especially at one of latest survey on which the ancient lines are drawn,\* will show the fitness of the aboriginal names, for of the two rivers the "salvages" told the Pilgrim scouts of, one was the long river and the other the *great wave-* and *wind-driven* river of Boston bay.

But perhaps someone asks, "Why *Mystic* river?" We reply, The river has nothing mystical or mysterious, and the name as spelled, *Mystic*, is a misnomer. It has come to be thus commonly spelled because of the identical sound of the letters i and y, and the dropping of the k, which in time was superfluous to the c which the English had introduced. (Note also Merrimack—Merrimac.)

The ancient maps show it as Mistick and Medford river, but as late as 1885 Mr. Usher felt called upon to state, on page 18, History of Medford,

More probably the fact that the current in this stream flows sometimes in one direction, and sometimes in the opposite, may have seemed, to those who first witnessed the phenomena, something mysterious, and have suggested the name.

We venture the query, Was the Missi-tuk or Mistick any different from any other tidal stream? and add the above to our list of "Medford myths."

Incidentally we may add another recently told us—

Some of the early settlers intending to go up the Charles to Cambridge came up this river by *mistake*, and so the river got its name.

Another myth—or else a mystic mistake.

Where did Winthrop's six-mile journey begin? Naturally, we reply, at the mouth of the river, the "fair entrance" of the Pilgrim narrative, where is now the Chelsea bridge. There has been a lot said and written about Winthrop being the founder of Medford—well enough in a way, as he was the colonial governor—but the earliest Medford was Cradock's farm, and lay entirely on the opposite side of the river from Winthrop's. It has been written that "The first exploration of the river

\* Cambridge Historical Society Publication VII.



carried probably as far as Medford lines," and that "the English eyes in that boat were the first eyes of settlers that looked upon the fields on which we now live." Naturally we ask, What was the scene they beheld? Mr. Brooks answered that in 1855 by saying, "We apprehend it is very much today what it was two hundred years ago." In *some* respects correct. The marshes would of *themselves* change but little. But the *earliest* Medford had comparatively little marshland. What it had, began nearly two miles up-stream and practically ended below Gravelly brook, as there was but little beyond the "Ford at Mistick."

We know not how those "six miles" were computed, and doubt whether Winthrop's company reached the farther Medford lines, or even Mistick pond or the Indian "weare." The sinuous course of the river (that doubled up at Labor-in-vain, and thrice again alongside Winthrop's farm), and his failure to mention the ponds, makes it improbable. But six miles would take the voyagers by the Ten-hills farm, the ford and to the scarred promontory of Rock hill. From the ford onward, the sylvan scene must have been enchanting, as the Medford Pasture hill with its wooded slopes rose abruptly from the plain beside Gravelly brook, but more gently from the river. Then came the brooks before and beyond Rock Hill, those later to be known as Meeting-house and Whitmore, and then the long encircling reach of the river to the Indian weare and fording place.

Surely the Cradock farm was beautiful for situation, "four miles along the river and a mile back in all places."

Winthrop's farm was in Charlestown (he was not a Medfordite at all), and extended from just below the ford down stream below the slope of Winter hill. There was a lot of marsh land even in the Ten-hills farm. But it was on the lower end of this farm that the *Blessing of the Bay* was built.

The governor seems to have liked the old Indian name of Missi-tuk or Mistuck, or Mistick, Misticke or Mys-



tycke, as he tells of his house and farm at Mistick in a perfectly natural way, and with no mysticism or mystery at all. But in 1754 the little four-mile town of Medford needed more room, and ancient Charlestown was too encircling, so the portion of Winthrop's farm and some more of Charlestown from the top of Winter hill following some pasture lines over Walnut-tree hill to the river, a triangular plat next Woburn, and the Charlestown wood lots next Malden, were annexed to Medford.

While this placed the entire width of the river, with two tributaries,\* in Medford for over two miles, yet Charlestown still had another mile, with its cow pastures and the "line field," through which flowed the Menotomy river, below the Indian weare and fording place. Fifty years later she surrendered the line field to the new town of West Cambridge, and a century later all her remaining territory outside the peninsula became the town of Somerville.

Winthrop and his companions saw the red man's Missituk in its primitive solitude, fordable at the Indian trails, its broad marshes where is now Chelsea and Everett, its upper reaches bordered with wooded hills and level plains. He knew nothing of its tributary streams, nor yet of the territory through which they flowed, but his contemporaries soon learned something of it.

Johnson, whom we have already quoted, describes Woburn (Charlestown village) thus, as

the highest of the yet peopled land neere upon the head springs of many confiderable rivers or their branches, as the first rise of *Ipswich* river, and the rise of *Shashin* river, one of the confiderable branches of the Merrimeck, as also the first rise of Miftick river and ponds.

Evidently this ancient historian, settler and man of affairs, considered the Aberjona the main stream, and its head waters away up in Wilmington the "first rise of the Miftick." But another has its source away on the hills in Woburn near Lexington line, and coming down

\* Winter and Two-penny brooks.



through the picturesque Shaker glen, receives the tributaries, lingers a while in Horn pond (Lake Innitou) and Wedge Pond (Echo Lake), and joins the Aberjona in Winchester. Still another in Stoneham reaches the main stream two miles farther up in Montvale.

On the Aberjona, Edward Converse built one of the earliest grist mills in the colony, and only recently has the power ceased to be used. Still, the fall remains, but as an ornamental feature. There were as many as fourteen mill privileges on this Aberjona and its tributaries.

Two other brooks contribute to the flow of the Mistick pond, the Squa Sachem and Sucker brook. The latter rises in Lexington, and in its course turned the wheels of nine mills, the lowest of which is still in use.

On the Mistick itself there have been six water mills at various times, two undisputably within the most ancient Medford bounds and the other four on the opposite bank. The earliest was the Broughton mill in "Minnottomies field" in 1656,\* and over its dam the road from Cambridge led to Woburn via present Grove street. Another, at a later date, was just above present Harvard avenue, and remains of the same came to light but a few years ago.† The old tide-mill at the lumber yard on Ship street, discontinued twenty-five years ago, the Cutter mill on the turnpike, and the Woods mill near Wear bridge have all been mentioned in the REGISTER. The sixth was the Tufts mill in Charlestown, a tide-mill just below Sullivan square.

But with the coming of the white man the Missi-tuk solitude and quiet was broken. The woodman's axe rang among the locust trees of the Ten-hills farm, and ere long the *Blessing of the Bay* took her initial plunge into the Mistick, the forerunner of the hundreds that were later to follow. But this was not in Medford, as has been so often said, but rather in ancient Charlestown.

Along with and following the governor in those early

\* See REGISTER, Vol. XIII, p. 7.

† See REGISTER, Vol. XVII, p. 15.



years came some eighteen hundred settlers, some of whom found homes across the river where now is Wellington, and at Mystic-side or Malden. To accommodate these a ferry was established, and the Missi-tuk began to be a highway, and later began to be utilized for power when mills were erected. Next came the bridge built near the ford, which, during the ship-building period, was reconstructed with a draw, and finally succeeded by the present double-arched granite structure. Next was built the Wear bridge, and these two continued to be the only bridges until the Malden bridge was built at the Penny-ferry in Charlestown.

The colony and province days had been a quarter century gone ere the Mistick was bridged again, this time by a more massive structure, strong enough to carry, not a highway, but a *waterway*, with its superincumbent weight, the aqueduct of the Middlesex canal. This in 1802. Thirty-two years more and the canal was to have a rival, and Lowell railroad bridge was built nearby, the Winthrop bridge in 1855, and the Usher bridge in 1857. In 1863 the Charlestown Water-works bridge, and in 1873 the Canal bridge on the old aqueduct piers, connected West Medford with Somerville territory, and another at Auburn street the same year. Meanwhile the Middlesex-avenue bridge, with a draw, had been erected, and in earlier years (down stream, and not in Medford bounds) Chelsea bridge and those of the Eastern, and Boston and Maine railroads. In recent years the Canal, Armory, Auburn street-Parkway, and Metropolitan pipe bridge, and just now the Boston Elevated to Everett, complete the list of fourteen now in use and two discontinued and removed.

It had been our purpose to present views of all these, but conditions forbid. We can only refer our readers to the engineer's report (September 21, 1904) on the "Improvement of Upper Mystic River" for the twelve then existing, and also to various reports of the Metropolitan Park Commission, for subsequent improvements.



From the hill slopes of forty-five square miles the rains and melting snows reach our river and swell its current above the ancient ford. The ever-recurring tides ebbed and flowed therein until, in 1908, in the interest of public welfare, engineering skill erected a barrier which says, "Thus far but no farther." Cradock bridge, its extension, the lock with its electrically operated gates, the dam with its automatic tidal valves, and the four hundred feet of over-fall, is in marked contrast with the earliest structure, the bone of contention of those early days. Without these the beautiful parkway would have been impossible.

Along the river's banks have been scenes of activity in days now long gone, for

Here rested the noble ships,  
Keel, frame and towering spar,  
And where the horizon dips,  
They sailed and vanished afar.

and of the final fate of five hundred and sixty-seven of them little is known. Up stream

The rent wharf wasted away

until the steam dredge removed islands, deepened the channel, eliminated some of the serpentine courses and bordered the stream with the valley parkway. Beneath the river cross water-mains and sewers, while on its surface numerous pleasure craft make their way or find moorings. We have heard of no Mystic submarines in the waters, but winged ships of the air have flown up its course and over its tributary, Menotomy.

After the Civil War the project was broached of dredging and widening our river and making a storage basin of the lower lake for the monitors of the navy. But a few years before there had been built the dam at the "Partings," and the upper lake had become the Charlestown water supply. Seven additional drawbridges would have added nothing to the beauty of the scene, and as the monitors soon became obsolete, it was well the project



was abandoned and the lower lake did not become a floating junk-yard.

Another project that failed was, in 1876, the Mystic Valley railroad that began to fill an embankment requiring a bridge across the old course of the Aberjona at the upper end of the lake. This, the upper reach of the Mystic (and sometimes called Symmes' river) had been crossed by the long wooden aqueduct of the canal in 1802, replaced by the substantial stone structure of 1827, removed in 1865, as was also the Symmes dam and water-power the same year.

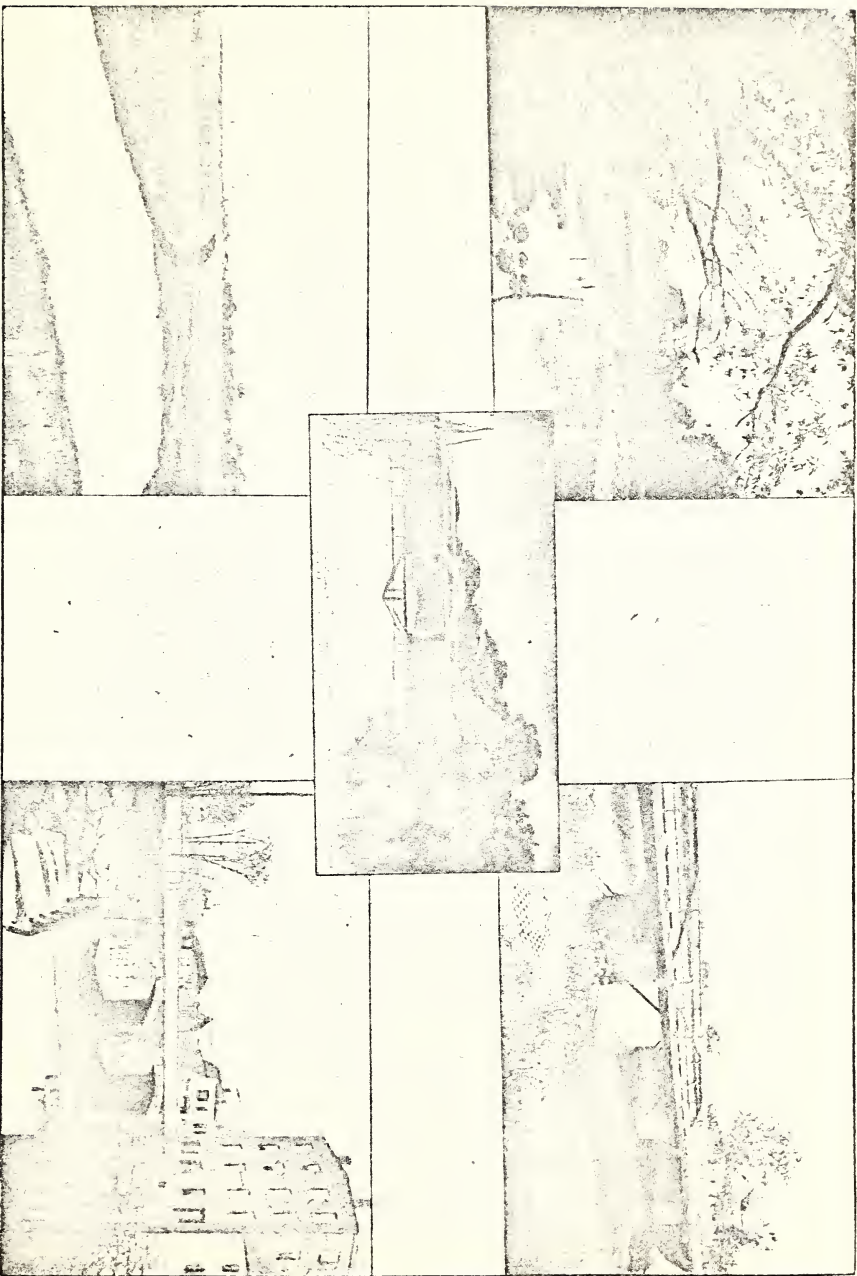
If we trace the stream farther up we go beyond old Medford bounds and out of Upper Medford, as it used to be called. We will find that our neighboring town of Winchester has improved its flow through her territory, making it permanently ornamental, adding much to its attractiveness.

And now we come back to our caption query, Why Mystic? and answer, *Mystic* it is not, except by common usage. Missi-tuk, the Indians called it. The early settlers adopted the Indian name, spelling it various ways, and later, almost discarding it, called it often Medford river and Medford pond or ponds, and latterly Mystic, which, we repeat, is a misnomer.

Since the preparation of this article there came to us in an exchange an interesting article concerning the name of the upper river that the earliest historian, Johnson, called "the first rise of the Mistick," which we reproduce as pertinent to this subject. We do not, however, think that the Indians of this valley or locality, the *ab-originis* or aborigines, were acquainted with the Latin language, and as yet are unaware of the meaning of the word Aberjoniens, if indeed it was an Indian (or aboriginal) word, as was Missi-tuk.

M. W. M.





WEAR BRIDGE.

BRIDGES OVER MYSTIC RIVER.

FIRST BRIDGE.

Drawing from records.

BOSTON AVENUE BRIDGE.  
On the Canal Foundations.

Canal Bridge 1883



## WHY ABERJONA?

By Sylvester Baxter, a member of, and by permission of, the Malden Historical Society.

In looking up some data in early local history I have just come across something that seems to throw a light upon one of our old geographical names whose origin has always puzzled me and which, so far as I know, appears to be unknown. The Mystic river—which geologically has a peculiar interest as having in the preglacial period actually been the Merrimac, carrying the greater stream by a short cut from near Lowell to Massachusetts Bay—has, since the first settlements, borne two names in different parts of its course, although the entire valley has been known as that of the Mystic. From its confluence with the Charles, near the Navy Yard, up through its tidal reaches, or what were tidal until the building of the dam and locks at Medford, up to the Mystic Lakes, it has been called the Mystic. Above the lakes, from Wilmington down through Woburn and Winchester, it appears to have been always known as the Aberjona, a name that is found in the early records of Woburn. Since most of our names of rivers, ponds, hills, etc., are of Indian origin, it has usually been assumed to be an aboriginal designation. To many, however, the name, with its “jona,” has suggested a Scriptural derivation. And since many place-names have come from those of persons living in the neighborhood, it has also been somewhat fantastically suggested that perhaps the name is a corruption of “Abbie Jones’ river,” just as the Greater New York borough of the Bronx derives its picturesque name from an old-timer named Broncks. But there is no evidence in behalf of either of these assumptions.

Just now, however, having had occasion to look up some facts in relation to the famous expedition of the three Sprague brothers, Ralph, Richard and William, pioneers in the settlement of Charlestown, across country through the woods from Salem, I find that in the Charlestown records it is related that this party “lighted



of a place situate and lying on the north side of Charles river, full of Indians, called Aberginians." Often as I had read that account, I had never before attached any particular significance to the name of those Indians other than that it seemed so different from Algonquin nomenclature in general, except that it was somewhat suggestive of "Virginians" and might possibly have come from the circumstance that New England was originally regarded as a part of Virginia.

Now a place name is often derived from the name of the people who live there, or the name of the people may come from that of the place. We are here informed that the Indians of that neighborhood were called "Aberginians." And is there not a striking resemblance between that name and "Aberjona"? And in face of this extraordinary resemblance is it not reasonable to infer that the name of those Indians came either from that of the river on whose banks they lived, or that the river took its name from the Indians? It would require only a transition from a single vowel to make "Aberginians" identical with "Aberjonians." Hence it seems quite natural to assume that Aberjona was originally the name of the entire river, from its source down to the sea, instead of being limited to the section above the lakes as at present—the lakes, or ponds, being simply slack-water and a tidal basin, respectively, in the river.

In the same Charlestown records occurs the following passage describing Charlestown or Mishawum, peninsular as the first settlers found it: "Upon surveying, they found it was a neck of land, generally full of stately timber, as was the main, and the land lying on the east side of the river called Mistick river (from the farm Mr. Cradock's servants had planted, called Mistick, which this river led up unto) and indeed generally all the country round about was an uncouth wilderness, full of timber."

The name "Mystic," as applied to this river, has been derived by some students of history not from the English word, but has been held to be of Indian origin, coming



from the Algonquin "Mistuck," signifying "great tidal river," or estuary. But according to this early record the name of the river came from that of the Cradock farm in Medford. In that event it might naturally have been limited to the lower reaches of the stream, taking the place of the original name, the Aberjona, which was retained for the upper portion. Altogether, the remarkable likeness of Aberjona and Aberginian seems to afford the most rational solution for the origin of the name of one of the most beautiful of our little rivers. And would it be altogether fantastic to suggest a possible relationship between the word "Aberginians" and "aborigines"?

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#### E PLURIBUS UNUM—A CIVIL WAR POEM.

Between the leaves of an old and rare book recently donated the Historical Society we find the following poem by Rev. John Pierpont, who was minister of Medford's First Parish, 1849-1858. We remember it in our war song book of 1861, and the impression it made on our youthful mind. With music and astronomy furnishing similes, the author certainly "did his bit" in contributing this poem to our literature and to the national cause in those troublous and stirring times. Though in his seventy-sixth year he was chaplain of the Twenty-second Massachusetts Regiment, and doubtless wrote this after the battle of Bull Run, when the Southern forces were "with victory flushed."

#### E PLURIBUS UNUM.

The harp of the minstrel with melody rings  
When the Muses have taught him to touch and to tune it;  
And although it may have a full octave of strings,  
To both maker and minstrel the harp is a unit.  
So the power that creates  
Our Republic of States  
To harmony tunes them at different dates;  
And many or few, when the Union is done,  
Be they thirteen or thirty, the nation is one.



The science that measures and numbers the spheres,  
 And has done so since first the Chaldean began it,  
 Now and then, as she counts them and measures their years,  
 Brings into our system and names a new planet.

Yet the old and new stars,  
 Venus, Neptune and Mars,  
 As they drive round the sun their invisible cars,  
 Whether faster or slower their races are run,  
 Are "E Pluribus Unum" — of many made one.

Of those federate spheres, should but one fly the track,  
 Or with others conspire for a general dispersion,  
 By the great central orb they would all be brought back,  
 And each held in place by a wholesome "coercion."

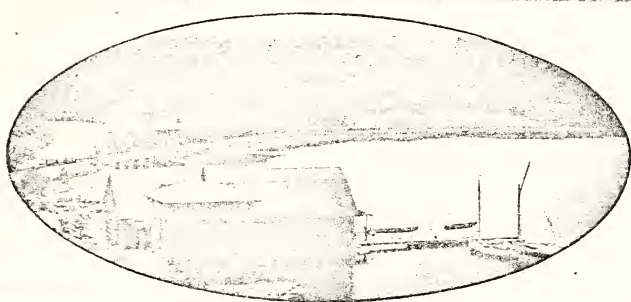
Were one daughter of light  
 Indulged in her flight,  
 They might all be engulfed by old Chaos and Night.  
 So must none of our sisters be suffered to run,  
 For "E Pluribus Unum" — we all go, if one.

Let the Demon of Discord our melody mar,  
 Or Treason's red hand rend our system asunder,  
 Break one string from our harp or extinguish one star,  
 The whole system's ablaze with its lightning and thunder.

Let that discord be hushed!  
 Let the traitors be crushed,  
 Though Legion their name, all with victory flushed,  
 For aye must our motto stand, fronting the sun:  
 "E Pluribus Unum" — the many are one. —*John Pierpont.*

By poetic license, he gives the states as thirty (really thirty-one then), though some were badly out of tune. The planet Neptune had been known as such by astronomers only fifteen years. The "coercion" he quoted had been a political bugaboo, held impossible by many who held "state rights" doctrines; and certainly everything was ablaze with the lightning and thunder of civil war. It was given him to see that great strife closed and the reconstruction begun that demonstrates to all the world that "the nation is one," and on the last Sabbath of his life, the day before his passing, to worship where he had preached, and from thence be borne to his rest. We fancy that had he been living in 1898, his rejoicing





MYSTIC LAKES.  
BELOW THE DAM.  
MYSTIC WATER WORKS DAM.  
ALONG UPPER LAKE.



that the "many are one" would have found expression in verse. How much more so today. The thirty-one, grown to forty-eight, are united as never before, and wherever the music to which his verses were sung in 1861 is heard, the people, because of that unity, give visibly respectful attention.

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#### A MEDFORD CENTENNIAL NOTE.

A Boston daily recently noted the centenary of the launching in New York of the first steam vessel, that crossed the Atlantic the following year. This is timely, in these new ship-building days.

The *Savannah* was a sailing vessel, and steam was used as auxiliary power but eighty hours of the passage, which took twenty-seven days. Incidentally we note that Medford was the scene of some steam navigation that same year, from which great things were expected, but was, like the *Savannah*, "commercially a failure," though from different causes. The REGISTER has told the story before (Vol. XVII, p. 92) in some detail, and now, because of its centennial, notices it again. Accustomed as we have become to the swiftly moving motor boats on our river, we would look with some curiosity on the nondescript that ploughed its way through the old town — not on the river, but where is now no vestige of water, nor has there been since 1852, when the Middlesex canal gave up its unequal struggle with the rival railroad.

In a town of less than fifteen hundred people, with the canal's course in a sparsely settled portion, probably but few saw it. One of the employees, however, was specific enough, in writing his bill, to note the various services performed. His name was William Phipps, and the item, "Aug. 11. 1 day to Medford with steamboat, \$1.50," is a part of the amount receipted for by him, and fixes the time of at least *one* occurrence.



We may wonder what the few that did see it thought of it. It is said that the *Clermont* alarmed some dwellers by the Hudson. One of them declared "he had seen the devil going to Albany in a saw-mill." But New Yorkers became accustomed to it, while Medfordites did not, and with the passing of the few witnesses the fact that such an occurrence had been was lost sight of for many years. It seems like a fairy tale when Summer street and Boston avenue, Sagamore avenue and the Mystic Valley parkway are pointed out as being the course of a steamboat voyage a hundred years ago, but such is the case.

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#### A MEDFORD NOVELTY.

From "Tracks of a Traveler," published in (November, 1850) *Ladies' Repository*, we take the following extract:—

Behind that thicket, away yonder, lies the delightful little town of Medford. There I have spent a day. There Capt. Sylvanus Rich inducted me into the art of ship-building. The whole time of the visit was devoted exclusively to this object. I came away quite a Robinson Crusoe, and could, I think, scoop out a canoe, at least, and rig it in true nautical fashion, should ever an occasion call for it.

At this place, too, I beheld a wonder. With my own eyes I saw the buds of three large roses growing on the limb of an apple-tree! That beats the knockers all to pieces.

The traveler who thus wrote was Rev. B. F. Tefft, D.D., the editor whose "Tracks" covered a journey from Cincinnati, O., to Bangor, Me., and return.

In this section quoted from, he described Boston and suburbs as seen from the State House cupola, and in another place we find that Captain Rich was of Brookline. He visited Bath, Me., and mentions its ship-building, but as inferior to that of Medford in amount.

His publication at New York and Cincinnati, 1840-1877, was that "devoted to literature and religion" issued by the "Book Concern" of the Methodist Episcopal



Church, and held the esteem of the people as the "queen of the monthlies." It would seem that such a one as he would not be imposed on by any "fake," and now, after sixty-eight years, we "wonder" (to use his word) if Medford had then a Luther Burbank, as we later knew, to our sorrow and cost, of "Professor" Leopold Trouvelot, of gypsy-moth fame. Who of our horticultural friends can throw any light on this long-ago incident?

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### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Reference is made in this issue to various reports of the Park Commission which contain full-page views of improvements and bridges over our river. We are presenting a series of smaller ones secured ere these began, and a comparison of them with present conditions will be of interest and show the changes that have occurred.

In our frontispiece, and in upper left, we look up stream toward Main street. The tower of St. Joseph's Church, and two houses (now "The Fewtrell") are seen beyond the arches of Cradock bridge. The spire of the old Trinitarian Church (later St. Joseph's, now Page & Curtin's store), had not been removed. Foster's wharf shows the decadence of the lumber business, but a three-masted vessel lies at the farther wharf. There is no sign of the lock on the other bank.

The central view shows the island that was above the "ford at Mystick."

The lower left shows the river, looking down stream from the old bridge at Auburn street. At present it flows through the marshes seen on either side, and the water foreground has been filled. So great has been the change that the salt marsh has this year been a war garden. The storied steeple of the old Unitarian Church is also seen in this view.

In the upper right, the view is up stream, also from Auburn street. The spire of the West Medford Con-

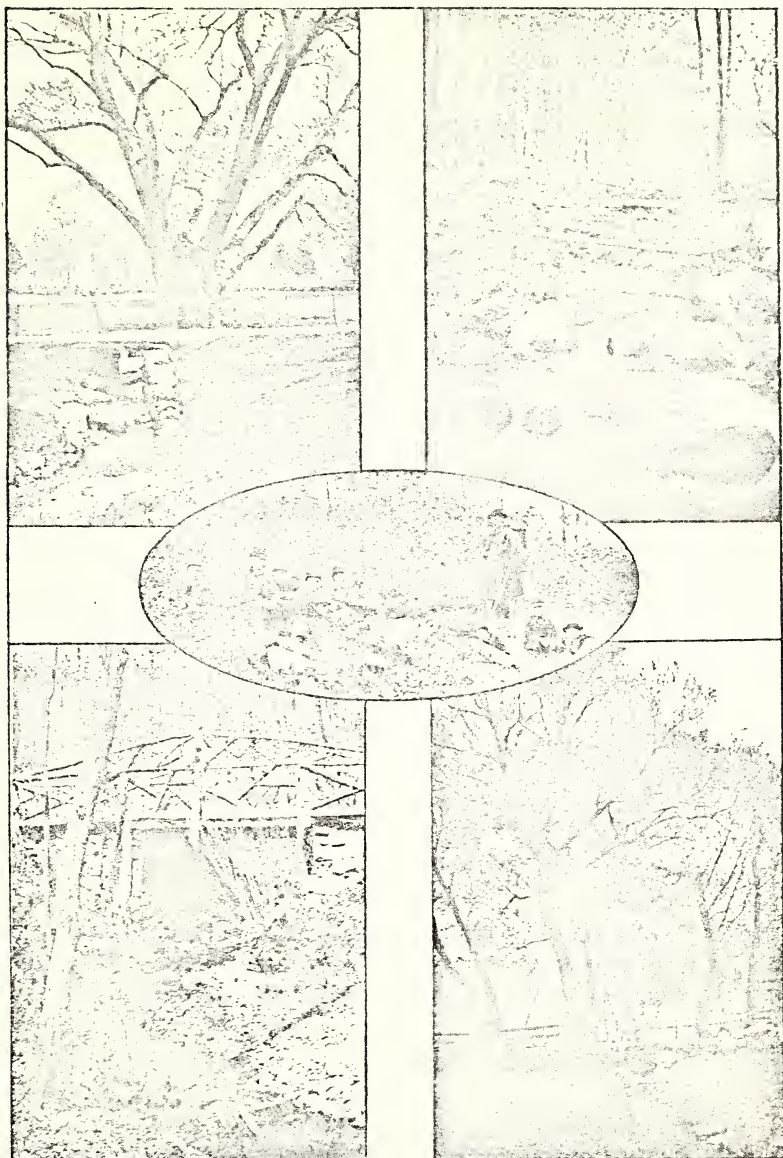


gregational Church (burned 1903) and Ober's coal sheds and storehouse, appear beyond the mouth of Whitmore brook. Crowding into the foreground are back-yard sheds and fences, where is now the new river channel and parkway. This, with Auburn street, crosses like shears on the new concrete bridge, which was built in a big excavation and the river turned thither at its completion.

In the lower right is the expanse of the river, looking up stream from the old Water-works bridge at Jerome street. The indentation at the left is the mouth of the Menotomy. It is now nearer in the foreground. The smaller one above was the site of the Broughton mill of 1656. The stakes and nets bending toward the fish-house on the Medford side were the last of the alewife fishing industry in Medford. The Hall house, seen beyond, was removed, but the Medford branch of the parkway begun, remains incomplete.

Facing page 56 is a group of "Bridges over Mystic River." Its central view is that of "First bridge," built by Cradock's men. We approach the description of this with caution, but are encouraged by the legend, "drawing from records." In Vol. II, No. 1, REGISTER, is the able article on "Bridges of Medford" by J. H. Hooper, which describes its earliest construction and gives the length of the bridge, which was approached by a causeway. But we have grave doubts of the structure, described as "rude and weak in construction," being as smoothly angular and straightly railed as this seems to be. The sedge grass in the foreground is realistic, but the trees on the opposite bank are too luxuriant for their proximity to the salt Mistick, and we also fear the artist exceeded the probabilities in inserting the Unitarian Church steeple, and dwellings on Pasture hill in his picture. Still, the conception of this primitive bridge will of itself hold good for Medford's first two centuries. By contrast, note the lower right-hand view, in which there is little change at present. The dam will





MEETING HOUSE BROOK.  
(Marrabell's or Marble.)

WILLOWS AND BRIDGE.	BROOK AT WADE MILL-SITE.
CAMERA CLUB AT TURKEY SWAMP, 1889.	
BRIDGE, BORDER ROAD.	WILLOWS, LAWRENCE ESTATE.



not admit reflection of "The Fewtrell" through the arch, the lock has since been built, and the Carlton house, seen over the other arch, is but recently removed.

In the upper left is the old Wear bridge, at the farther end of High street. The overhanging willows and shallop are at the site of the "Woods dam" and tide-mill, at one time famous in Medford boating annals. Beneath this bridge the tides surged swiftly to and fro.

The lower left view shows the Lowell railroad embankment, built in 1834, across the marshland of Charlestown (now Somerville) on the right, looking down stream. The lines of the river bank are here much changed, but the stone arch remains, embedded in the newer one of concrete, built in 1906.

The upper right-hand view is "Canal bridge," over which Boston avenue was built in 1873. There were four spans, in all one hundred and thirty-four feet, the length of the first canal aqueduct, which was here built in 1802. Renewed in 1827, on the old abutments and on three new granite piers, it remained disused from 1852 to 1873, gradually becoming a picturesque ruin, until utilized as here seen. The name was given it by the city government, at the request of the Historical Society, in 1903. The iron cover in the foreground is of the Metropolitan sewer siphon, and the daisies were in full bloom when the photographer looked up stream here.

The earliest portion of the parkway to be built in Medford was from High street along the lakes to Winchester. Facing page 60 is a view of the same through the Brooks estate, another with the Symmes house and mouth of the Aberjona in the distance. The water is the farther end of the upper Mystic lake, once the meadow of Rev. Zachariah Symmes, that was flowed by the Broughton dam two miles down the river. The present flowage is by the Mystic dam of 1863, seen in the central view. Across the water is "Inter-laken," and higher is "Morningside," as the recent building sections of that



part of Arlington are styled. No more beautiful view can be had of the Aberjona-Mystic valley than from the latter, unless it be from Grove street.

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### MEETING-HOUSE BROOK.

A few years ago we received a request from an elderly man, long absent from, but Medford born, that some one write for the REGISTER "the story of the Frenchman's mill." He passed away soon after, and we know not where the mill he named was, unless it was that mentioned in Vol. IV, p. 51, of the REGISTER, and again by Mr. Woolley in his story of "*the* brook of Medford," beside which was the Second Meeting-house. His description revived an interest awakened by reading of the "Bower" in Brooks' History, and led to

### A MIDWINTER RAMBLE.

The glorious sunshine of a recent winter morning was an allure-ment that decided the writer to take a woodland ramble that had been long deferred, and nine o'clock found him at High street, looking into the waters of Meeting-house brook. So he said, "Well, old brook, I've seen you many times before in your straight-jacket at High street, and in your serpentine wriggling ere you lost yourself in the river; but I'll make your acquaintance today in your sylvan home, see what your wanderings are and from whence you come."

After passing the fences each side the lane to the Hall farm, a vision of beauty appeared in the miniature falls, as the brook descends in an even sheet over the granite cope beneath, and between the higher wall on either side. Below the lowest fall an iron-railed bridge spans the stream, and above each the brook widens, as if to linger awhile, while further up the stones that lie in its course hold it a little and give the waters a musical voice in their plunge.

Great willows have their roots by its side, and one has fourteen distinct trunks growing from one common base. Two of these, a few feet up, have so crowded each other as to grow together as one, but they separate again. The brook was altogether silent as to the thirteen superstition.

Another bridge is here, with a larger willow that has felt the effects of storm and time. Great branches have been torn from it, the rents and scars have been filled up with masonry, thus saving the life of that remaining, much as some old veteran of many bat-



tles has been patched and mended, and enabled to continue in service.

Beneath its shade one can rest on the benches there provided, or drink from the cool spring that boils up from the ground at the brook's edge and overflows the stony basin about it. Some kindly hand has placed an iron post and drinking cup beside it for thirsty rambles—cold water rambles.

Across a mown field flows the brook with even course; then the rambler climbed a stone wall and entered the woodland, known as the Fells.

The ramble was attended with little difficulty, the frozen ground affording a firm footing, though the "record" Sunday and Monday that followed must have told upon the frost, and only a few patches among the shady nooks gave evidence of the snow that had been.

Here and there the brook divides, and uniting again, forms miniature islands, while across the slowly moving waters were quaint bridges of Jack Frost's architecture.

Beautiful to look at, but too frail for use, except for the brownies or elves of the forest, the rambler sought the help of some convenient boulder or fallen tree for the few crossings he made, unless, indeed, the brook narrowed enough to admit of a step across.

Soon he entered a narrow valley where the hills arose on either side and between them lay a level ridge before his view. Through this is an opening where flowed the brook, and through this pass, in the distance, the still rising and surrounding hills are seen. To the right is another opening some rods nearer, which is lined with stone walls on either side.

Yes, this is the "Bower" (so called fifty years ago), the site of the ancient mill, where the early dwellers of "Meadford" came with their corn for grinding; and here, possibly, the first lumber was sawed in the old town by power.

It is more than probable that boards for some of Medford's old houses were here sawed, for there is record of a saw-mill at this spot two hundred and forty years ago.

Yes, there was power here and lots of it, too, in those old days, colony days "when we were under the King." And possibly some of the trees had the king's broad arrow on them, too, but they are long gone now.

The walled enclosure is the old raceway, and below, at the open end, is the wheel-pit. That great pile of rocks is the foundation of the mill that was elevated almost twenty feet from the brook below. Great trees have grown, and the culvert through the dam is closed by the accumulated debris, but a climb to the top reveals the extent of the old mill pond, and the course of the brook as it slowly meanders through it.



All about in the hills the ledges crop out, and on these are great boulders, left by the retreating glacier, ages ago. Grim and dark, they stand like sentinels on guard; some broken by frost, moss-grown and hoary-headed, they were old when the first settlers came.

Just here the Rambler's vision of the ancient time and the early dwellers, that was accompanied by the music of the rippling brook, was interrupted by the calls and appearance of the moth brigade, and the sawing, scraping and creosote daubing reminded him of the presence of the modern pests and the alarming proportions they assume.

Farther up, the brook is crossed by the road leading from Forest street to Ram's Head hill. Here is a rustic bridge, and for some distance the declivity is but slight, and the stream broadens and lingers in the shady groves.

Again a cart-path into the woods crosses it, and here is a ruined bridge, the stone abutments still good, however. A little further a diminutive grove of white birches gleams in the sunlight and overshadows the stream, and just beyond looms up the lofty dam of the Winchester South reservoir.

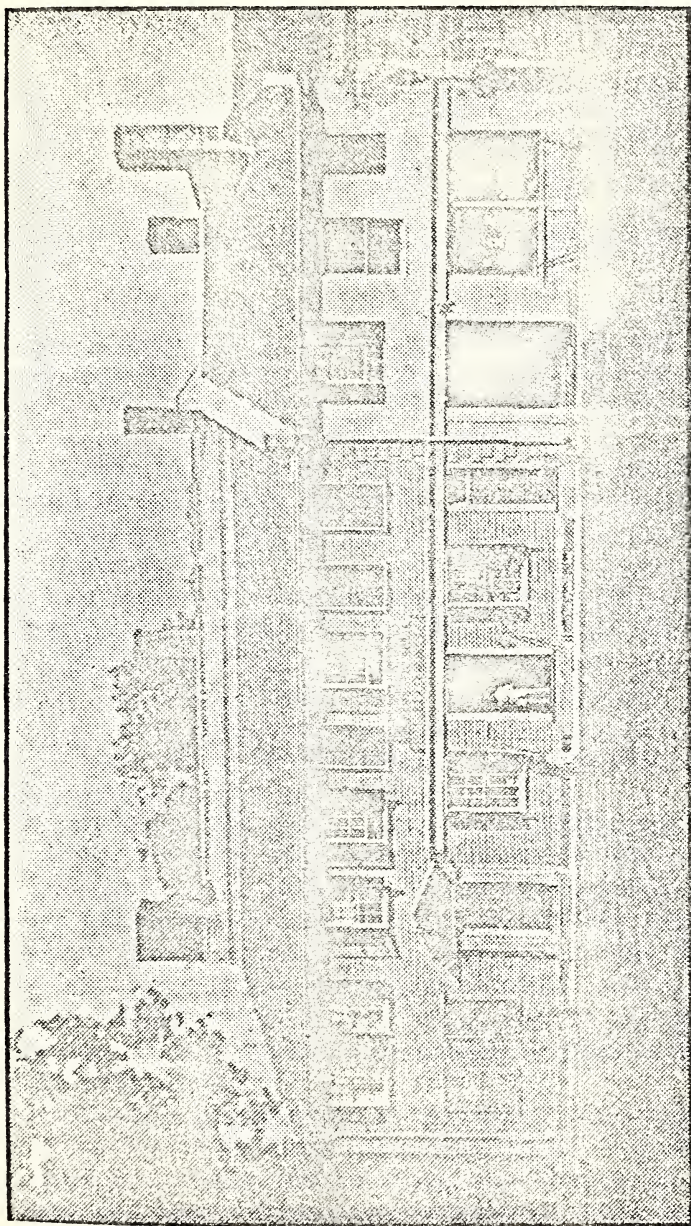
This forms a barrier across the valley and cuts off further search for the source of Meeting-house brook, once called Marrabel's or Marble. Its original source was over half a mile farther on in Turkey swamp, but the Rambler found no swamp or turkeys there, as the reservoir occupies its place.

With the exception of the woodsmen, he met no one to converse with during his tramp, but found constant pleasure in the sylvan solitude by exploring the shady nooks and peering into the sparkling waters of the stream, catching a glimpse ever and anon of its shy denizens, as they darted quickly under sheltering rocks. The shadows of the trees were long, even at noon, and the handy camera secured him some views as souvenirs of a pleasant ramble on an equally pleasant midwinter day.

Meeting-house is but one of the direct tributaries of the Mystic, and the views facing page 64 were secured seventeen years prior to those of the Rambler, whose visit was twelve years ago. It was a source of satisfaction to him that others found enjoyment over the same route, and that the Rambler's story we now present gave pleasure to that old Medford boy, whose latest thoughts reverted to his boyhood home.

To members of the Mystic Camera Club we are indebted for the preservation of many interesting views in Medford, among which are our present illustrations.





THE JONATHAN PORTER HOUSE, MEDFORD SQUARE.  
BUILT ON SITE OF ROYAL OAK TAVERN AT CLOSE OF REVOLUTION.



# The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XXI.

OCTOBER, 1918.

No. 4.

## A MEDFORD GARDEN AND THE GARDENER'S NOTES.

BY ELIZA M. GILL.

NOT a war garden of 1918, but one in peace times ninety years ago and more. This garden was on the estate, on the banks of the Mystic, owned by Timothy Bigelow. Martin Burrige was the gardener, in the employ of the Bigelow family many years.

The writer has at hand two note-books measuring three and three-quarters inches by six and one-quarter inches, with limp covers of marbled paper, one marked "Garden Book, 1827," kept by this old-time gardener. With these in lieu of "Open Sesame," the gate will swing back and give the readers of the REGISTER a glimpse of this old garden, let them see the fruits that were grown, the crops harvested. These books were neatly kept; the writing is plain, sometimes done with ink, again with pencil. They show Mr. Burrige as being careful, systematic, thorough, and interested in his work.

The entries of the garden book extend successively through the years to 1838, being necessarily few each year, but confined to such basic facts and information as would enable him to intelligently care for the greenhouse and garden in his charge. He noted the first and latest frosts, the temperature, time when seeds were sown and crops harvested, thus being able to compare the seasons, particularly those of sowing and harvesting, one year with another.

The following entries stand as they are in the original, for in these days of phonetic and simplified spelling there is no need of apology, and to make any change would take from the charm these pages written so many years



ago disclose to us, and surely one can but agree with the famous Southern statesman who declared a man was a fool who couldn't spell a word more than one way.

We shall find these fruits growing either under glass or in open culture — strawberries, peaches, lemons, oranges, nectarines, pears, quinces. The blossoming of the quinces was regularly noted each year without fail. The vegetables from his garden supplied Mr. Bigelow's table; his house was called "the seat of hospitality," and he himself was termed a hospitable neighbor.

January <sup>th</sup> 18 1827 at 7 o'clock A. M. Glass was down six degrees below zero.

Next morning the same

March 26 Saw the first swallow

March 27 Apricot & peach in blossom

April 11 Wall trees in full Blossom

April 12 planted the first Corn & potatoes & Summer Squashes

April 17 Took up the boards in the front yard & White washed the trees

May <sup>th</sup> 10 Planted the first Corn & Potatoes

May 15 Soed the Beets, Carrots, Parsnips & Onions. 15 Planted my Corn & potatoes

May 17 Quince tree in blossom

17 Peas in Blossom

June <sup>th</sup> 4 pickd the first Strawburrys

July the 1 had the first new potatoes

August <sup>th</sup> 4 Picked the first peach

August 23 Cactus Triangularis Blossom

October <sup>th</sup> 16 Got the plants into the Green House

October 17 had the first frost.

December 17 1827 Pickd. 18. Lemons witch weighed 18 lbs. 2 oz. Large weighed, 22. oz. Measured 17 inches one way 13, the other.

1828 Jan. <sup>th</sup> 16. pickd the first Jappan Rose

Jan. 22 Glass down to Zero at Sunrise

March <sup>th</sup> 9, Soed the first Peas & Reddishes

March <sup>th</sup> 17 Nobless Peach in Blossom

April <sup>th</sup> 1 Soed the Peas in the upper garden

April the 1 Soed the Seeds in the Hotbed

April <sup>th</sup> 7 The Multifloer Rose in Blossom

April the 20 the Cluster Rose in full blossom

May <sup>th</sup> 13 first pashion flower in blossom

May <sup>th</sup> 16 Sot out the annual Flower plants



June <sup>the</sup> 8 had the first pees  
 June <sup>the</sup> 8 had the first strawberries  
 June <sup>the</sup> 16 Got the plants out of the Green House  
 June <sup>th</sup> 30 Cut my Grass at the fountain house  
 August. 15 had the first Earley Ann Peach  
 October <sup>the</sup> 17 Sot out for Washington  
 January <sup>th</sup> 31, 1829 Japan Rose in blossom  
 April <sup>th</sup> 27 planted the Dwarf Imperial Pea  
 May <sup>th</sup> 22 first Passion flower in blossom  
 October, 22, Soed the field of Rye Soed one bushel of rye one  
 peck of Red top &  $\frac{1}{2}$  a peck of herds grass.  
 March <sup>th</sup> 26, 1830 highest tide that ever knoun  
 1831 March 28 Wall Peach in blossom  
 April 15 Grafted Some Cherry Stocks  
 December <sup>th</sup> 7 Picked Rose in blossom out a doors  
 October 27 1831 the Carpenters Finished the shingled of the  
 buildings &c

1832

August 20 Soed turnips in the field  
 Sept 14 1832 first frost Glass 32  
 August <sup>th</sup> 4 1834 Soed the buckwheat  
 Sept 29 1834 had the first frost in the Garden very heavy  
 May 21<sup>st</sup> 1836 Quince tree in Blossom  
 June 27 Planted Some Sweet Corn  
 May 31 1837 Quince tree in Blossom  
 List of Crisanithum for 1838

No I White

No II Yallow

No III Buff

These two are from the second book —

November 28, 1826 Mr. Bigelow Sot Sail for Giberalter

Nov. 5 1831 began to take care of Mrs. Grays horses in the morning.

In this book were kept private accounts, money received for his labor, generally paid by Andrew Bigelow, and the sum paid for household expenses. One sees what he paid for Andrew's hat, Henry's shoes, that he paid Miss Wier for school for Eliza, \$3.67; for a testament, 50 cents; for pew rent to Mr. Floyd, the sexton, and who appears to have followed many callings, \$2.co; for a pair of mittens, 63 cents; a bible man, 87 cents. The prices of staple goods are a surprise to us who know



at this time the high cost of living: tea, 58 cents per lb.; loam, 50 cents a load; molasses, 37 cents per gallon; cider, \$2.00 a barrell; apples, \$1.67 and \$1.25; corn, 55 cents per bushel; butter, 15 and 16 cents; chips, \$1.25 per load; goose, 33 cents; shoes, \$1.25; hats, \$1.00 and \$2.00; shad, 53 cents; pork, 8 and 10 cents; broom, 28 cents.

One learns who some of the townspeople were and the occupations they engaged in: Mr. Gleason sold hats, shoes; Mr. Cutter sold meat; Mr. Lock sold meat; Mr. Emerson sold meat; Mr. Symmes did iron work; Mr. Barker did papering; Mr. Stow did painting, glazing; Mr. Clough did hooping; Mr. Floyd carted chips and sold pigs; Captain Burr ridge sold hay, for which he received \$13.00, to Mr. F. Bigelow, for whom he often bought cider; he sold plants, Mrs. Gray, Miss Train and Mrs. P. Swan being among his customers.

How it did fret the soul of Margaret Tufts, who married Samuel Swan, that she was always called Mrs. Peggy Swan when her sisters-in-law were punctiliously called by their husbands' names. Mrs. Peggy had the name, however, of being a very handsome woman.

The gardener is said to have lived in a house on the Bigelow grounds. His expense account shows payments for rent quarterly, \$12.50 and \$10.00 respectively, to Captain Ward and Mr. Bucknam. He may, sometime, have lived in the Fountain house, for he owned the east half, and two and one-half acres of land on the Salem road extending to Fulton street that he cultivated as a farm. His second note-book frequently notes the planting of his own land and the pasturing of his cows. This opens up to us the rural aspect of Medford. Many residents enjoyed the luxury of keeping a cow. Mr. Burr ridge attended to the pasturing of Mr. Bigelow's, Mr. Stetson's (the minister), and Mr. Train's cows, having them sometimes in the Hall pasture, again in the Roach pasture, and on his own land. Captain Adams' man often worked for the gardener, who supplied him with



dinners and lunches, for which the captain was duly charged.

Mr. Burrigge joined the Massachusetts Horticultural Society on December 17, 1831, and he exhibited for his employer many fine fruits and vegetables, as the records of the society attest.

Sept. 19-21, 1838. "From Mrs. T. Bigelow of Medford. Apples—Monstrous Pippin, and beautiful specimens of Red apples from France. Peaches—Some fine specimens. Grapes—Fine Chasselas, and Black Hamburg, Shaddocks, very large, from her greenhouse, (a variety of Citrus or Orange tree)."

Sept. 28, 1838 (?) "Seven years Pumpkin, from Mrs. Timothy Bigelow, Medford. (The above, the growth of last year, and shown at the annual exhibition of 1837.) Weight 46 lbs. in perfect condition, and it is said will remain sound for seven years."

Shaddocks were named for the sea captain who introduced them into this country and were formerly rare. Today they are the grape-fruit so commonly used at our tables.

This fact throws some light on the entry made December 17, 1827, for the size of the lemon seemed to be enormous, a tale worthy of Baron Munchausen. The citrus genus includes the orange, lemon, lime, and grape-fruit.

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#### MEDFORD HORTICULTURISTS.

Medford has been in the vanguard many a time, and it is pleasant to know that when the Massachusetts Horticultural Society was formed, among the original (one hundred and thirty-eight) members who subscribed before the organization of the society, March 17, 1829, that the name of Samuel Train of this town is found. During the first fifty years of the society's life the following citizens enrolled in the membership:—

1829	Dr. Samuel Swan.	1830	John King.
1829	George Thompson.	1831	Capt. Martin Burrigge.
1830	Dudley Hall.	1834	Nathaniel H. Bishop.



1845	Edmund T. Hastings, Jr.	1865	William B. Whitcomb.
1845	Nathaniel Whiting.	1865	Ellen M. Gill (Mrs.)
1847	John H. Bacon.	1866	Mrs. Samuel Joyce.
1847	Robert Bacon.	1866	Edward Kakas.
1850	George E. Adams.	1866	Francis Thieler.
1851	Charles Hall.	1867	S. R. Roberts.
1855	S. B. Perry.	1868	Dr. H. H. Pillsbury.
1859	George L. Stearns.	1869	William C. Child.
1860	James Bean.	1869	James W. Tufts.
1863	Peter C. Hall.	1870	Japhet Sherman.
1864	Caroline B. Chase (Mrs.)	1871	George S. Buss.
1864	David W. Lothrop.	1872	Benj. F. Morrison.
1865	Francis Brooks.	1873	William H. Northey.
1865	Joshua T. Foster.	1873	Alonzo E. Tainter.
1865	J. Q. A. Griffin.	1873	Charles Garfield.

In 1841 Mrs. Lucy Bigelow, widow of Timothy, was made an honorary member, an honor shared, up to 1879, with five other women. Of the above only Mrs. Ellen M. Gill is now living (August 22, 1918). Enfeebled by age, her active work in the society has ceased. E. M. G.

#### AN EARLY TOURIST'S MEDFORD HOME.\*

In 1805 Timothy Bigelow, with a party of gentlemen, made a tour by stage to Niagara Falls. Starting from Boston, they passed over the usual routes of travel, returning by way of Montreal and Lake Champlain, thus enjoying the pleasure of travel by water. Mr. Bigelow left the party at Groton, where he then resided, and the others went on to Boston by stage. The trip took six weeks, and they traveled over thirteen hundred miles.

Mr. Bigelow kept a journal, noting each day's progress, the inns at which they stayed, the kind of accommodations offered guests, the conditions of the country, business situations, and the people met. Of scenery and the great natural curiosity which prompted the trip he wrote minutely. His manuscript, lost for many years, was found and compiled for publication by a grandson

\* For brief accounts of his distinguished family and fine place the reader is referred to articles in the REGISTER as follows: Vol. V, p. 49; Vol. VII, p. 29; Vol. VII, p. 65; Vol. XIII, p. 73 and p. 83.



in 1876. A copy of a "Journal of a Tour to Niagara Falls in the Year 1805 by Timothy Bigelow," is in our public library. but the one the writer was privileged to use bore the following inscription, in a free, manly handwriting:—

MARTIN BURRIDGE ESQ  
WITH THE KIND REGARDS OF  
ABBOTT LAWRENCE  
APRIL 17<sup>TH</sup> 1877

The following, from the introduction, adds a little more to our knowledge of the man, and shows the taste, energy and genius that enabled him to create the most elegant estate, though not the largest, that has been in the center of Medford:—

He had strong rural tastes, and was active in establishing and conducting the Association of the Middlesex Husbandmen. He took great delight in horticulture, and may claim with others the merit of stimulating a taste which is associated no less with science than with pleasure. His grounds on the banks of the Mystic were famous for their beauty at that day, and long continued to be a conspicuous ornament of the town of Medford. While reading law in Worcester, in early manhood, the garden plot around the family homestead was embellished by him with such flowers and plants as could be obtained at that period. The same passion he naturally carried with him to Groton, and there, on taking possession of his house and farm, a well-chosen spot of ground was tastefully laid out, both for family uses and for pleasing and ornamental effects. His orchard, in connection with the garden, contained not only the common, but the rare varieties of fruit trees, making it altogether the best of the village and neighborhood. After his removal to Medford, in procuring trees he was fortunate in having the assistance of his friend and old-time client, the elder Theodore Lyman, whose tastes were similar to his own, and who often sent from his Waltham nurseries standard stock trees, with a man to plant them, and furnished him with the first espalier which covered his fruit wall.

Today the garden, now owned by Mrs. Mary Tufts, has something of the aspect the garden had years ago. The terraces are the same, the foundations of the greenhouse are the old ones used by Timothy Bigelow, the frames only being new, and the brick wall between the



Magoun estate on the east and the wall on the west by the land of Grace church are the same. This was the upper garden. The lot of Mrs. Prescott was an orchard, and for many years after her father purchased it a large greening apple tree yielded fine fruit. The garden of today, although a pleasant spot, does not show the elegance of the one a hundred years ago, for that was a wealth of shrubbery, plants and trees, and the greenhouse was filled with rare plants, and trees were trained on the brick walls.

The fame Timothy Bigelow had as an expert in raising fine fruits and vegetables was in part due to his able and faithful gardener, Martin Burrridge.

Some of the following facts and dates have been stated in papers mentioned in previous REGISTERS. Timothy Bigelow died in 1821, his wife in 1852. A son and daughter, both unmarried, from that time lived hermit lives in the old home. They were eccentric, and lived in a wretched way, shutting themselves away from both stranger and friend. The place had a gloomy aspect, for the house was nearly surrounded by pine trees, and they filled the space from the street to house and had grown so large that the street was dark and so muddy that the neighbors rejoiced when they were cut down and sunlight flooded the space.

Miss Bigelow died in 1865, and her brother sought a home elsewhere. The story is current that among her effects were found seventeen bandboxes, each containing a bonnet and a veil. To clear the house of the accumulation of years was a great piece of work. A fine dress is said to have served some misses of the town many times for a fancy dress costume.

The townspeople were accustomed to speak of Mr. Bigelow as "Speaker Bigelow." The house was a two-story, broad wooden structure. A broad walk led from the front door to the street, meeting it in a deep curve.

In 1865 the estate was advertised for sale. It was divided into three lots. The middle one was purchased



in 1867 by Ellen Shepherd Brooks, who, on the site of the Bigelow house, erected Grace Church. The east lot was bought by the late James W. Tufts, who built his residence there. This comprised the upper and lower garden. The lower one extended in terraces to the river and was separated from the upper by a brick retaining wall ten feet or more high, on which fruit trees were trained. Later, Mr. Tufts bought the west lot and erected the house occupied by his daughter, Mrs. Prescott.

When that wonderfully odd plant, the night-blooming cereus, on the place, unfolded its sweet flowers, the Bigelows were accustomed to invite their friends to witness the sight.

Our Medford Pepys,\* comparing the town's first two lawyers, left this record: "Mr. Bigelow wished to have credit for wit and brilliant repartee, and in company sought to encounter Mr. Bartlett, but Mr. Bartlett's mind was more brilliant, and Mr. Bigelow generally came off second best."

E. M. G.

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#### AN OLD-TIME MEDFORD GARDENER.

The family of Martin Burrige was descended from English stock found in Seething, Norfolk county. Robert, the first ancestor of whom there is any record, was there early in the sixteenth century. John, a great-grandson, became the emigrant ancestor, coming to Charlestown about 1637. One of his sons took Burrige, and another Burrage, as the form for the family name, and their descendants respectively have followed the standard set for them. This line is successively traced from Charlestown to Newton, Concord, Lunenburg, where John of the ninth generation married Lois Barthrick of that town in 1781. His brother Jonathan married Lois' sister Sally. Hannah (sister of John and Jonathan of Lunenburg) married Samuel Buel of Medford, August 22, 1799. John was a soldier in the war

\* Caleb Swan.



of the Revolution. About 1800 he came to Medford, where he died, July 20, 1822.

Mr. Francis Converse of Medford, meeting someone by the name of Burrige in Boston, where he traded, asked if he was related to the late John Burrige of Medford, saying, "It would be an honor to be, for he was a very worthy man, greatly respected in Medford by all who knew him."

While here, John Burrige followed the occupation of gardener. His family consisted of six sons and one daughter. Only such will be considered here as were connected with Medford. At the time he moved here his oldest child was eighteen, the youngest an infant.

John, the second son, married Rebecca Greenleaf of this town, February 13, 1812. His branch is extinct.

Betsey, or Elizabeth, married, May 11, 1814, David Bucknam of Medford. Mrs. Bucknam kept a private school, and among family papers is a reward of merit given by her to her niece Eliza, daughter of Martin. Many teachers of that time gave home-made merits, but this is a printed one, as a line at the bottom attests, "Sold by N. S. Simpkins & Co. Court street Boston." It is in black and white, at the top a picture of a big dog and a small boy, below two verses (rather serious for a child) on the "Improvement of Time." It is not a work of art, nor has it much to charm a child.

Martin, the fifth child, born July 27, 1793, married Eliza Withington, September 8, 1816. She was an aunt of Assessor Henry Withington, who died January 21, 1918. There were five children by this marriage. Notice their names, for they indicate hero worship or esteem for the employer's family and the good doctor of the town: Andrew Bigelow, John Brooks, Katharine Lawrence. Did this little girl, who bore the name of a distinguished family, ever dream she would become possessed of great wealth? Let us thank her for the gift she, in womanhood, gave her native town for four-footed friends—the stone drinking fountain on Salem street, near its junction with Spring, inscribed,



THE GIFT OF MRS. K. L. S. TEELE  
1892

Mrs. Burrige died December 7, 1839.

Mr. Burrige married for his second wife Hannah Pratt, May 7, 1840, who died December 12, 1876. He died at his home in Malden, October 27, 1879. To the last he loved flowers, and his whole life was spent in the occupation of gardening. A granddaughter and two great-grandchildren are living in Medford, and two other great-grandchildren, with their children, have moved toward the West to found homes, one to the far-away Pacific.

E. M. G.

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A REMEMBRANCE OF THE OLD BAKERY.

Martin Burrige's brother-in-law, Henry Withington (the second of the name in this town, and father of the late assessor), enjoyed telling, so the latter informed the writer, that he was once a scullion in Timothy Bigelow's kitchen. Whatever his service or position there, without doubt he had an experience that enabled him, when he entered into the bakery business, to supply his townsmen with superior products.

Who does not love to recall that little old shop, than which nothing in story or reality was quainter nor more alluring. Small, low studded, with beamed ceiling, it looked antique in every particular, with the tiny desk on the wall where one stood or perched on a high stool to cast up his accounts. You might enter sometime and find no one to attend to your wants, but a bell on the door as you opened it had given notice of your entering, and very soon someone opened a glass door of a living-room at the west, stepped down two steps, and waited upon you; or perhaps he came in from some old room or odd corner at the north.

Little children used to wonder where the yeast came from as they handed up a pail or bottle for a penny's worth, and they spent their pennies for the few sweet



things the shop carried, Giblaltars, and a large, white, flat cocoanut cake with a pink piece in the middle that seemed to them the *ne plus ultra* of toothsome-ness. Their elders enjoyed the good brownbread, buns, and brick loaves, and when they went to spend a day in the country, carried a supply to their friends, who, living far from a bakery, esteemed Medford bread and buns a luxury.

Grown men, once pupils at the Hathaway school, came to the town with their young sons to buy cocoanut cakes for them such as they bought in school-boy days. The smell of fresh baked crackers was enough to revive a fainting man, and Medfordites went thronging to the shop, the days they were baked, with big baskets and little baskets, and thought there was no better lunch than crackers right from the oven with plenty of good sweet butter.

In the earlier days this shop was smaller and more alluring than it was when torn down, for the portion east of the entrance door was an unfinished room where barrels and barrels of crackers were packed. The house, a close companion of the shop, was very antique, especially in the rooms at the back, and we really know but little about its age and history, as but little has been said of the interior of the old house, but much of the story of the business of the firm has been printed.

E. M. G.

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#### MEDFORD COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC SAFETY.

When the United States finally declared war against Germany in April, 1917, the entire country sprang into activity, and entered eagerly into ways and means for "preparedness." The nation went into one vast committee of the whole, subdivided into national, state, city, town, village, and hamlet branches. These organizations bore the expressive and comprehensive title of Committee on Public Safety.

Medford's committee was organized in April, 1917.



The general committee was composed of three hundred and twenty-five members, with an executive committee of nine. Mr. Irwin O. Wright was elected chairman and much of the successful work of the committee has been due to his wise patience and tactful judgment.

The following sub-committees were created: finance, co-ordination of aid societies, food production and conservation, publicity, hygiene and medicine, transportation, home guard, recruiting.

All work is done under the following declaration: "The declared purpose is to serve the people of Medford in all matters incident to the war that do not come within the scope of the regularly constituted national, state or city government."

The expenses of the work for the first months was defrayed by voluntary contributions of the public. This was the plan followed by most of the cities and towns, many places giving thousands of dollars for the purpose. The second year Medford's city government made an appropriation to carry on the work of the committee, having a regular office, with a paid secretary and assistant, the purpose of the executive committee being to make the office a clearing house for the varied war activities. Mr. James A. Cotting was elected secretary, and Miss Alice Bearse assistant. In the absence of actual hostile emergencies, which as yet have not been thrust upon us, the Committee on Public Safety has taken up the more immediate local needs of the community: food, fuel, public health, liberty loans, information regarding Medford soldiers, etc.

The winter of 1917-18 will long be remembered as one of intense severity. Coupled with the cold weather was a scarcity of coal, and the local fuel committee was obliged to issue coal cards for one hundred pounds each, in order to secure an equitable distribution. Towards twenty thousand of these cards were issued. During the past summer the State assumed control of sugar. For preserving purposes, cards for twenty-five pounds or less



were given on application at the public safety office. More than five thousand cards were issued.

It is the purpose of the office to keep in touch with all matters of public interest and welfare. It works under the authority of the State and is the medium through which the wishes and commands of the State commissions are promulgated.

Mr. Cotting severed his connection with the committee in July last, to enter Y. M. C. A. work over seas. The present secretary is Charles H. Loomis.

C. H. L.

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#### CONNECTING LINK IN MEDFORD CHURCH HISTORY.

At various meetings of the Historical Society, papers have been read relative to the church history of Medford, and all such have been preserved in pages of the REGISTER. They tell the story of the various religious societies, seven in number, that were first of their order in the old town. These have been succeeded by four others of the same order, later organized. There are still others, perhaps a dozen, whose history should be a matter of printed record, that as yet have not been thus presented. As a matter of record, we take occasion here to mention, ere facts are lost sight of, the

#### WEST MEDFORD CHRISTIAN UNION.

Mr. Hooper, in his brief "History of Medford," is the only author that mentions it as a society under this caption, giving its meeting place, and names of four ministers.

Mr. Usher (on page 276) in treating of the West Medford Congregational church, said, the "Union was formed for the support of public religious worship; and preaching services were held Sunday morning and evening in Mystic Hall."

Mr. David H. Brown (in Vol. XI, p. 24, REGISTER) said, "December 1, 1907, was the fortieth anniversary of public religious services in West Medford," named Mystic hall as the place, but did not give the name of the



preacher. This makes the date specific — December 1, 1867 — agreeing as to the year with Mr. Hooper, but placing it earlier than Mr. Usher, who is correct in his statement that “there was no church organization.”

As this “Christian Union” formed a connecting link between the earlier and later organized churches of various orders in Medford, it is of interest that its brief history be preserved.

In 1865 Medford had a population of 4,839; in 1870, 5,717; it is safe to assume that in December, 1867, a little rising 5,000. Its outlying villages were East Medford (now called Glenwood) and West Medford, the latter the larger, more residential, with possibly 500 people, and with the advantage of a hall where public gatherings could be held.

For some two years there had been a neighborhood Sunday school, and from this effort for the children grew that of a public service for their elders. It is a matter of doubt if there are still any *residents* living who attended that first gathering in 1867. Mr. Brown must have had some data from which to make his statement, but he was not a resident in 1867.

The present writer first attended its services on July 9, 1870, and thereafter was conversant with facts and writes from personal knowledge. He has already (some years since) given in our pages an account of that occasion in a paper on “West Medford in 1870.” The Union was a neighborhood affair which was expected in time to grow into a Protestant church of some order, or possibly a “Union church,” hence the appropriate name in some way adopted. It may be that sometime records that must have been kept may be found, and give more accurate information. We have been told that such were deposited in the office of the town clerk, but recent research among the city records therefor has been fruitless.

Up to April, 1870, Rev. Melville B. Chapman, a student in Boston University, supplied its pulpit. He was of the Methodist Episcopal order, was much liked by



the people, and at the above date was, by his bishop, appointed minister of his church in Wakefield, Mass. He in later years achieved success and prominence in the Christian ministry, making a good beginning with the "Union" in West Medford. He was succeeded by Rev. Louis E. Charpiot, a French gentleman of much ability and many excellent qualities, who had been pastor of a Congregational church in Stratfield, Conn., but was just then engaged in journalism upon the *Nation*, published in Boston by James M. Usher. The latter, recognizing his ability, was instrumental in bringing him to West Medford.

Mr. Usher, in the history above quoted, says truly of the "Union," "As there was no church organization the arrangement was not wholly satisfactory." Mr. Charpiot preached twice on Sunday, attended and conducted a class in the independent Sunday school in the afternoon, and for some time tried the experiment of a mid-week prayer service on Thursday evening. This latter was but slightly attended, as the more zealous church members attended the like gatherings in the Medford churches with which they were connected. The Sabbath gatherings made a good showing (for the capacity of the hall) and were a convenience for the older people and those not actively engaged in church work.

In 1870 some building operations commenced and new comers were in evidence. A weekly paper in Medford began publication in December, and the following, clipped from its issue of February 11, 1871, shows that interest was being taken in the matter of a village meeting-house:—

#### Good!

~ We announced, two weeks since, that if the ground could be secured and the material furnished, Mr. John H. Norton would do all the work for the erection of a meeting-house, to be located in West Medford, without charge—all as a free gift.

This week we are happy to be able to inform our readers that the gentlemen who have recently purchased the Smith estate, and who are making many improvements which all rejoice to see, have



authorized us to say that they will give the land for a meeting-house. That's noble! Messrs. Story, Judkins and Holton never were behind hand in good deeds. Three cheers for the friends that make this generous offer! Now who will have the honor of giving the stock? Who? We shall be glad to announce the name next week. Three cheers and a tiger for the man, whoever he may be!

The following month there appeared in the same *Medford Journal* a communication that was both history and appeal, under date of March 18:—

EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL:—Will you allow me to say a few words in relation to the West Medford Christian Union Society:

That organization has now been in existence for about three years, and from the start it has done well, the last year, especially, being of unusual interest. Mystic Hall has been filled every Sunday with attentive audiences, and the Sunday school embraces nearly all the children in the place. In fact the Hall has become altogether too small for the purposes of the Society, and for some time past the question of building a suitable house of worship has been seriously agitated by the people in West Medford.

The annual meeting of the Society is to be held next Monday evening in Mystic Hall, and my object in sending you this communication is, through your valuable paper, to remind the people in the neighborhood of that fact. There should be a full attendance at that meeting, and decided measures should be taken about erecting a suitable place in which to hold religious services. Now is the time to act. West Medford is growing, the people are a church-going people, and this part of the town would be greatly helped by having a meeting-house. Aside from the influence which it would have upon the people themselves, every property-holder knows that the value of his property would be thereby enhanced, and a good church would help much towards attracting, in the neighborhood, the right kind of people that would truly build up the place.

Let me say again that never was there a time more propitious than the present for such an undertaking. Besides the fact that the land and the labor of the builder have been offered free of expense, the Society never was in a better situation than now. Both the Sunday services and the Sunday school are full, and the pastor, Rev. Louis E. Charpiot, has been very faithful and remarkably successful.

Will not the people turn out on Monday evening next, and let the Society's business be promptly done? UNION.

This was immediately followed by an editorial notice:



## AN IMPORTANT MEETING IN WEST MEDFORD.

We gladly publish the above communication about the West Medford Christian Union, to which we call the earnest attention of our readers in that growing part of our town.

The people in West Medford have done remarkably well in establishing and keeping up religious services in their neighborhood, and they deserve much credit for it. By that means many have attended church who would not have done so otherwise, and the foundation has been laid for a large and prosperous society. The time is come, however, in which they should do the next thing, that is, build a church, and we shall be much mistaken in the enterprise and earnestness of the West Medford people if they do not take measures for the accomplishment of that project at their meeting next Monday evening. We understand that all in West Medford who are interested in the matter are entitled to take part in the meeting and earnestly urged to attend it. A church in West Medford would be just the thing for that part of the town, and we hope to see its spire and hear its bell before long.

The writer attended the annual meeting thus alluded to, and can witness that the *Journal* man's report of the same, which followed on March 25, is correct:—

## WEST MEDFORD CHRISTIAN UNION.

The annual meeting of the West Medford Christian Union was held in Mystic Hall last Monday evening. Mr. A. B. Morss was elected Chairman, and S. S. Leavitt served as Secretary. The report of the Clerk and Treasurer was presented, showing the society to be in a sound condition financially. The report was unanimously accepted. Messrs. Farwell, Stevens, McLean, Mann and Ritchie were elected to serve as an Executive Committee for the ensuing year.

It was voted that the thanks of the society be presented to the Pastor, Rev. Mr. Charpiot, for the able and faithful manner in which he has discharged the duties of his office, and that he be invited to remain with us another year.

The Executive Committee were instructed to confer with the proprietors of the "Smith Estate" in regard to the land which they had kindly offered to donate to the society to build upon, and to report at the adjourned meeting. Mr. John H. Norton repeated his munificent offer to build a church provided the materials were furnished, and there seem to be good grounds for believing that this much needed enterprise will now go forward to completion.

Messrs. J. W. Wilson, E. W. Cross, and S. S. Leavitt were



selected as a committee to solicit subscriptions to maintain preaching during the coming year. Mr. Leavitt was re-elected Treasurer. The meeting was adjourned to next Monday evening.

We recall that Mr. Leavitt began his duty at once by asking each one present, "How much will you do for the cause of the Lord this year?" and made note of their replies.

There was considerable interest manifested at first in the project. Several meetings were held, and the executive committee went to view newly erected church buildings in Everett and Stoneham as models for the one proposed. The land owners put no condition of denomination upon their proposed gift, neither did Mr. Norton upon his. The land owners selected and offered the site of present Trinity church, but there were those that wanted a location "on the other side of the railroad," regardless of the fact that the village was to grow in the other direction.

Just at this time the Baptists and Methodists at Medford began new church building plans, and as the modern summer vacation had just come in vogue, the project was laid over till autumn. The executive committee found that in the raising of funds people were not ready to accept the idea of a "Union church" with no recognized denomination to sustain it. Mr. Usher, in the history already quoted from, said, "several plans for a church (meaning organization) were considered and given up, when a few citizens thought a Congregational church could be supported if an organization was effected." Some others, of the Baptist order, went so far as to issue a warrant calling "a meeting of the First Baptist church in West Medford," but nothing came of it.

During the summer Mr. Charpiot became the victim of some unscrupulous persons who took advantage of his inherited tendencies and brought him to West Medford in a helpless and pitiable condition. Feeling this disgrace deeply, he resigned his ministry and left town. It should be said here that he later rallied from the evil



effects of the same, went into work for others thus afflicted, achieved success therein, married again, and until his death, some years later, was much respected and beloved.

Directly there was a "sociable" held in Mystic Hall to forward the enterprise. It was largely attended, and probably the first gathering of the kind in that part of the town. Refreshments were lavishly provided, and the following afternoon a similar gathering was held for the children.

With Mr. Charpiot's removal several families withdrew both attendance and support, and the congregation gradually decreased. The committee supplied the pulpit by clergymen of various denominations — Unitarian, Universalist, Methodist, Baptist — but there was the feeling that the continuous service of some one preacher was desirable. With this in view, in November, the Rev. William Edwards Huntington was secured by the committee which, by the resignation of Mr. Ritchie and election of Mr. C. E. Hippisley, consisted of one Unitarian, one Baptist and three Methodists.

With the prevailing feeling that a "Union church" would be impracticable, and that an active church of some denomination should take up the work, this action was a logical and natural sequence.

Mr. Huntington was about to graduate from Boston University, of which he was in after years the honored president. He served as his predecessors had done, by preaching twice each Sabbath, but as the so-called Christian Union was not a *church*, did not enter into pastoral work. Though the Methodists began in October to hold class meetings, organized by the pastor of the First M. E. Church of Medford, Mr. Huntington was in no way connected with them.

Thus the year continued until the time of an annual meeting, which was held in the evening of April 1, 1872, twenty-two persons being present. By this time the class meeting of the Methodists had resulted in the or-



ganization of a church of that order, and steps had been taken in the same direction by the Congregational people, both expecting to begin their services in Mystic hall. It is somewhat significant of existing conditions that at this meeting, after the former committee had been re-elected but declined to serve, a new executive committee was chosen for six months. The use of Mystic hall had at first been *given* the Union, and on change of ownership the same condition continued, the new owners saying, "You can have it as long as you wish it."\*

The minority voters in that last annual meeting ceased regular attendance under the new management, and on June 12 the West Medford Congregational church was, by a "Council," recognized.

The election of committee for six months may be readily understood when we read a subsequent statement—"The organization was continued till October, 1872, when the West Medford Congregational Society was ready to do business." (Vol. XIII, p. 28, REGISTER.) That there was some feeling over said action is indicated, as we read, "Years have passed away. . . . Any difference or unpleasantness that may have been then are outgrown." (REGISTER, Vol. XIV, p. 33.)

A few words concerning the Union's meeting place may be of interest. Mystic hall was also the rallying place of the Lyceum and Library Association, and had been the home of Mrs. Smith's somewhat famous seminary (1854-1858). For public use its furnishings were simple. The platform (two steps high), said to be enclosed by the panel-work of the seminary organ, was laid with a red carpet, and had upon it a haircloth sofa and a chestnut pulpit with walnut mouldings, the work of some village carpenter. There were two large cases of

\* That the land owners, who also owned Mystic hall, made their offer in good faith is shown by the fact that in the following years, when the two resultant churches were erected, the company, in the persons of the two latter named, assisted in the purchase of land to the extent of \$2,860.00. Mr. Norton was the largest contributor to the erection of the Congregational church edifice, and later the donor of its parsonage and land.



similar construction at the rear of the room, filled with books of the association's library. In the other corner was a cylinder stove of the 1850 style. About six feet high, it was famous for its heating qualities, and now, after forty-eight years more, for its longevity, as it is still in commission "at the old stand." Wooden settees, some painted, perhaps relics of the seminary, with others of later introduction, stained with the umber of human contact, seated the attendants. An ornamental chandelier, originally with glass prism pendants, held four kerosene lamps. There was also a shaded lamp for the pulpit. As there were no collections (this was before the days of "weekly offerings") there were no "contribution boxes," as the term used to be. A cabinet organ, loaned by some interested one, completed the furnishings of the room, which was well finished and lighted by six large unshaded windows.

It would be interesting to trace the fate of such of these articles as are not there still in use. Suffice it to say, that the "pulpit" was in later years in evidence as a desk or counter in a West Medford paint shop.

Four West Medford churches, Congregational, Universalist, Baptist and Shiloh, have been served by these and similar in this same Mystic hall.

Reference has been made to records of the Christian Union. Could such be found, more accurate statement of its final dissolution might be written. Till then, Mr. Hooper's statement is fitting: —

This Society retained its organization until 1872, when its leading members took measures to form themselves into separate organizations.

The records of such show Trinity (Methodist Episcopal), April 1, 1872; West Medford Congregational, June 12, 1872. These are the first of the new order. Their half century mark is nearing. The West Medford Christian Union prepared the way.

M. W. M.



## A RILL OF WATER-TROUGHS.

As a matter of history, be it noted that Medford has "gone dry" (this in 1914) in the matter of public watering places for horses. Within the memory of our oldest people the principal highways passed *through* Meeting-house, Gravelly and Whitmore brooks, as well as *over* their various bridges. There horses and cattle could drink or the family carriage be washed. Mr. Woolley has preserved a view of the first-named in his picture of the second meeting-house.

Time was when the town-pump was indispensable and its condition carefully noted by the fire engineers. To such, a necessary adjunct was the old-time watering-trough, kept full by the laborious effort of each comer, though some thoughtless ones did not fill it. After Spot pond water was introduced, the old troughs disappeared and "drinking fountains" of various patterns were installed. In the square, and at West Medford, a big iron vase with a lamp-post rising from its center made an ornamental feature, but was too frail to withstand the shock of the heavy pole of a two-horse truck. The former gave place to a circular and substantial structure of granite, and the latter to a section of heavy water-main set upright in the ground and partially filled with concrete. At Winthrop square and at corner of Salem and Spring streets were triangular granite blocks nearly four feet high, which saved the need of alighting to uncheck the horse. The latter is referred to on another page, and in verifying its date a visit was made to the Water Department's "graveyard." It still remains intact, but inverted among the remains of various others. In reply to inquiry, the courteous registrar said, "Oh! Medford wasn't up-to-date," and explained that in 1914 the Bureau of Animal Industries requested the closing of all such watering places because of the prevalence of glanders, and consequent dangers to horses.

This was done, and after a time, for various reasons,



all were removed and faucets provided at accessible places where teamsters can procure water in their own pails. Thus, now even the horse has his individual drinking cup, the watering-trough is a thing of the past, and Medford, in this at least, is "up-to-date."

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#### ON ONE SIDE OF MEDFORD SQUARE.

The REGISTER has in previous issues alluded to the modernizing of Medford square. There is, however, one side that changes but little. It still has the substantial dwelling and store quarters erected at the close of the Revolution by Jonathan Porter, first occupied by him, next by his son George Washington Porter, and is still owned by one of his descendants. By courtesy of the present occupant, the Medford Publishing Company, a view of it is given in our frontispiece. This view is reproduced from a daguerreotype taken about midway in its history, (*i.e.*, in the early fifties), by Wilkinson, the Medford artist who was sometime housed therein. The building stands upon the site of the "Royal Oak Tavern" of colonial days, which stood on or very near the site of the "ferme-house" erected by Cradock's men in 1630. At the time of taking this view but few changes had been made in the building, those made needful by the erection of the brick structure which had been built against its southern end. The roof was extended against the higher brick wall and an entrance and staircase made beneath, at present 6 Main street. The grade of Main street had been raised about two feet, the big willow tree removed, and the stone pillar (called Howe's folly) across the street by the town hall shows in the view. Now, after about a hundred and thirty years, this substantial old house, one of the best in the Medford of its time, takes on a new lease of life by its housing of the "art preservative." Its first owner was the tavern keeper in the years that preceded and during the Revolution. The old sign with the emblems of royalty and the royal motto *Dieu et mon droit*, suffered at the hands of the



minute-men as they came back from Lexington, and was taken down. That the tavern ceased to be the "Royal Oak" is shown by a letter, still preserved, written by Rogers, the New Hampshire "Ranger" in 1775 from "Porter's tavern in Medford." Within a few weeks one of his descendants has been here in Medford to see the location and also the Royall house, and to tread over the route taken by her ancestor.

After the war, which seems to have left Porter in better circumstances than it did others, as shown by the erection of this house, he engaged in a general merchandise business which included the necessities of life, "West India Goods and Groceries." So did his son, and the long line of their successors down to date. It is also noticeable that in the newer building adjoining, the present occupant also succeeds several others in the same line as his own. Inspection of the view will show that at the other end, about a dozen feet have been removed in the widening of old Ship street. At that time the artistic front door, the big chimney and capacious fireplaces of the Porter residence were removed, and the living rooms devoted to business,—drugstore, apothecary-shop, pharmacy—such was the evolution, but of this some other can speak or write with certainty.

On the second floor were offices of various Medford lawyers, and for many years the daguerrean rooms of Wilkinson and later Treadwell. Amos B. Morss had there his printing office and ventured on the publication of the *Chronicle*, and there also George W. Stetson of the *Leader* had his editorial sanctum. Fraternal organizations have found quarters there, and for a year and a half the Historical Society a temporary dwelling place. Real estate and intelligence offices, and lastly the modern invention of a vacuum cleaner seems to have been the last word in the long line of uses to which this part of the Porter house has been put. Then after a vacuum (or vacancy rather) for about a year with adverse conditons—war or otherwise—below, the Medford Publishing Company has taken the old



house and in its first issue of the *Mercury*, there printed, gave an account of its history. Its existence covers the period of constitutional government of our country. All our presidential campaigns, our wars and our politics have there been discussed. Past its old walls the Medford men of '61, of '98 and '18 have marched away, the latter to help do away with the royal motto that so recently was "Meinself und Gott." It was fitting that from out these old walls the following issue of the *Mercury* should send out the story of how Medford received the news of their success and of the retirement of the *senior partner* on November 11th, and how it celebrated Victory Day.

Excepting the removal of the front door and the introduction of plate glass, the general appearance of the old Porter house has changed but little. Its builders did their work well, as time has proved. They had none of the modern appliances with which to work; a steam saw or planing mill was then unknown. All its timbers were hewn and its nails hand-made. It was forty-three years old when the stately town hall, that for eighty years worthily served municipal and social interests, was built. Other and more pretentious buildings have arisen nearby, some of them now gone, others in decadence. With its present use the old Porter house bids fair to remain for years to come, an unchanging landmark on one side of Medford square.

---

#### THE "REGISTER" OF AGE.

The present issue completes the REGISTER's twenty-first volume. Delayed in attaining its majority by war conditions, and bearing date of October, its earlier pages went to press on the eve of *Victory Day*. It will fall within its scope, in future issues, to make note of Medford's participation in the great struggle, not only over seas, but of the home workers, and of the newer work which citizens of Medford may do.

It has been said "the nineteenth century made the



world a *neighborhood*; the twentieth must make it a *brotherhood*." The neighborhood of "over there" was never so apparent as on the morning of November 11th. Thanksgiving Day takes on new meaning, and the brotherhood of the future will be realized yet more as we adapt ourselves to the new conditions.

Since the REGISTER's first issue Medford has well nigh trebled in population. Even a cursory glance at the names in the so-called Ward Book will show an almost cosmopolitan make-up. Much is said of the "melting-pot" of our democracy in these later days, but unless wise counsels prevail this increase is a menace, and Medford democracy neither safe nor sane. Some particular phases of this growth have not, as yet, been considered in the REGISTER's pages. As a matter of history they should be, by some careful, unprejudiced writer. Who will do it?

---

#### STILL FORWARD.

The REGISTER has noted under *Sale and Removal*, *Forward Movement*, and *Moving Forward* (two years since), something of the home conditions of the Historical Society. With this page at disposal is timely reference to a few facts. The Society conserved its original investment in the old home (given therefor) by the purchase of its present site, the balance remaining going to the new structure. *Contrary* to current report, the City of Medford *did not give this land*. It was *bought and paid for*. Only fifty-six people, all but eight of whom are in the membership list, have contributed to the building fund. One of the eight, unknown by name, a non-resident, was the first to contribute. So the fact remains, that outside the Society's membership but *seven* of old historic Medford's people have substantially aided the effort, and that to the amount of less than one hundred dollars. Economic administration of the Society's affairs made the occupancy of the new home needful ere completion.



Much has since been done, yet it is still incomplete. Two thousand dollars are needed to finish, of which three-fourths is required to pay the outstanding bills long overdue to indulgent creditors, and deferred by war conditions. It is now proposed to raise this sum in four hundred shares of five dollars each, to be entirely paid in by April 1, 1919. This will leave the Society free of debt. There has never been any construction (which means *destruction*) loan, and the work has been done at absolute cost, but held up by war conditions. Despite these, the management of current expense has been economical, and the year will close with little or no deficit.

In the corner-stone (laid September 30, 1916) is a print of a prospective city hall. Mailed to the President, it bore this legend in script, "Building going up. Suppose you will beat this."

With an expenditure to date of three thousand, three hundred dollars, with two thousand paid by April next, with a *completed* home free from debt for our successors to pay, who will have won?

Will old historic Medford assist by sending pledge for shares to our Treasurer?

---

### SEASON 1917-1918.

OCTOBER 15. Forecast and Social Hour. Light Refreshments.

NOVEMBER 19. Early Presidential Politics. Sherwin L. Cook, Esq., Roxbury.

DECEMBER 18. Development of Old Boston. Illustrated. Mr. Walter Kendall Watkins, Malden.

JANUARY 21. Annual Meeting. Reports, Election of Officers. Music by Trinity Church Orchestra. Light Refreshments.

FEBRUARY 18. Leather-stocking Tales. Rev. Anson Titus, Somerville. Vocal Solos, Mrs. Annie Redding Moulton, West Medford.

MARCH 18. William Penn (with side lines). Mr. George H. Remele, West Medford.

APRIL 15. The Federal Constitution. Hon. George W. Fall, Malden.

MAY 27. Wellington, Ancient and Modern. Illustrated. Mr. Abner Barker, Medford. Soloist, Mrs. G. J. Slosser, West Medford. Pianist, Mrs. Gertrude Brierly, West Medford. Light refreshments served on this and previous occasions by the Hospitality Committee, Miss Atherton and Mesdames Gogins and Mann. Mr. Brayton, of the high school, threw some (electric) light on both speakers' subjects, thus renewing a pleasing feature of former occasions.







THE  
MEDFORD HISTORICAL  
REGISTER

VOL. XXII, 1919



PUBLISHED BY THE  
MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
MEDFORD, MASS.



MEDFORD  
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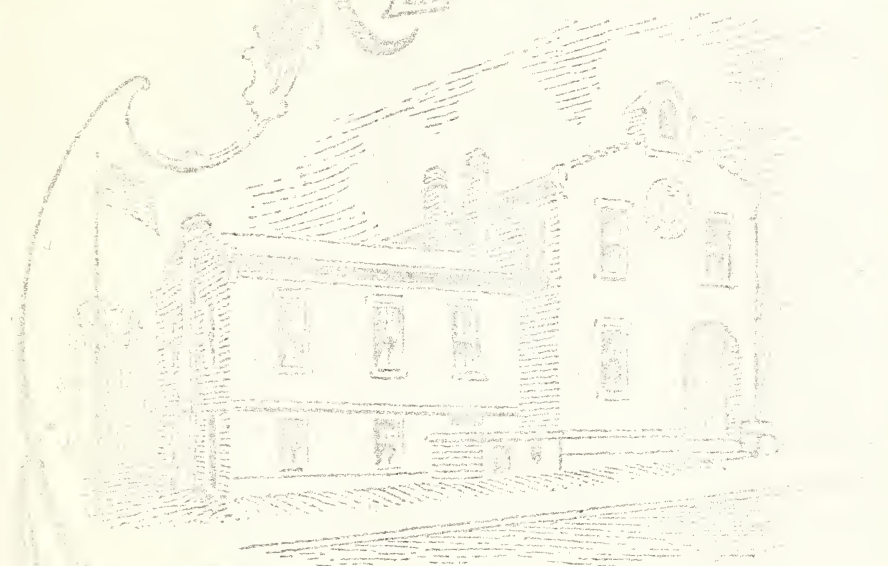
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JANUARY, 1919

PUBLISHED BY THE  
MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS



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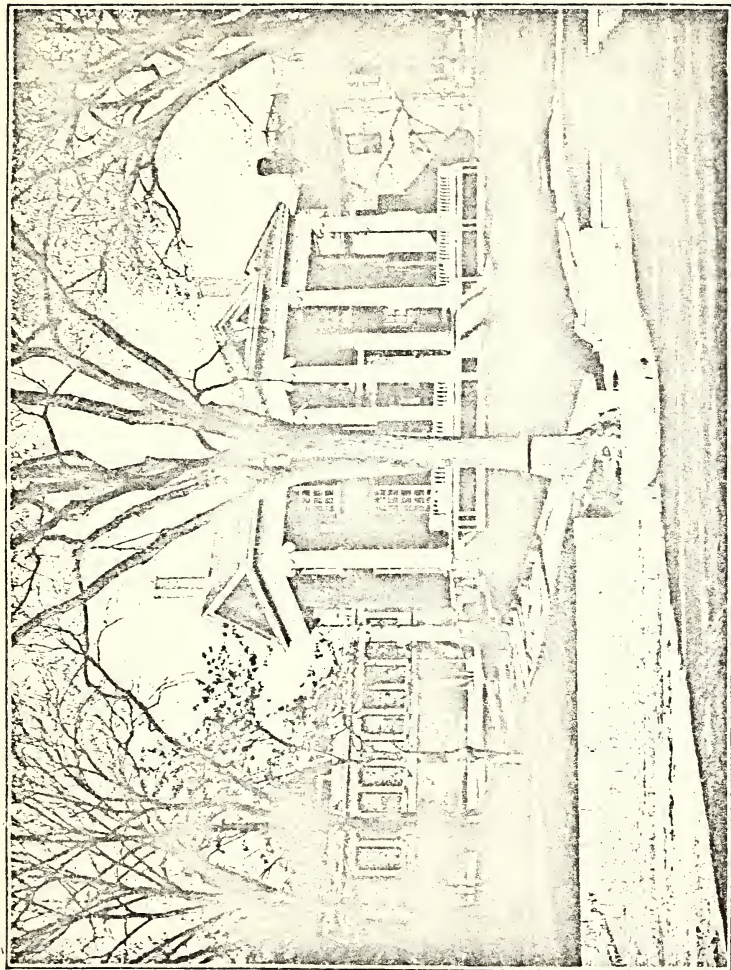
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FORM OF REQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

(Signed) \_\_\_\_\_





MEDFORD LIBRARY



# The Medford Historical Register.

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VOL. XXII.

JANUARY, 1919.

No. 1.

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## THE MEDFORD LIBRARY BUILDING.

**E**IGHTY-FIVE years ago Medford had a population of about two thousand. Allowing an average of five to a dwelling would give four hundred structures for human habitation. But the average family of those days was larger, and three hundred is the more likely number. These varied in type from the few survivors of the earliest days, the low-studded, two-storied, four-room house, to which a lean-to may have been added, if not originally thus built, or the one- and two-story gambrel roofs with roomy attics, to those more modern and pretentious, erected after ship-building began. The exceptions were the Royall, Peter Tufts, Major Wade and Hastings houses, with the country seat of Peter C. Brooks, the finest and newest of all.

But at that time there was erected one that was, and still is, unique in design, substantial in construction, on an eligible and commanding location, that is worthy of more than a passing notice, and should hold in the estimation of Medford people the same place that the original Bulfinch State house does in that of the Commonwealth. We refer to the residence of Thatcher Magoun, now the public library building.

Who knows the name of its architect, or yet the master builder that erected it, or even any workman that wrought in its construction? The old house holds its secrets well. Who knows the make-up of those massive circular walls, or the year, or years (for work was not hurriedly done in those days) of its erection? Prior to its time no one in Medford, that we know of, had ventured the construction of a house with circular rooms, save that of Abraham Touro, and that in but one particular. But here



we find a combination of two adjacent circles of twenty-six feet placed under one roof of the most substantial kind.

We have been led to make these observations and queries for the information, not only of ourselves, but for those of Medford's people who may take interest therein.

Soon after coming to Medford we noticed its peculiarity, and remember it as it was ere the terrace and lofty portico were added by the owner to "the mansion house of my honored father." We are quoting the words of his letter to the selectmen relative to his gift of it to the town. Familiar with its exterior, yet with one exception (soon after its opening for library use), we were never within its walls till after the construction of the brick stack-room and the attendant changes within.

The men who refitted it for library use have passed on, and we can find no one to intelligently answer our queries. We have desired to add a trustworthy description of this unique building to the archives of the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, in reply to query and request made in *Boston Transcript* of May 30 (last), as well as to our local history. So we turn to such sources of information as we have at hand.

A tradition has been current that it was built in the same year and by the same builder as was the Gray mansion next west from it, and that early in the nineteenth century. That, however, upon consideration is highly improbable, as Thatcher Magoun (born June 17, 1775, in Pembroke, Mass.) was but twenty-seven years of age when he came to Medford in 1802 and commenced the business of ship-building. His first residence was near his ship-yard on old Ship street, corner of Park, and it was near the close of his active career that he erected this house, which was in some respects superior to any in town. His son Thatcher had already purchased the estate across and further up High street (in 1832) when the elder Magoun purchased of Nathaniel



Bishop, on October 5, 1833, "a certain piece of land with a dwelling house," having a frontage on High street of "seven rods and twenty-two links, to land of Widow Gray."

The record of Medford ships shows that he built his last ships in 1834 and 1835, one in each year, and that after 1835 the building at the Magoun ship-yard was by others. It would appear that the "mansion-house" was commenced at about the time of his retirement, about 1835.

Facing page 357 in Brooks' History of Medford (1855) is a steel engraving by F. T. Stuart, showing the house and stable, with (presumably) the owner in his carriage driving out across the sidewalk. Two pieces of statuary, and large vases, adorn the ample grounds. An iron fence surmounts the granite wall in front. A. C. Rawson was the delineator, and the print also bears the name of O. R. Wilkinson, Medford's daguerrean artist of that time. But for the eastern chimney being a little out of place, (probably the fault of the delineator) the view is an excellent one, and valuable as evidence of the original building.

Thirty years later Usher's history gives a line-cut (p. 303) from a different and nearer point of view, showing the present terrace and portico, with the statuary and vases upon the pedestals of the balustrade. One of the vases and the eastern chimney are hidden by the big elm, and no photographer's name appears, but one Copeland was delineator.

In this view the words "Public Library" appear on the frieze of the portico, which indicates that the view was secured subsequent to 1875. It is a matter of regret that no files of either the *Medford Journal* or *Medford Chronicle* were preserved by their publishers, for to such we would naturally refer for information. In the early seventies (probably '74) the younger Magoun had put the building in "the most perfect repair" and added the terrace and portico. His father passed away on April 17, 1856, at the age of eighty years, leaving no will disposing of his



estate of \$800,000. His widow survived him until April 23, 1862, attaining seventy-eight years. Caleb Swan made note soon after of the same, saying—

She left no will and the property which was not divided after Mr. Magoun's death now all goes to the only two surviving children, Thatcher Magoun Jr. merchant of Boston and Medford and Mrs. Rev<sup>d</sup>. Dr. W<sup>m</sup>. Adams of New York. The Mansion House of their father built by him about 1835 is already advertised for sale.

Of the occupants, or if there were any during the succeeding years prior to 1874, we have no information.

Early in 1875 the selectmen of Medford were informed by Mr. Magoun, by letter dated January 22, 1875, of his intention to donate to the town the "Mansion House" of his "late honored father" for a library building. A copy of this letter was published in the *Medford Chronicle* at the time and may be found in the annual reports of the town. He stated in the letter—

The style of the "Mansion House," certainly in its exterior, appears to me to be admirably adapted for the purpose proposed; and my idea is, that the front or main building, above and below should all be used for library purposes as it is well arranged for that purpose.

He also offered the town the sum of \$1,000 for book-cases and furnishing, and after adding suggestions as to the utilization of the rear portion of the building, stated his intention of inserting

in the deed of conveyance that the title therein contained will be forfeited, should the stipulation [of library use] at any time not be strictly complied with.

At the annual town meeting next following, Mr. Magoun's gift was duly accepted with thanks and he was asked to sit for his portrait, which he did, and the same is hung in the lower west room of the library.

The building was formally opened for its new use on June 20, 1875 (the Usher history says 1873, manifestly an error in proof-reading), three days after the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the first Thatcher Magoun. We do not recall ever hearing the coincidence men-



tioned, and have had curiosity whether or not the donor might not have had in mind even when he made the addition to the front, its being a centenary memorial of his father, who was the founder of the Medford industry of ship-building, had been a leading business man, and the largest tax-payer in the old town.

We have said this building is unique in design. Geometry demonstrates that the circle contains the largest area that can be enclosed by a given amount of exterior boundary line. But in actual building practice, when wood is the material used, the cost far exceeds the advantage gained. However, we have no thought that Mr. Magoun had that in mind. He was a ship-builder, and accustomed to curved lines, both in theory and practice. We have often thought he may have been his own architect, as we find those "wooden walls" are as thick as those of a ship—sixteen or seventeen inches. No wooden house of that day, or this, exceeds six or seven. The foundation walls conform to the circular form within and the rectangular without, the cellar having windows only where the circle joins the outer straight lines.

The six great pillars, of the Ionic order, which form a colonnade outside the enclosing walls, are nearly three feet in diameter at their bases, and support the entablature and cornice that is purely classic in design. They rest upon a granite foundation with a flagging resembling soap-stone. These columns are doubtless built around sizable timbers strong enough in themselves to support the roof. In all their details of bases, fluting and capitals they are architecturally and proportionately correct. The entablature rests honestly upon the voluted capitals and on the impinging circles of the walls, and is correct in every detail. The original gables are perfectly plain, with no windows or openings into the attic, and their cornices are carried a little higher than the main roof, which is covered with slates. These were imported from Wales, as at that time few slate quarries had been opened here. The windows are long and of



fifteen panes in the lower story, which is eleven feet high, and their splayed openings have recessed pockets into which the panelled shutters fold back. The ceilings of these four large rooms are heavily corniced, and all the door and window openings have a moulded trim enriched with carved center and corner blocks.

In the lower story such doors as were in curved partitions were made to conform to the curve. The entrance hall took a segment of four feet off each circle, making a straight side of fifteen feet in each room in which were wide doors of two leaves on the lower floor. The entrance hall had a heavy panelled door, with transom and side-lights, and a window at the rear. The latter is shown in the enlarged photograph which is preserved in the library. This was secured by the forethought of former President Eddy of the Historical Society, prior to the alterations made at the erection of the brick stack-room, and shows the fine old stairway as originally built.

As yet we have found no one to tell us of the mode of construction of those circular walls. The alterations made twenty years ago (by workmen from out of town) may or may not have revealed it to them. The windows set deeply into the walls from without and more so within, and suggest that the circular walls may be of rough brick-work. If not, they may be of planks, sawed in segments and spiked or "trunnelled," one upon another, as was the circular house of Enoch Robinson on Prospect hill in Somerville.\* On the exterior they are sheathed vertically with narrow boards whose edges are devoid of heading or rounded corners, and their joining is now, after the lapse of so many years of exposure, barely noticeable. There is apparent sincerity of construction, in that no attempt is made to imitate a lintel over the windows, only a narrow plinth of wood at the flagging, and no cornice or moulding at the top.

\* There are several dwellings in Medford, built before the Civil War, whose walls and partitions were thus laid up with fencing pales.



There is a tradition that Mr. Magoun had the front portion erected in its classic architectural style "to please his wife," and that he built the "L" at the rear "to live in and to suit himself." Certainly there was a contrast, in that it was perfectly plain, with low-studded rooms, "like a ship's cabin," and these were the ones mostly used. By the alterations for library use these have disappeared. By the removal of part of the second floor, partitions, and exterior wall in one story they have become the reading room and part of the corridor. It is doubtful if Mr. Magoun expected the library to grow to its present proportions when he suggested the librarian's residence in those cabin-like rooms.

It has been said that Oakman Joyce of Medford was the builder. This is not unlikely, as a little later (1839) he built the Unitarian church. Whoever he was, his work does him credit.

In this article we have been unable to answer our own queries. Possibly it may serve to awaken other and more successful ones that may add to our knowledge of old Medford's history.

M. W. M.

---

### AN OLD-TIME PICNIC.

There is ever a charm in the reading of letters of earlier years, and this is especially true when the sentiments as expressed in the written words leave a pleasing impress of the writer's individuality, as disclosed by criticism and opinions regarding events and personal experiences. Such a charm, we think, attaches to a letter bearing date of Brookline, July 20, 1817, and written by Miss Fanny Searle\* to her sister, Mrs. Margaret Curzon,\* then at Havana, Cuba. In it is a description of an all-day excursion on the Middlesex canal on July 18, 1817. The readers of the HISTORICAL REGISTER may be interested in it because of details which occurred in Medford.

\* The first-named died in Brookline, May 3, 1851, and the latter in Newburyport, June 28, 1877.



The picnic party consisted of a large gathering of what was best in the society of the old town of Boston. It was held at the "Lake of the Woods," now known as Horn pond, in Woburn. The Indian name was Innitou. There were represented the Winthrops, Quincys, Amorys, Sullivans, Grays, Masons, Tudors, Eliots, Cabots, and others. Daniel Webster and wife were also of the party. Mr. Webster was then thirty-five years of age. He had taken up his residence in Boston in August of the previous year. In the following year, 1818, he was to establish his fame at the bar by his matchless argument on the great Dartmouth college case before the Supreme Court of the United States.

It is interesting to note, as we do in the letter, the impression made by Webster upon an educated and cultivated woman on a social occasion. His great career in the Senate began ten years later.

But to quote from the letter. Space will not permit its insertion in full.

Since I last wrote, many pleasant things have happened to me particularly, of these the most prominent is a day passed on the Canal, and its shores; there was such a variety in the amusements of the day, and of so choice a kind, that I felt no fatigue from 9 in the morning till 10 at night.

We entered the boat at Charlestown at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 9. The party was too large to have any stiffness; indeed there was the utmost ease and good humor without sadness through the day.

The shores of the Canal for most of the distance are beautiful. We proceeded at the rate of 3 miles an hour, drawn by two horses, to the most romantic spot (about 9 miles from Boston) that I ever beheld.

The lake is about twice the size of Jamaica Pond or larger, and has a small wooded island in the center. On the island was a band of musicians which began to play as soon as we landed. It seemed a scene of enchantment; Cousin Kate who was by my side seemed too much affected to speak.

We had many *wits* in the party and there was no lack of *bon mots*. The gentlemen played off upon each other, to our amusement. When spirits flagged, we had the resource of music. Five instruments, and vocal music from Mrs Quincy, Mr Callender and



occasionally Mr Webster and young May,\* with whom I was very much pleased, and who discovered, I thought, true modest assurance, with very good sense.

The ascent of the Canal was altogether new to me, and very interesting. It was all the pleasanter for having so many children to whom it was likewise a novelty—especially the locks through which we passed.

After landing, the children danced on the green under a tent or awning.

Later we enjoyed an excellent cold dinner, which we were quite hungry enough to relish. The day was the hottest of the season. After lunch, we dispersed for an hour as best pleased us.

We again re-entered the boat; tables were placed the whole length of it, on which were arranged fruit, wine, ice and glasses. It was the prevailing opinion that we had started for home too soon, so we landed at another delightful spot,† where we stopped an hour.

This was as pleasant an hour as any in the day, and here it was that I was particularly struck with May.

We were standing on the edge of the pond and observed some pond lilies a little distance in the water, but too far to be reached from the shore. Some lady expressed a wish to have one.

"Is there no gentleman spirited enough to come forward and get them" said Mr Webster. "Is no one gallant enough, strange, 'tis very strange."

May stood it so far, and then darted forward, urged on by Mr W. who said he was glad the days of chivalry were not over. "Very glad to see you have so much courage, Mr May."

"It would have required more courage not to have done it, after the challenge I received," said May. "I claim no merit, Sir."

"A little farther Sir" said Mr Webster, "there is another on your right, one on the other side" &c

May went on until he was up to his middle. I besought Mr Webster not to urge him further. "Oh" said he, "it does not hurt a young man to wet his feet. I would have gone myself, were it not for the ladies."

May came up with his hands filled with lilies which he gave to Mr Webster, and he in turn gave one to each lady near.

Mr Sullivan came up just then, and asked May what induced him to do it.

"Mr Webster's eloquence" said he.

"It never brought me a lily before," said the Orator. "Though it has many laurels" replied May. Mr W. bowed, and thus ended the little episode.

\* Afterward the Rev. Samuel J. May.

† Bacon's grove on the Upper Medford pond.



I have not done justice to Mr Webster's words, look and manner. No words of mine can paint them to you.

It always delights me to see him, and I was never so charmed with him as this day.

To all the wit and power of mind of all the other gentlemen, he super-adds a tenderness and unaffected feeling that is seldom seen in his sex, and especially at his time of life, and in his pursuits.

. . . . .

We again entered the boat, and pursued our course a few miles, stopping near a house \* which we did not enter, but where coffee was served in the boat.

The children had another cotillion while the boat was descending the lock.

We walked a short distance, got into the boat again, took coffee listened to sweet strains, saw the sun descend and the moon rise, and reached our place of debarkation just after the last tints of daylight had faded.

Other parts of Miss Searle's letter are devoted to expressions of her intense enjoyment of the day as it passed, and its delightful retrospection, the chatty intimacy naturally existing between sisters, and her personal judgment of the various persons of the picnic party.

As we read of the events of that perfect day, a hundred years ago, we find ourselves conjecturing as to whether, in after years, when, after some great debate in the Senate where his magnificent oratory had swept all before it, the "great expounder" sought the quiet of his room, his thoughts would revert from the triumphs of forensic battles to those sylvan hours when he distributed to the ladies of that summer picnic party in Medford the water-lilies which his eloquence had inspired others to gather.

C. H. L.

#### EDITORIAL NOTE.

It is very unlikely that the incidents of any other picnic party or summer outing in Medford are as well preserved as those of the above relation. The daughter of the Mrs. Quincy therein alluded to kept a diary, in

\* The Canal tavern in West Medford.



which many of the facts related are noted, with others of equal interest. Both letter and diary formed the basis of an interesting communication to the Colonial Society of Massachusetts in 1907, which is illustrated by a view of the "Lake of the Woods" with its wooded island. It was the privilege of the editor to identify the various localities therein named, and assist that writer, H. H. Edes, Esq., at that time. Very recently we have found (what neither knew at that former time) the story of the lily-picking episode as told by Mr. May himself in his autobiography.

The view across "the Lake of the Woods" (Horn pond) is little changed in the lapse of a century, and "nature has dealt kindly, as the tall trees witness," with the locality in "Upper Medford," from which could be seen "the distant spire of Menotomy." At the latter the canal embankments remain intact, from the site of the aqueduct which spanned the Aberjona, to the Mystic Valley parkway, where is a bronze tablet relative to the canal, erected by the park commission.

Mr. May in later years became a zealous advocate of temperance, and espoused the anti-slavery cause. But there came a time when "Mr. Webster's eloquence" in favor of the fugitive slave law became distasteful to him. To him Lydia Maria Child dedicated her book, the "Appeal for that Class of Americans Called Africans," which publication was for a time disastrous to her rising fame.

There is, in the Historical Society's collection, a framed copy of the endorsement by Medford people (with their appended names) of Mr. Webster's speech in Congress. Doubtless the signers honestly thought it brought him "laurels," but the verdict of years is the reverse, as was, at the time, that of "Sam May."



## A COMMUNICATION.

*To the Editor of the "Medford Historical Register":*

SIR:— I have noted from time to time many inaccuracies in the REGISTER from the commencement of its publication to the present time, and am forcibly reminded of the sayings of Mr. John Fiske, historian, that "The step from unconscious historical inaccuracy to conscious historical falsehood is not a long one." "The errors of our local historians have taken such a firm hold on the local thought and literature that no amount of evidence to the contrary will scarcely displace."

I do not propose to review the first twenty volumes of the REGISTER at the present time, but I wish to call your attention to some inaccuracies in the second and third numbers of the REGISTER for the current year, which, in the interest of historical accuracy, should be corrected. In an article entitled "Medford on the Map," in Vol. XXI, No. 2, p. 32, reference is made to Walling's map of Medford, which was accompanied by eleven other maps or sections bound together in an atlas. The writer of the article failed to discover such atlas or any one that has memory of it. A foot-note says, "As both history (Brooks' history) and map were published at nearly the same time and by separate interest, it is probable that the reference to eleven sections was made from some prospectus rather than actual issue."

These maps or sections cannot be classed among "Medford Myths"; they actually existed as a supplement to the map. The lots on each section were numbered, and a reference book or index accompanied the atlas in which was recorded the number of each lot and its area in acres or square feet. During my service as an assessor I had occasion to consult the atlas times without number. The last time I saw the atlas was about ten years ago, in the city engineer's office, where I made copies of several lots to assist my study of Medford history.



In Vol. XXI, No. 3, p. 64, the writer of the article has "grave doubts of the structure—being as smoothly angular and straightly railed as this seems to be." (See illustration opposite page 56 of that number.) The original sketch of this bridge is now before me. It is three feet six inches in length and one foot six inches in width, and does not look as "smoothly angular" as in the reduced copy. This sketch was made in part from a description of a bridge found in the county records and in part from the remains of an ancient bridge that was removed on the north side of the river when the present stone bridge was built. The Unitarian church steeple is represented on the sketch by a cedar tree. The buildings on the sketch are located by a mistake of the artist where the Jonathan Wade house stands, instead of nearer the market-place or square, and the crest of Pasture hill is plainly elevated above the roofs of the buildings. As to the luxurious growth of trees as shown in the illustration, who shall say that they did not exist? That trees will grow near the "salt Mystic" was shown by the trees that stood on an island in the marshland below Labor-in-vain point. This island was elevated but a few feet above marsh level, and was surrounded by water every high course of the tides. The trees have long since disappeared. Near the island, on the east side, is a salt-water creek called Lydia's hole, from a colored woman named Lydia who was said to have been drowned there. The illustration, like all other ideal pictures, is open to criticism.

In Vol. XXI, No. 3, p. 67, the writer of the article says, "Yes, this is the 'Bower' . . . the site of the ancient mill." When I attended the West grammar school in the old brick schoolhouse that stood at the rear of the Unitarian church lot, the weekly holiday was Saturday afternoon. Saturday forenoon was a sort of a go-as-you-please day. We had no regular lessons, and often in the early summer the scholars were lined up in front of the horse sheds and, headed by the master, were marched



up what is now Powder House road (then called Bishop's lane), over the crest of the hill to a little knoll a short distance away, on which was a growth of trees standing in such positions as to form a bower. We spent the forenoon in picking wild flowers and in rambling about the woods in the immediate vicinity. This was the "Bower" mentioned by Mr. Brooks and the "Bower" of my boyhood. Every boy and girl of that generation knew its location. Mr. Brooks published his history some years after I used to visit the place. It was nowhere near the site of the old mill-dam or near any other dam site.

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JOHN H. HOOPER.

#### HISTORICAL INACCURACIES.

The communication of Mr. Hooper, which precedes, is very interesting. We wish to refer to its three specific mentions of possible error.

First. As to the eleven maps of Medford, "bound in an atlas." We were informed at the city engineer's office that nothing of the kind was there, only the single Walling map, and that such an atlas would be very desirable. It is not an uncommon occurrence for schemes of publication to fail, and it was then and there suggested that such might have been the case in this particular. This was *not* "classed among the *Medford myths*." By the statement of Mr. Hooper, who writes from personal knowledge, it appears to have been an actual existing fact, and that until ten years ago. The query naturally arises, What has become of the said "eleven sections bound together in an atlas"? It is certainly desirable that its whereabouts, or fate, be known.

Second. As to the author's not unfriendly criticism of the view of the earliest bridge over the river. It is not at all surprising that in the reduction from the three and a half feet of the "original sketch" to the three and a half inch half-tone of the REGISTER, the "cedar tree"



of the artist should be mistaken for the Unitarian church steeple. Mr. Hooper admits the artist's error in house location, and frankly says it is, "like all other ideal pictures," open to criticism. The "island" he refers to, with its trees, is surely a subject of interest. We trust its story, with *Legend of Lydia*, will be secured ere the deep-water Mystic our Representative Burrell advocates becomes a reality.

Thirdly. About the "Bower." We plead *not guilty* to "*conscious historical falsehood*" (italics our own) in this count of the indictment (if such it be). We have consulted the dictionary, which is a help in trouble, and find some twenty meanings of *false* and a dozen of *falsehood*. This latter, in the quotation of Mr. H. from John Fiske, is doubly qualified. Certainly the writer of the "*Mid-winter Ramble*" is *now* in a *maze*, if not *then* in the "*Bower*," for by the communication of Mr. H. the "Bower" mentioned by Mr. Brooks was not where the writer thought he had found it, not by "a dam site." We will now quote Mr. Brooks, (page 393):—

There was a mill at the place now called the "Bower," about a mile north of the meeting-house of the first parish, carried by the water of Marble Brook. The banks, race, canal and cellar are yet traceable. This was used for grinding grain and sawing timber. It was on land owned by Mr. Dudley Wade.

The mid-winter Rambler had read the above, had never heard or read elsewhere of this mill or dam site, and accepting the only mention known to him as correct, wrote, "Yes, this is the "Bower" (so-called fifty years ago), the site of the ancient mill." He regrets his inaccuracy, renews his plea of "not guilty of historical falsehood," and suggests a pilgrimage of interested readers to the real site of the "Bower" as located by former President Hooper, and farther on to the dam, of which structure so much remains intact after the lapse of two centuries and which so few have ever seen, but which is well worth visiting.



## MYSTIC NO. 4.

Looking over some early numbers of the REGISTER I read an article concerning the Medford fire engines. Jackson No. 2 seemed like an old friend from the past, as it was under the engine house that Miss Chase taught a small school, where I was once a pupil, in my younger days, for a short time. The house stood opposite the Center Grammar and High schoolhouse, as it was called in those days. When the alarm for fire rang, some of the unruly boys would rush out of school and over to the engine house, regardless of what would happen to them afterwards — and it always did happen — on their return.

I think it was the lunch after the return of the tub (as they termed it) that appealed to them, more than the help they could afford. This consisted principally in *yelling*. They had fun in seeing which of the "tubs" could wash over the others. Having two brothers and a cousin in that Center Grammar school, I heard a great deal of "tub" talk. There were three engines, if I remember rightly, General Jackson, Governor Brooks, and Washington. A favorite query among the boys was, "Who do you blow for?" This question, asked of a well-known individual, the answer was always, "The Orthodox Church," which was to the point, as he pumped for the organ in that church.

Reading of these engines reminded me that there had been a fourth (although not generally known), *Mystic No. 4*, in the early '50s. It was short-lived. At that time there was a boys' engine in Malden, and some of the West Medford boys thought they also needed one. They formed a company, appointed a captain and clerk, and engaged John Hebden, who lived in the house near Meeting-house brook, later occupied by a florist, to build it. The next move was for an engine house. A new building to take the place of the almshouse having been built on Purchase street, there was a small building left on the place on Canal street. It had but one room,



where an insane person was kept — Nathaniel Crowell, commonly called "Nat Crow." It had one window with iron bars. It would seem in those days insane people were looked on as criminals, and treated worse.

The boys secured this building, had a door cut in it large enough to run the engine into, and, it seems, fastened by a staple, as one day we were surprised to see a poster which read —

MYSTIC NO. 4.

FIVE DOLLARS REWARD.

The above sum is offered for the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who entered the above Co's engine house by drawing the staple on the night of the 19<sup>th</sup> inst.

Per order

ARTHUR G. SMITH  
Clerk.

JOHN HEBDEN  
Foreman.

I cannot recall any fire they attended, as that was tabooed. I have said it was short-lived. Alas! they could not raise money enough to clear off the debt, and the tub was claimed by the builder, who was also the foreman.

JENNIE S. BRIGHAM.

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REMINISCENCES.

*Editor of "Historical Register":—*

I am sending you a few reminiscences I promised.

When I read in a REGISTER of 1915 an account of the school taught by Mr. A. K. Hathaway in Medford, saying that on his death the school was dispersed, I thought of writing to correct that statement. Then I decided to let it pass. Since, in reading an interesting paper in a REGISTER, correcting some errors in former articles concerning records of Medford, I was much impressed by its writer saying that, when possible, mistakes should be rectified. This is my reason for making the correction at this late hour. In the fall of 1859 I became a pupil in Miss Hale's department in Mr. Hathaway's school.



After his death a young man taught there; I think his name was Sanders. He was quite unpopular, and was succeeded by D. A. Caldwell. I have, in an old album (that was the day of albums), a quotation written by him in 1861. I did not return to the school after vacation. I met Mr. Caldwell some years after and he told me he was teaching in a Boston school.

In a very interesting paper, mention is made of the house on the corner of Hastings Lane and High street. In 1854 it was occupied by an English family from Canada, William Woods, wife and two daughters, the latter teaching a school. Mrs. H. would remember this school, as she and her sister were pupils there. I can recall sixteen pupils. In the tornado of 1851 a mother and two daughters, Hartigan by name, lived there, and a large piece of slate came through the roof, nearly striking the old lady, who was sitting in an upper room. That incident, added to the death of Mr. Huffmaster, made such an impression on my childish mind that even now I have a perfect horror of a high wind.

At that time there was a door to the house on High street. The one on the lane was used for a school entrance. It had a long shed on the back, and a sloping roof reached to the ground on the Brooks estate, and we used to sit there very often in recess time when we were not playing games in the lane. J. S. B.

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#### EDITOR'S COMMENT.

In a personal interview Mrs. Brigham mentions interesting facts about the Medford of her childhood days; of the Indians that came on the river to Rock hill and up "Woburn lane" to the "Rocks," as the Middlesex Fells used to be called; of the digging for the "pirate's treasure near the big rock;" and of a family burial-ground in our old town.

There are older people than she, long resident here,



who ought to be able to add their bit to historic fact relating to Medford, which the REGISTER's pages will preserve.

Mrs. Brigham's paper on Mystic Hall Seminary, read before the Historical Society eleven years ago (see REGISTER, Vol. XI, p. 49) is the only historical mention extant of a once famous Medford school.

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MRS. ELLEN M. GILL.

On January 29, 1919, after three years of waiting, Mother Gill passed on to the future life. Tracing her Pilgrim ancestry to John and Priscilla Alden, she was born, daughter of Atherton Thayer Bowditch, in Boston, June 28, 1830. Married in 1849 to John Gill of Watertown, she came with him to Medford in 1854, living on Ashland Street for more than sixty years.

The love of flowers was inherent in her father's family, one of his relatives being a founder of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. In her earlier years, under such influence, she was a frequent exhibitor at the county fairs, and in 1865 she joined that society, and is said to be the first woman to attain its membership. The occasions were very rare when she did not receive award of prizes. In 1871 she erected her first greenhouse beside her home, and the florist business she established grew, under her fostering care, to large extent.

She was a woman of kindly sympathies and many activities, notably, in the days of the Civil War, in the Union Relief Association, and later in the formation of the Woman's Relief Corps. Always interested in the Boys in Blue, she was specially active and was honored by the National Encampments of the Grand Army of the Republic, held (in 1890 and 1904) in Boston.

One of the earliest as well as oldest members of the Medford Historical Society, she was rarely absent from its meetings, always interested, and ever helpful. Her kindly face and presence was always a benediction. She



was for many years a worshipper at the Mystic Congregational Church, a member since 1901. Of her it was said, by one of her associates there, "Of a strong personality, positive temperament, and a frankness in criticism, she was yet ever loyal to friend and cause, large hearted, and responsive to every call that interested her, and her going away leaves a void in a large circle of friends. As we looked on the quiet figure surrounded by a wealth of magnificent blooms, it was with confidence that we left her in the keeping of Him in whose worship she would find an added charm because He is the "Rose of Sharon" and the "Lily of the Valley."

To our "Mother Gill," with most kindly remembrance, we say "Good-night."

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#### FOR ANOTHER YEAR.

With this issue the REGISTER begins a new volume—its twenty-second. It is published by the Medford Historical Society in the interest of historic accuracy, and for the benefit of our home city. Its preparation is, and always has been, a labor of love on the part of editors, contributors and the Society. To the latter it has, until recently, been an expense, and at present is barely self-supporting. The city, whose interest it serves, in no way bears any part of its cost, nor (contrary to the statements that come to us from time to time) has ever so done. The publishing society itself (contrary to expressed opinion) has received but scant assistance from the general public, and what it has accomplished has been almost wholly by the effort and contribution of its membership. The opportunity is still open for the "public spirit" of Medford to manifest itself in ways it has not yet done.

We regret the lateness of this issue, and hope for an earlier appearance of the next, with new features.



# The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XXII.

APRIL, 1919.

No. 2.

## HOW DID MEDFORD GET ITS NAME?

SUCH is the question we are asked, and an authoritative answer for publication is expected. Under such circumstances one naturally turns to official records and published history.

The first mention of Medford is in the colony record of the General Court, under date of September 28, 1630, when 3 $\text{£}$  was levied upon it for the support of military instructors.

Under the same date a coroner's jury returned its verdict in the death of Austin Bratcher at Mr. Cradock's farm, which resulted in the indictment of Walter Palmer for manslaughter and his subsequent acquittal from the charge in November. But one of Cradock's "servants" held variant opinion and sought "to traduce the court," and was sentenced to be whipped therefor, being the fifth in the colony to receive such sentence.

Here we find Medford's entrance into the limelight of history. Mr. Cradock's farm was a tract of land a mile wide (approximately) and four miles along the riverside from Charlestown, which then extended some fifteen miles north-westward.

The Indians that lived there were called "Aberginians," and their name comes down to us today, in that of the *Aberjona*, the upper reach of their river, the tidal stream they called *Missi-tuk*, which the English tongue called *Mistick*.

That it was the locality is proven by Josselyn, in 1638, as "three miles from Charlestown and a league and a half, four and one-half miles, by water" *i.e.*, by the winding or circuitous river's course. He applied the name *Mistick* to the little settlement on the northwest side of



the river. So here are three names of one and the same place, all cotemporary: first, *Medford*, from the colony record; second, *Mr. Cradock's farm*, also from the colony record; third, *Mistick*, from Josselyn, is of Indian origin. The second was proprietary, but would of necessity be in time outgrown and disused. The third was official and remains. But why Medford? Towns are named by official, *i.e.*, by governmental, executive or legislative action, in honor or memory of persons or places, as well as peculiarities. In those early days the incorporating words were few; as witness, "Charlestown Village is called Wooburne," "Sagust is called Linn." But we search the colony records in vain to find that Mr. Cradock's farm is called Medford; and literally speaking, the early Medford was never incorporated. Like Topsy, she simply "grewed." Still the fact remains that in September, 1630, a tax of three pounds had been laid upon a place designated by the General Court as Medford and again we ask "why Medford?" When and by whom previously? There are no *local* records to search—really none till 1674. Neither were there any dictagraphs in those early days to can the words of the godfather who named the town, calling it Medford, and to be laid away in the garret of the "ferme-house" long since gone. We can only answer the query by the result of reason and research. We have already noted the geographical situation of Mr. Cradock's farm, the early Medford.

The seventeenth of June, 1630, is commonly accepted, and two hundred and seventy-five years after was celebrated, as the time of settlement, and again we may ask why. Because Governor Winthrop wrote, "We went up Mistick river about six miles." But Winthrop did not settle in Medford but in Charlestown, on the other side of the river. However, as seen in Deputy Governor Dudley's letter (of March 28, 1631) to the Countess of Lincoln, of those coming from Salem, some "found a *good place* upon *Mistick*," "which we named *Meadford*." Here then is the earliest authentic account we have of the



naming of Medford. Again in our search we ask "why Medford" and answer our own query, thus— Because the "good place upon Mistick" was to be Mr. Cradock's farm, and they so called it, from Medford in Staffordshire in the old England they came from, and which old shire Mr. Cradock had represented in Parliament since 1620, the eighteenth year of the reign of James the first.

As we had no dictagraph record of Dudley's pronunciation, we have naturally considered that *M-e-a-d* was called phonetically Meed, and so has come the usual interpretation of Medford, as *Meadow-ford*, though in 1855, historian Brooks gave it as "great-meadow" making no mention therewith of the fording place he knew to have existed. He directly tells us that in one of the earliest deeds of sale it is written "Metford," and that after 1715 it has been uniformly written "Medford." Meadow-ford would not have been an inappropriate designation for a *specific place* in the river's course; but ancient Medford or Mr. Cradock's farm was four miles long.

Now a few words relative to *Metford*, and copy of a written note attached to a copy of the History of Medford (Brooks) by Caleb Swan, which is of interest, and never before published.

MEDFORD, July 31, 1857.

Mr. Charles Brooks (the author of this book) dining with us at Dr. Swan's today—Mrs Adams and daughter of Winter hill being present—said that he had lately ascertained that the original name of the town was *Metford*—after a county seat Governor Cradock in England in Staffordshire called Metford and that he named his new town from that and that in his will he called it *Metford in New England*.

The above date is two years subsequent to the publication of the book which contains many other interesting notes and is the property of the Medford Historical Society.

In *Staffordshire Names and Places* p. 101 (1902) we find

*Meaford*, 1½ m. N.W. of Stone D \* *Mepford*, Metford; 1173 *Medford*; 1251, later Mefford.

\*Domesday Book.



Meaford lies on the Trent, where it is crossed by the great road from London to the N.W. The terminal *ford* doubtless applies to the passage of the river. Despite the D.\* forms the prefix may be accepted as *Med* which is difficult to interpret. It may represent A.S.† *maed*, a meadow, but meadow-ford is not a satisfactory interpretation. There is a small stream running into Trent at Meaford and *Med* may represent its ancient name.

In *Surveys of Staffordshire* Preface p. xvi is mention by a contemporary diarist, of

R. Caverswall house Mr Cradock owns it.

And elsewhere in same book is

1640, 15 Ch. [arles] I Matthew Cradock Eng. merchant returned to Parliament for the City of London.

The last Matthew Cradock built the house at Caverswall.

To our caption query we reply: The original settlement of Medford was by men in the employ and interest of Matthew Cradock, merchant of London. He was the first "governor" or president of a trading company chartered by King Charles I. He never came oversea but suggested the transfer here of the charter which became the foundation of a commonwealth.

Old home associations such as Mr. Brooks alluded to at Dr. Swan's dinner-table (also alluded to by the English diarist quoted) may have prompted him to call the new plantation he was starting, *Medford* or *Metford*. Dudley, his associate and successor in office, writes "which we named Meadford," thus differing slightly in possible pronunciation.

Whether *d* or *t* is of little moment but it is tantalizing that Mr. Brooks failed to mention the sources of *his* information regarding the Staffordshire town. Called in "Domesday Book" both Medford and Metford, in 1173 it was called Medford. In 1251 it was still Medford, later it was Mefford; and in 1892, and probably now, Meaford—all this variety of spelling (possibly *not of pronunciation*) in staid old England. Somehow we fancy that *e* has its

\*Domesday Book.

†Anglo Saxon.



short sound in all, as a recent comer from Staffordshire pronounces the present Meaford *Mefford*. The New England town, now a city of 37,000 people, has almost from its earliest days been called Medford and sixteen others in as many states bear the name spelled in the same way and more or less traceable thereto.

We have tried to answer the query on lines of *historic truth*, citing only credible evidence. Our readers must decide for themselves much as did the children who asked which was the lion and which the baboon, and were told by the accommodating showman, "Just which you pleases, little dears, you pays your money and you takes your choice."

Our choice is, Medford got its name from Medford in Staffordshire, Old England.

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#### IN ANOTHER CORNER OF MEDFORD.

Topographically speaking, Medford is a city of numerous corners—thirty-four, to be exact. Some are near busy highways, others in the rocky solitudes of Middlesex Fells; several are on the College hill slopes, while yet others are unseen by the eye of man in the river's bed and the depth of Mystic lake. For a more minute description of these angular localities the reader is referred to Vol. XVIII, page 90, of the REGISTER, and for views of the same to the volume entitled "Boundaries."

Some years since, the REGISTER, in Vol. XIII, page 97, described one of these corners in some detail, illustrating the same by a sketch of its physical features which a former Medford man had made in 1855, probably little thinking that years after he had passed on, it would attract attention.

Twenty years before, with the same praiseworthy intent, another, doubtless and "evidently a novice," attempted to portray another corner of Medford, which is the scene and subject of the present writing. Like the other, its principal physical features were three in num-



ber, one natural and two artificial. Efforts to reproduce the same for the REGISTER's pages have as yet been unsuccessful. It bears this legend, "Junction of River, Canal and Rail-road in Medford, 1835." This locality is one specific point referred to in a recent address before the Historical Society, entitled "The Story of An Ancient Cow-Pasture." Request was then and there made for its publication. As the speaker compiled his story largely from the REGISTER's pages, the reader is referred to them, and the present article will concern but the *border* of the "ancient cow-pasture," which is destined to become the scene of busy industry as well as of modern pleasure taking.

As the "corner" previously described was not in the original Medford (*i.e.*, Mr. Cradock's farm), so was this likewise a part of ancient Charlestown. That old town, once extensive and once entirely surrounding Medford, is now absorbed by Boston. Its cow-commons have been well defined by our townsman Hooper in his story of the "Stinted Pasture." Not until 1754 did Medford acquire this "corner," and even then not all the Charlestown proprietors became Medfordites. An examination of the map will show a serrated boundary line extending over and around College hill to a bend in the river, which was *north* of the railroad. Thence the boundary between Charlestown and Medford continued, as of old, by "the thread of the river" onward into Mystic lake. In 1850 all of old Charlestown lying outside the "Neck" (at Sullivan square) as far west as the Menotomy river was incorporated as the town of Somerville. Thus it occurs that the old riverside cow-stints of that long-ago time are sandwiched in between precincts one and two of the sixth ward of Medford. To be strictly correct our caption should be, "In Another Corner of Medford and Somerville." Perhaps "In Somerville's *Appendix*" might not be inappropriate, and in the interest of the local history of both we may well look into the development of this section. Primarily it was the Indians' dwelling



place. In aboriginal days Sagamore John dwelt there. It lay in the bend of the river below the tributary Menotomy.

All annalists refer to Governor Winthrop's nocturnal adventure thereat. We have heard one insist that it occurred within present Somerville bounds. Possibly it did, yet we think it equally possible to have been on the Medford side, and certainly the Indian relics exhumed in the sixties were on the Medford hill slope. The governor's night vigil is the earliest recorded history we have of this quarter, but long thereafter nothing of special note. On this bleak northwestern exposure there was nothing of an inviting nature, and until within fifty years few dwellers made homes there. The marshes of varying width bordered the Mystic, which was but little used as a waterway, though quite a little fishing was done therein, and enough in its tributary to relegate its Indian name Menotomy to obscurity and substitute the prosaic one of Alewife brook. No road crossed the river between Cradock and Wear bridges until 1857, saving for a few years the Cambridge-Woburn road over the Broughton milldam just above the Menotomy.

Save for a little ship-building above Cradock bridge, the view southerly from Rock hill could have differed little from that of aboriginal days, so far as human habitations were to be seen; only a few scattered dwellings. One was that of Rev. — Smith, whose daughter Abigail became the second "first lady of the land," the wife of President John Adams. But with the opening of the nineteenth century, somewhat by the influence of Medford men and Medford capital, there came one of those artificial features the amateur artist tried to portray, the old waterway known as the Middlesex canal. It passed through Mr. Smith's domain in Medford, across the Charlestown marsh, over and beyond the river into Medford again. This is the first physical change we note in this other corner of Medford. The enterprise in its entirety was, for the time, a great undertaking. As origi-



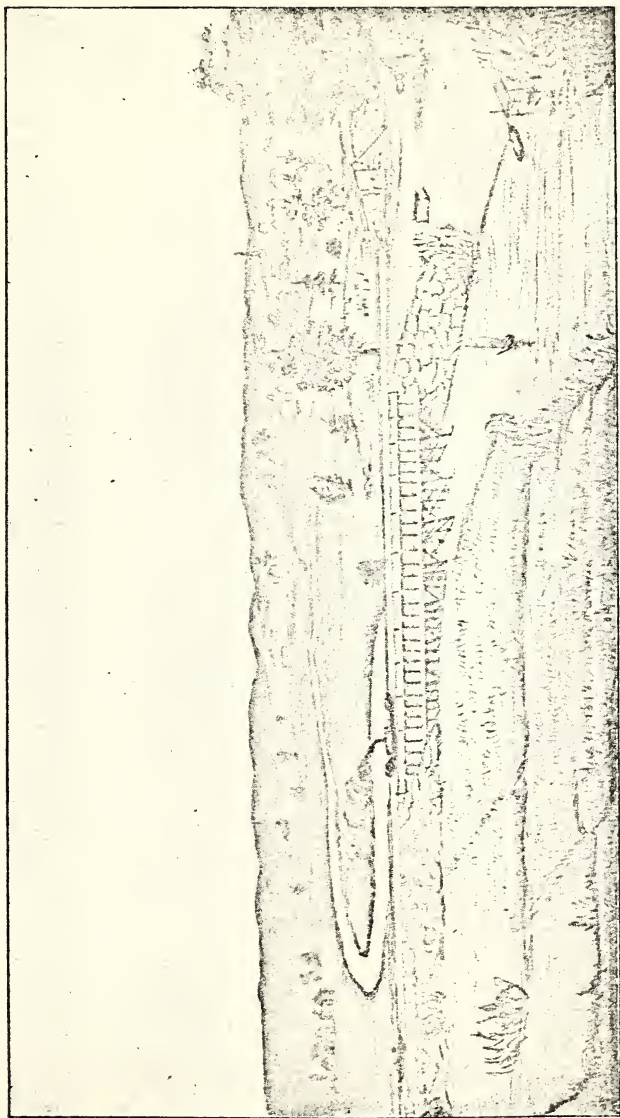
nally planned it would not have been in this quarter at all, as its southern end would have been at the upper end of Medford pond, as it was then called. To modern engineering, a mile of serpentine, shallow river would not be the serious obstruction it was then. So, contrary to the thought of the Medford promoters, the waterway was continued five miles further to Charlestown mill-pond, requiring the "Branch canal," constructed by another corporation, to connect with the river below Main street.

Ten years had elapsed since Governor Hancock signed its charter (so much of an undertaking was it) when the thirty-foot ditch, up-hill from the Merrimack at Cheimsford (Chumpsford they called it then) and down-hill from Billerica to the Charles, was completed. Then the water of Concord river was turned into it, and for fifty years laden boats passed to and fro. Rafts of timber from the forests of New Hampshire, oak timber to the Medford ship-yards, granite from Chelmsford and Tyngsboro, the great columns of the "long market" in Boston, with country produce of various kinds, floated quietly onward to their destination on its placid waters, which, like a silver ribbon, glinted in the sunshine as seen from the hill-tops. By this waterway not only the inland Middlesex towns, but those of New Hampshire, went "down to the sea in ships" from as far north as Concord.

In 1812 what is now a part of the busy city of Manchester sent its first boat to Boston, which was hailed with interest all along the line as well as at its arrival. It had a three mile journey overland prior to its launching in the Merrimack at Squog village, with forty yokes of oxen for motive power. It could lazily float down the river's current, and two horses harnessed tandem took it more quickly and were all the power needed on the canal. Those were busy, but quiet days in this other corner of Medford and Charlestown. The shouts of the boatmen and the sound of the signal-horn, as the locks were approached were all that broke the silence of the retired spot.

But people travelled on the canal too. Read what our





FIRST AQUEDUCT, AND STEAMBOAT, 1818.



Medford school-master Dame wrote thirty-three years ago. See REGISTER, Vol. I, p. 44.

When feverish haste had not yet infected society, a trip over the canal in the passenger-packet, the *Governor Sullivan* must have been an enjoyable experience. Protected by iron rules from the danger of collision, undaunted by squalls of wind, realizing that should the craft be capsized he had nothing to do but walk ashore, the traveller speeding along at the leisurely rate of four miles per hour had ample time for observation and reflection. Seated, in summer under a spacious awning, he traversed the valley of the Mystic skirting the picturesque shores of Mystic pond. Instead of a blurred landscape, vanishing, ghostlike, ere its features could be fairly distinguished, soft bits of characteristic New England scenery, clear cut as cameos, lingered caressingly on his vision — green meadows, fields riotous with blossomed clover, fragrant orchards and quaint old farmhouses, with a background of low hills wooded to their summits. Passing under bridges, over rivers, between high embankments and through deep cuttings, floated up-hill by a series of locks, he marvelled at this triumph of engineering, and if he were a director pictured the manufactures that were to spring up along this great thoroughfare, swelling its revenues for all time.

People also sought pleasure there, as the last issue of the REGISTER notes, and as Medford people recently gone from us have told with pleasant memories.

But the investigating, progressive canal agent and manager of those early days had more rapid transit in view. Horses and oxen were too slow and over in England the power of steam had been utilized, while in Scotland it had been used with but little success on a canal. Up in the backwoods of New Hampshire a curious engine had been developed by an unlettered native genius, years before Fulton made his successful experiment on the Hudson. Canal manager Sullivan, with great visions of future inland navigation by canal and river, had a boat equipped with an engine of this pattern; and one day, a century ago, it came to Medford (as documents prove) and later, all the way to the New Hampshire capital.

If the Medford boys went swimming at "Second beach" in those days, we may be sure there was a grand rush to the tow-path beside the river to see the novel sight.



Novel it certainly was, for in 1818 steamboat service had not obtained permanency in Boston harbor, though the next year a native of Medford (Rev. Charles Brooks) was instrumental in securing such service between Boston and Hingham. But certain it is, that this and other parts of Medford were the scene of the earliest steamboat days.\*

Captain Sullivan was nearly a century ahead of the times, for it is only within a few years that, even with the resources of the great state of New York, steam has been successfully used on its barge canals.

Steam was destined to win on land, and some of the land is in this corner of Medford. One day, two horses slowly towed a canal boat up through Medford to the new town of Lowell which had arisen at the Pawtucket Falls of the Merrimack. That boat bore a new kind of freight, the various parts of the locomotive engine which the genius of Governor Sullivan and of the Medford capitalists had not foreseen. A lot of Walnut-tree hill, and rocks from Winter Hill had been carted onto the end of the bordering marsh making an embankment twenty feet high across it, and bridges built over the canal and river.

The canal boats had been bringing granite blocks down from Chelmsford, and

The strange spectacle was thus presented, perhaps for the first time, of a corporation assisting in the preparation for its own obsequies. (Quoted from Lorin L. Dame.)

One day (June 24, 1835) a curious array of uncouth vehicles came trundling on the iron rails laid on those granite blocks all the way from Lowell to Boston. With much exercise of patience, men unused to such work had assembled at Lowell the various parts of that nondescript freight, and a new era of *transit* and mode of *travel* was inaugurated. We use these words in *order* advisedly, as it is recorded that on the previous day, the *mail* was carried in this new way. Well, Uncle Sam's mail is supposed to have the right of way still. Whether called so then or

\* See REGISTER, Vol. XVII, p. 92.



not, compared with the all day canal ride of twenty-six miles this *was certainly rapid transit*. Within a few years American mechanics were building better engines in the Lowell machine shop and running them at the speed of a mile a minute through this corner of Medford, while Medford's people were accommodated by the little station house down the track called Medford Steps. The artificial features of *water* and *railways* crossing each other, and both crossing the river, changed the natural view in this corner somewhat, yet nature was kind, the tides ebbed and flowed as before, and ere long the embankments of both were grass grown, and the scars man had made were healed. With the coming of the *rail* way, began the *water* way's decadence; which was more pronounced as steam transit extended northward from Lowell. After a few years of profitless competition, the canal succumbed, the aqueduct over and the lock beyond the river began to go to ruin. Picturesque indeed they were, as ruins generally are, and finally, after twenty years of disintegration, gave way to the new thoroughfare of Boston avenue. But in all these years this *corner* had no dwelling places. A resident of West Medford\* used it in the old time way, *i.e.*, for a cow-pasture. One day in 1865, another† came over on the railroad bridge, set up his easel and made the sketch in oil, that well portrays the decaying aqueduct, and which is preserved in the Historical Society's collection. The cows driven homeward by their owner's son are in evidence in the picture, and in the distance is the old house of Henry Dunster and the "spire of Menotomy."

A few years later (1870) Mr. Stevens moved into the new house he had erected in Medford, but his only neighbors were two families (in Somerville) one of whom came with the advent of the Charlestown water works in 1865. Only one had located on all the hill-slope, and that on Winthrop street, and for some years the reservoir on the hill-top was needlessly considered a menace. The growth

\* Mr. Charles C. Stevens.

† Mr. Nathan Brown.

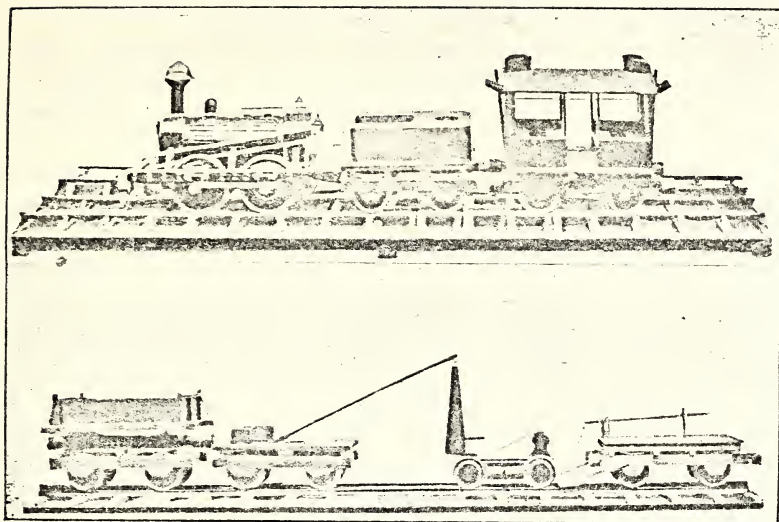


of that section was very slow, even after Boston avenue was opened in 1873, and which utilized the old abutments and piers built for the canal's crossing. Mr. Stevens still used the space beside the railroad, down to the Somerville line, for pasturage, and erected near his barn a silo, probably the first in Medford.

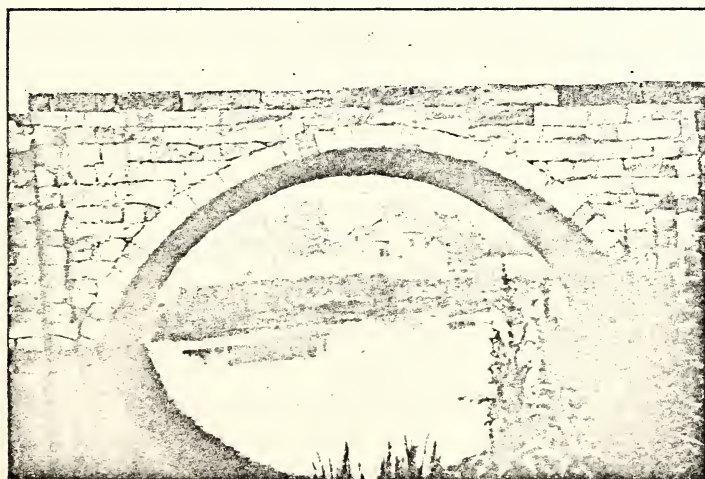
One day the few dwellers at the Hillside (as it had begun to be called) and West Medford, across the river, awoke to the fact that a new industry was to be established in their midst—one of not the most desirable character. The odors of the vast cesspool which Boston had created by turning the tannery drainage of Winchester and Woburn into the lower Mystic lake were becoming extremely offensive, and here was likely to be another trouble in the Somerville *appendix*. The spur track to the pumping station lay just inside the line, curving away on the old canal bed. Over this, the raw material could come to the unattractive works of the Colonial Chemical Company, just erected for the manufacture of a “depilatory” used in removing the hair from cattle hides. The adjoining marshland formed an excellent dumping-ground for its cinders and refuse. Unlike the human appendix, which is troublesome only to its owner, this caudal appendage of ancient Charlestown, the tail-end, geographically, of modern Somerville, bade fair to, and did, become a menace to adjoining Medford, such as *offensive* manufactories usually become. For years it had a retarding influence upon the growth of the Hillside section of Medford, as in a few years the plant was enlarged and another building erected, into which a leather working concern came. This was located cornerwise to the railroad and conformed to the old canal's course. It was later doubled in size and another story added to the whole. During the chemical business' stay, a residence was erected for the superintendent, larger and better than the first, thus increasing the Somerville residents to four families.

In the interim between these constructions, at about





FIRST ENGINE AND CARS ON BOSTON & LOWELL RAILROAD.



GRANITE ARCH OVER MYSTIC RIVER.  
BUILT BY ASA SHELDON.



1895 a new enterprise was launched, this time in Medford bounds—a paper mill. Whether the projectors really thought that the little spring near the Hillside railroad station would add materially to its water supply or furnish power, is uncertain. A dike was built from North street some distance westward, and turning extended to the railroad. In this was a bulkhead and diminutive water wheel. We have no remembrance of its ever being filled with water by the little brook that flowed beside the railroad and through the marsh to the river. An artesian well some two hundred feet deep was drilled in the rock strata; and in more recent years an iron pipe laid from the river bed across the marshland to these works, for supply. A large wooden building with three parallel slated roofs, and an engine house of brick was erected; but the paper manufacture never materialized. This product was to have been wrapping paper, and old newspaper stock was to have been utilized by some new process. After a time the Lee Cycle Co. occupied the eastern corner, but moved away before accomplishing any results.

Next, came Holmes & Smith, establishing the West Medford Laundry, but after a few months moving into other quarters. Then an automobile shop which got no further than the experimental stage. That business was then in its infancy; *horseless carriage* it was then called, and few people foresaw the extent to which it would grow. Next and for a few years, was the Fiber Manufacturing Company, which made pails and cylindrical receptacles of compressed wood fiber. But none of these concerns occupied the entire building, and the last seemed to be doing some business, when the property changed hands. The original chemical works had ceased operation, its plant was demolished and the cinder dump carted away to build sidewalks. About 1910 came the Stone, Timlow Company with an increasing leather business combined with that of wool. In 1912 the four-story brick factory (of mill construction), was erected, largely



in Somerville. Some ten or a dozen feet of it are over in Medford and on this is located the Medford fire alarm whistle. Up to this period the canal bed and banks not obliterated by Boston avenue had remained intact and sometimes held a little water as seen in our illustration. But other changes not industrial had occurred both sides the city boundary line.

The Metropolitan Park Commission made taking of land along the river and built the Parkway. In 1873 Auburn street had crossed the river below "Second beach." Its bridge in a later state of decrepitude was discontinued after the new concrete arch was built, on which both street and parkway cross each other. The latter is but little above marsh level, this made possible by the Cradock dam.

Several houses were removed and shacks (relics of the alewife fishing) were torn down, and a big hole dug in which the new bridge was built and beside it a sewer siphon. Before the arch was completed, and the contractors were ready to move the river, the impatient stream moved in itself, because the new channel had been excavated too near the old for safety. The men and horses (unlike "the hosts of Pharaoh ") got out safely, but it took weeks of labor and no little expense to begin anew. With all the widening, deepening and shortening of the river, insufficient material was obtained to fill the old channel, and "Second beach " in its present condition no longer invites the swimming boys. The railroad embankment has been raised several feet and a fine concrete arch built, through which the parkway passes. During its erection, the unique construction of the railroad, *i.e.*, the four parallel walls beneath the rails were revealed. These were utilized in the rock-concrete foundation of the new bridge. It is said that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." This bridge might be, but for the disfigurement it suffered at the hands of ill mannered youth, of whom no city has reason to be proud, and whose conduct is becoming a public menace.



In the elevation of the tracks, the granite arch (built by Asa Sheldon) disappeared. As there is nothing *lost when we know where it is*, we are confident that it is still intact. The present concrete bridge built over, under, and both sides, serves its purpose, but looks inferior to the other so near. It lacks the character and rugged beauty of the old time structure.

By the "taking" by the Park Commission, the Welch Express stable just beside "Canal bridge" disappeared. Possibly sometime its driven well may be unearthed and utilized — and people wonder how it came there.

In 1902 the street railway was built on Boston avenue, after the present granite arch had been constructed. The three piers of Chelmsford granite, built in 1827 by the canal company, were used in the new bridge over the Menotomy at Broadway, but the boulder abutments of 1800 still remain. But before this time, the Arlington-Lexington sewer was constructed through the ledge beneath the parkway, through the old canal bed, and across the marsh on pile and timber support, and siphons beneath the river below the bridge.

In 1910 the Hillside section had a real estate boom, and the erection of two and three apartment houses, and one story store property went on apace. This continued until war-time, but ceased with prohibitive high cost of building. But one exception should be noticed. Early in 1918 the American Woolen Company acquired the factory site, marsh land and buildings of the Stone Timlow Company and at the present writing is just completing a five story storehouse of reinforced concrete of the most substantial construction. This is entirely on the marsh land and wholly within the Somerville part of the "corner."

This structure is intended mainly for storage of the raw material or "waste," which is brought from the various plants of the concern, to be reworked in the other buildings already mentioned or to be erected. It is the most radical change this part of the old cow-pasture has experienced in all its history. The works, when completed,

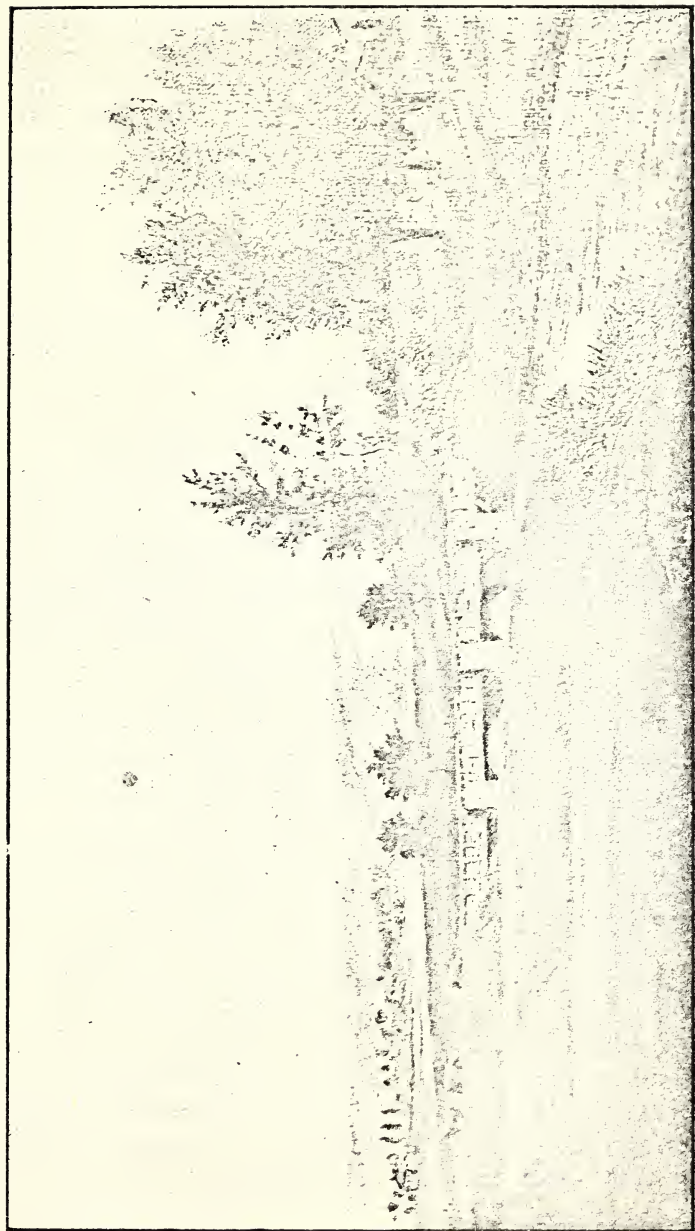


will employ several hundred persons of both sexes, who will require places of abode and education of their children. Thus both Medford and Somerville will find added problems to solve. In years ago, but within memory, conditions had been unsavory in the Somerville corner. A slaughter-house was on the old rangeway for many years. At about 1874 a hill below it was devoted to drying hog-bristles. Later this hill was all dug down and carted away, and to its place was moved the Somerville pest-house. This remained for a period of years beside the serpentine, sluggish Alewife brook. This latter had been receiving the refuse and filth of Tannery brook, with its adjoining marshes a foot *lower* than those a *mile down stream*. Little wonder that malaria was in an alarming increase. One day the writer noticed an unusual stir about the pest-house, and an orderly crowd gathering. Approaching nearer he was in time to see one of the city officials apply the torch thereto, and witnessed its destruction. A little later, the Powder House boulevard and Somerville field were constructed in its locality. Next, the hill-slope up to the zigzag boundary line was built over with dwellings.

While the cow-pasture lines remain intact in our municipal boundaries, we wonder, sometimes, about those in "the thread of the river." Both the Mystic and Menotomy, which divide Somerville from Medford and Arlington, now flow in channels other than those of ten years ago; but as they flow within the Park Commission's jurisdiction, there is little chance of either private or municipal disagreement.

Another allusion to that crude portrayal of this Medford-Somerville corner. While it depicted the "river, canal and railroad," it also showed, hovering overhead, a *balloon*. We wondered quite a little at such portrayal, but of late have queried if it were not really so, for at about those years we find mention in the papers of aeronaut Lauriat and his balloon ascensions. It *may* be that it was even so. Be that as it may, on the evening of





RUINS OF SECOND AQUEDUCT, 1865.



July 4, 1911, the writer witnessed the flight of an airplane over this same quarter, as did the great company assembled about "Somerville field." Contrast this last occasion with the night vigil of Gov. John Winthrop, only a few rods away, on October 11, 1630, if you will. Contrast the horseless carriage, or "steam buggy," first seen in Boston streets in 1866, with the uncounted automobiles that pass over the Mystic Valley parkway in this other corner of Medford and Somerville, think of what may, ere long, be in the air over it, and — finish this story at some later date.

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### A NEW MEDFORD INDUSTRY.

The American Woolen Company have located their new plant in West Medford for the reclaiming of wool waste, worsted waste, and other by-products of a woolen and worsted mill. We are the first textile manufacturers to take up this branch.

### WOOL PRODUCTION.

Sheep thrive in every civilized country of the world. As far back as history records, herding of sheep and growing of wool have claimed the attention of the human race. It has always been recognized that wool possesses certain qualities for which no substitute can be found. No other fibre has the spinning and felting properties combined with health and warmth giving characteristics so necessary for the protection of the human body.

For wools used in the manufacture of wearing apparel we, in competition with the rest of the world, must bid in markets of Australia, New Zealand, Argentine, Uruguay and British South Africa. These are the world's producing areas where the clip is not used for domestic manufacturing, but is available for export to countries which have the equipment to convert this wool into the finished products.



Nineteen sixteen was the world's greatest year for production of wool, with the following amounts produced for export. Australia, New Zealand, 644,000,000 greasy or 353,000,000 scoured; British South Africa, 157,000,000 greasy or 52,000,000 scoured; Argentine, Uruguay, 409,000,000 greasy or 245,000,000 scoured.

### WHAT SHODDY IS.

In the popular conception, shoddy typifies that which is undesirable. The word is a synonym of inferiority, subterfuge and deceit. The public is accustomed to condemn where it does not understand, and it seems desirable that some light should be shed to clear up this misconception in the use of shoddy. The word shoddy is derived from *shod*, meaning a parting or separation.

Before cloth can be woven the wool must first be spun into yarn which is either woolen or worsted, depending both on process and the raw materials used. Worsted yarn must be made from virgin wool which is combed so the fibres lie parallel along the length of the yarn. Such yarn can be utilized in a fabric where strength and durability are desired rather than warmth and imperviousness. Woolen yarn is made from wool fibres, and instead of combing, the process of carding is used, which interlaces, mixes and crisscrosses the fibre to the maximum possible. Such a yarn is more lofty, and permits felting and locking of the individual strands of yarn when they are woven, thereby producing a cloth which is less porous than worsted cloth but not necessarily so strong. It is not only desirable that woolen cloth be made from yarn which has both long and short fibres, but it is essential that such be the case if a compact, airtight fabric is to be produced, the longer fibre providing the strength and the shorter ones filling up the spaces and binding the contiguous yarns in a piece of cloth.

The first by-product of a worsted mill is *noils*. These are short wool fibres combed out of wool to be spun into a worsted yarn. Noils form the most important raw



stock in a woolen mill. As the wool progresses through its various stages in the manufacture of cloth, minor wastes appear, such as card waste, flyings, and strippings, and although this wool fibre has not been subjected to wear and tear of usage, it can be only utilized in a woolen mill, as it is neither virgin wool nor noils and is classed as shoddy.

Real shoddy, however, as it is understood, consists of fragments of cloth or other wool material which has to be picked preparatory to its use on woolen cards. From the tailor's clips which are left after his patterns are cut, is derived an important source of shoddy. Shoddy is as good or as bad as the cloth from which it is derived. So on down the scale to frayed and worn-out stockings, which have been discarded to the ragman; to the cotton and wool mixtures which have to be carbonized and neutralized to eliminate the vegetable matter; these are the sources of the shoddy supply.

If it were not for re-worked wool there would not be enough wool in the world to clothe the human race.

GEO. M. WALLACE.

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### ABIJAH THOMPSON'S "GLEANINGS."

We are gladly presenting a communication, inadvertently overlooked by a former editor, and which has but recently come to our notice. Its author, Abijah Thompson, was, at the time of writing and for some years, a member of the Medford Historical Society, and its library received many accessions from him. He was a native of Woburn, his ancestors being early settlers there. The locality which he describes has not altogether outgrown the name of *Thompsonville*.

Two brooks converged there, and his forebears conserved the water power, establishing a leather business. The oak-tanned leather of A. Thompson & Co. had a wide reputation for its standard quality. His uncle Abijah, for whom he was named, was the senior partner



and bore the military title of General, though it was acquired in "the piping times of peace." His father, Benjamin Franklin, removed to South Woburn, establishing himself there in the leather business. He also had a title, as he was chosen deacon of the Congregational Church, which was formed in this new section of Woburn, which in 1850, with slices of West Cambridge and Medford territory, became the town of Winchester.

Deacon Benjamin Thompson continued in office and in business until 1864, and was succeeded in the latter by his sons Abijah and Stephen. The former was especially interested in historic matters, and paid much attention to the preservation of the annals of his native and later home towns. We recall that in the '60s he planned for the erection of a residence beside the Aberjona, laying out a miniature park, planting trees and building bridges across the stream. But for some reason he ceased work there and erected a pleasant dwelling-place in the west part of the town and there resided for many years. In the former place he was years in advance of the times; but present "Manchester field" is the site of his father's factory, and the improved Aberjona, with its island and bridges, is a part of the Metropolitan park system.

When the Winchester Historical Society was in operation he was interested in its work. For some years he was mainly instrumental in publishing the *Winchester Press*. The weekly issues of that paper contained many articles written by him, or secured by him from others, which form a highly interesting narrative and trustworthy basis of a town history.\*

This must have been a labor of love on the part of Abijah Thompson, appreciated by some of his townsmen—and unappreciated by many others.

The Winchester Historical Society is now inoperative, but during its active days published two volumes which contain much of interest, including papers read at its

\* In the library of the New England Historical and Genealogical Society these articles, clipped from the *Press*, are carefully arranged in order, mounted on blank paper and suitably bound in book form under the title of *History of Winchester, Mass.*



meetings. The *Press* ceased publication after a few years, but during its issue, through Mr. Thompson's efforts, preserved much of local history. He doubtless experienced some pleasure and satisfaction in so doing, and his "Gleanings" in this issue of the REGISTER shows that he did not confine his effort and interest to his home town. But at last, as the burden of years was upon him, he gave up his congenial tasks. His last days were of physical weakness, and spent with relatives in our city, where he recently passed away.

Who will take up his favorite work and fill the blanks in his "Gleanings" of nearly twenty years ago?"

### GLEANINGS.

Among the pleasant memories of the past, are many scenes that transpired during our youthful days. A striking figure on the stage of recollection is Nathan Childs, the village baker, who had his shop in the good old town of Medford. He drove his cart through the streets from door to door, and continued on through the neighboring towns. In Woburn town, on Pleasant street, there stood a cluster of houses, at the junction of two streets, one of which led directly to Lexington—that town of historic fame—while the other wound its way to Burlington, the town that protected Hancock and Adams, while the British soldiers marched to Concord.

The coming and going of Nathan Childs to and from this little group of neighbors, was like the old clock that stood in the corner of the family room—tick, tick, strike, all the day long, always on time. Nathan Childs had an eye to business—he was a friend to the old and the young. His cart was not unlike other bakers' carts, while the jingle of the old sleigh bells was heard from afar. He was always ready to share his seat with one or more, and was sure to treat them to his good old-fashioned molasses gingerbread.

One day, a new sound was heard in the distance—music came floating through the air, when lo and behold! there appeared a new cart painted in gaudy colors, a new



horse and a new harness. Attached to the saddle was a chime of bells discoursing silvery music to the ear. Painted upon the cart, in imitation of his shop, was the partially open door, over which we read NATHAN CHILDS, BAKER. There was the painted sash and the green blinds, the shingle roof and the old red brick chimney, all as natural as life, and mounted upon his seat, sat Nathan Childs, monarch of all he surveyed. Keith of Keith's Theatre fame, in this our day, with his advertising scheme of the four-in-hand with its numberless chimes of bells ringing through the streets, is far behind the times. Nathan Childs led the van, while those of today simply follow on. On the muster field, at the cattle shows, and at the auctions, Nathan Childs was sure to be found. On the day that Massachusetts went to Concord and fought there the great battle for the election of President William Henry Harrison, Nathan Childs was seen in that countless throng that followed the great ball as it rolled on, while in the rear came the log cabins, the hard cider and the striped pig. Nathan Childs gained the field, and upon it, he rang out his chime of bells. The country lads and lasses were soon eating that good old-fashioned molasses gingerbread.

One day Nathan Childs disappeared—he never came again. On looking for his epitaph, we find in the History of Medford the following tribute by the historian:

“Mr. Childs continued to sell bread in the neighboring towns, for a long time. Many of our Medford people have pleasant memories of the genial countenance and kind words of Nathan Childs, the deaf baker, who went from house to house, with his ear trumpet in hand, bound to hear precisely what his customers ordered, and sure to fill all orders.”

Who can fill the blanks?

NATHAN CHILDS.

b.

d.

Married

b.

d.

Lies buried in

ABIJAH THOMPSON.



## A LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

Shall we have a League of Nations,

To uphold the cause of right?

Shall we have a League of Nations,

To efface the sway of might?

Shall we have a League of Nations,

Peace and justice to instill?

With one accord the whole world answers,

"A League of Nations? Yes, we will! We will! We will!"

Shall we have a League of Nations,

Save for home, our boys, our men?

Shall we have a League of Nations,

Sheathe the sword, and wield the pen?

Shall we have a League of Nations,

Arbitrate, and cease to kill?

With one accord the whole world answers,

"A League of Nations? Yes, we will! We will! We will!"

Shall we have a League of Nations,

To protect the great and small?

Shall we have a League of Nations,

All for one, and one for all?

Shall we have a League of Nations,

Cherished ideals to fulfill?

With one accord the whole world answers,

"A League of Nations? Yes, we will! We will! We will!"

*Copyright, 1919, Edith Rojean Orne.*

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MERCURY."

Friday, February 23, 1884.

The town hall question is likely to be brought up at the March meeting, with a prospect of receiving a fair hearing from all citizens prepared to consider the reasons for or against this important project. If there is evident need of a new hall—and who has heard an expression contrary to it?—why should we not at this time take the necessary steps toward securing the desired object? What is in the way? Can't the town afford it? Will it be in better condition five or ten years hence? As to location, public opinion quite prominently sets strongly in the direction of the Dr. Swan estate, now owned by the town. It is so near the square that the argument of the necessity of placing it exactly thereon loses much of its force, as everybody knows there is no overpowering reason why the square should be considered the only fit place for the edifice. In the interest of economy, we ought to decide this prominent and beautiful situation to be our *best situation*.



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MISS ANNIE P. DANFORTH.  
FRANK S. GILKEY.

PERCY W. RICHARDSON.

### Papers and Addresses.

GEORGE H. REMELE.  
MOSES W. MANN.  
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J. P. D. WINGATE.  
MISS LILY B. ATHERTON.

PERCY W. RICHARDSON.  
MISS KATHARINE H. STONE.  
MRS. JOHN GOOGINS.  
F. H. C. WOOLEY.  
WILSON FISKE.

### Historic Sites.

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JOHN H. HOOPER.

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MISS CATHERINE E. HARLOW.

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MISS ANNIE E. DURGIN.

MISS HETTY F. WAIT.  
HENRY E. SCOTT.

### Heraldry.

CHARLES B. DUNHAM.  
JOHN ALBREE.

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CHARLES M. GREEN.

C. W. M. BLANCHARD.

### Library and Collection.

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WILLIAM CUSHING WAIT.  
MISS ELIZABETH W. HOWE.  
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MELVIN W. PIERCE.  
FREDERIC H. DOLE.

### House.

MOSES W. MANN.

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C. H. LOOMIS.

### Delegates to Bay State Historical League.

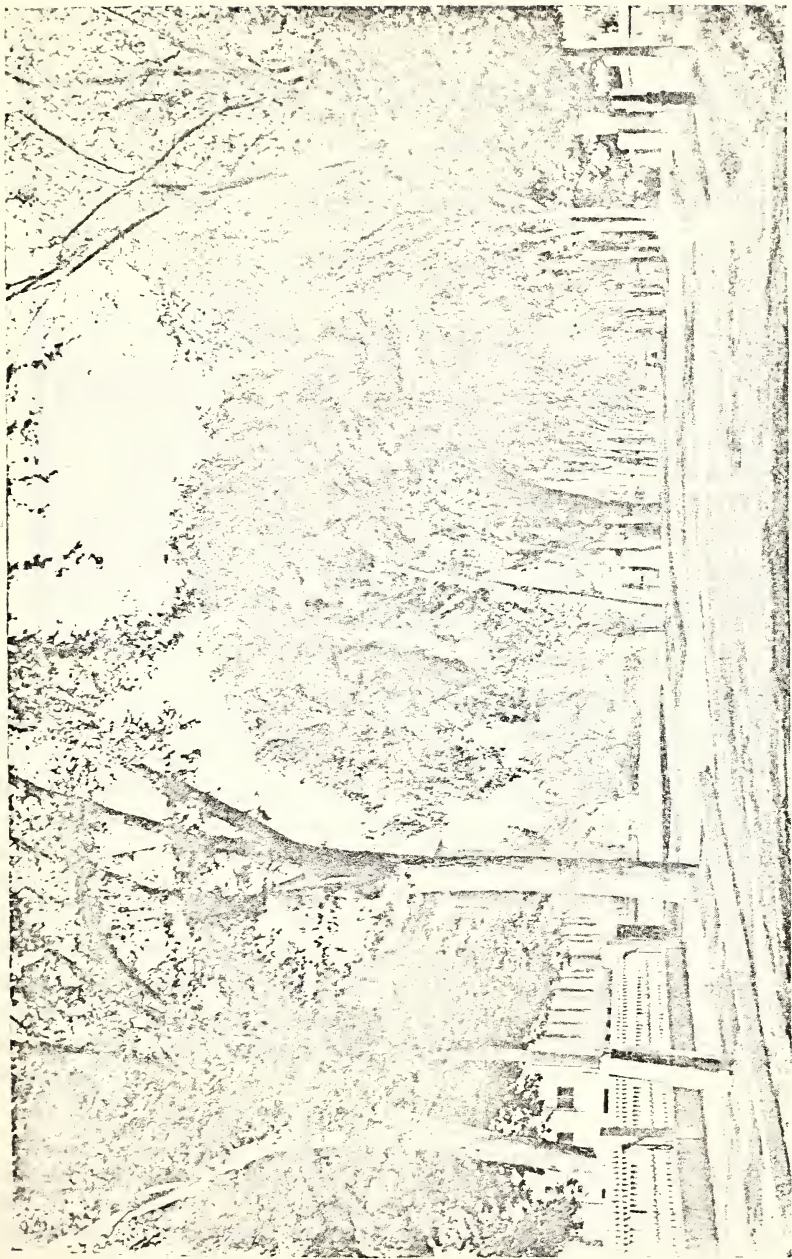
#### Regular.

MELVIN W. PIERCE.  
MRS. JOHN GOOGINS.  
MISS ELIZABETH R. CARTY.

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MISS AGNES W. LINCOLN.





FOREST STREET (FORMERLY ANDOVER TURNPIKE)



# The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XXII.

JULY, 1919.

No. 3.

## SCRAPS OF PAPER.



FOR a violated treaty the reader will look here in vain, but may find something relating to Medford, suggested by a ragged sheet of paper legibly written upon more than a century ago. It is one of several furnished us by the late Francis A. Wait, who wrote:

You can put this in the REGISTER if you see fit. Mr. Blanchard's hotel was just south of Cradock bridge. A portion of the house is standing now on Main street.

For a better understanding of it, a backward look is worth while. Medford in 1805 had but little more than eleven hundred inhabitants. The most direct route of travel from northern and eastern New England converged in its market place and passed over the river toward Boston. Ship-building had just been established on the river; the Middlesex Canal, only completed two years before, was in operation; the cracker bakery just started on its successful career; and business enough to require a clerk of the market in 1801. There were several taverns for accommodation of travellers, and the product of several distil-houses had acquired a more than local reputation.

Tradition has it

That a man named Blanchard who had connections in Malden, was the first to set up a distillery in Medford. It was on the south side of the river. . . . afterward used by Hezekiah Blanchard the innholder, who distilled anise-seed, snake-root and clove-water.



While authentic history places Andrew Hall's beginning of the rum making in 1735, it also credits this same Hezekiah Blanchard with a similar plant a little farther away behind Dead Man's alley, otherwise River street.

Certain it is, that the latter was engaged both in tavern-keeping and distilling in 1796, as appears in his advertisement in the *Columbian Centinel* of September 3. It stated that in the old house which he had enlarged and given the name of Union Hall, there was

every convenience to promote festivity and happiness; the house is furnished with the best of Wine, Porter and other Liquors, and every kind of refreshment called for can be supplied, . . . and those who are fond of an afternoon's excursion for amusement and exercise can be accommodated . . . the distance from Boston not so long as to occasion fatigue, and long enough to promote exercise.

The advertisement informed the public that its "humble servant" also made the best of spirits and would sell, both wholesale and retail at reasonable prices.

With the opening of the new century, he was succeeded by his son Hezekiah, who upon the father's death in 1803 dropped the distinguishing Junior, signing his given name abbreviated, but with a spreading flourish beneath, as appears on his bill, which we note. He continued the business until his death in 1818.

Till 1804, the bridge across the river was but little above full tide and had no draw, and only Salem and High Streets were the outward country roads, what was later Ship Street being only local.

With increasing business, the Medford turnpike road across the marsh to Charlestown had been built in 1803 to do away with the tedious haul over Winter Hill, and in 1804 the project of another and shorter route to Andover was agitated, resulting in the charter on June 15, 1805, of the Andover and Medford Turnpike. The incorporators, according to the Brooks history, were Jonathan Porter, Joseph Hurd, Nathan Parker, Oliver Holden and Fitch Hall. The meager account we have of



its construction and history shows it in marked contrast to the other. The former, with everything of material to be carted onto and sinking into the salt-marsh, continually needing repair, was maintained as a toll road till 1867. This latter (shortening the distance three miles and opening new territory for improvement in Medford), with plenty of the best material at hand for building and repair, was never a profitable investment, and as early as 1828 was offered for sale. No buyers appearing, it became, in 1831, a free road in all the towns wherein it was located. In Medford it became the beautiful Forest street. Just who were the first Board of Directors we may not say, very likely the gentlemen above named, the first and last being of Medford. What more convenient place for their gathering for business than the well appointed inn of mine host Hezekiah Blanchard? And so this old time-worn bill of his comes to us, a mute witness of men and times long gone. Here it is; we bespeak for this carefully made copy a critical reading.

The Directors for the Andover & Medford Turnpike Road

	To Hez <sup>h</sup> Blanchard	Dr	d cents
1805			
Nov <sup>br</sup>	To 4 Botwls Ginn Toddy 1s/6d		\$1.00
	To 8 Suppers 2s/3d		3
	To 1 Bottle wine 4s/6d		75
Dec <sup>br</sup>	2 To 4 Breakfasts 2s/3d		1 50
	To 1 Pint Bitters 1s/6d		25
	To 9 Dinners 2s/3d To 3 Bowls Toddy 1s/6d		4 12
	To 1 Bowl Toddy 1s/6d To Bating 4 Horss		1s/6d 1.25
11	To 1 Bowl Toddy 1s/6d To 1 mug flip		50
	To 1 Pint Brandy 3s/ To Bating 2 hors		1
21	To 3 Bowls Toddy 1/6 To 6 Dinner 2/3		
	To 1 Pint Ginn 3s/d To Bating 4 horse		1.50
	To 1 Pint Ginn 3s/d To 1 Pint for Ditto 3s/		1
	To 1 Pint for Ditto 3s/d To 1 Bowl for		
		Ditto 1/6	75
	To Bating horses 1s/6d		75



Omitted			
Jan <sup>y</sup>	To Col <sup>n</sup> Warner Expenses in Town	1	45
1806 Apr 5	To 5 Dinners 2/3 to Brandy Toddy	2	17
	To 3 Bowls toddy 1s/6d To 1 Glafs Toddy		87
	To Bating 1 hors 1/6		25
8 & 10	To the Directors Bill for Five Dollars & 82 cents	5.82	
24	To 4 Bowls Toddy 1/6 To Bating 4 horses	1.67	
		\$29.54	
	deduct Warners expenses	1.45	
		\$28.09	
	deduct Clerks bill	4.22	
	To charge in the Corporation bill dated Feb. 3 1806	23.87	
	which should be charged to the Directors	6.	
		29.87	
May 22 <sup>d</sup> 1806			
	Rec'd the above in full		
	Heze <sup>h</sup> Blanchard		

As may be noted, its date is the first year of the corporation's existence. Very likely the directors met then to discuss ways and means and to ride thence over the course of the new road on tours of inspection.

Evidently by the number of suppers there were eight present at the November gathering, and we may wonder which four had the "Ginn Toddy," and which other four were content with the *one* bottle of wine.

Incidentally we notice that the initial charge is written To 4 Bo — then a t crossed several times — wls. The English money reckoning was still in vogue, as it was somewhat within our remembrance. "Two and thrip-pence" was the charge for the "eats" at Blanchard's, morning, noon and night alike. Probably December 2 was a cold morning, but the four directors that had breakfast were fortified (or thought they were), by the modest allowance of one pint of bitters, ere they set out on the rocky road by Spot Pond.

But they came back with reinforcements, for *nine* sat down to dinner, and, strange to say, only *four* bowls



of toddy. As Blanchard had "Entertainment for Man and Beast" the charge of "one and six" for "Horss" completed the charge for that day, each day's charge being separated by a line drawn across the unruled page.

The next charge is interesting; two *horses* did the *eating* and (presumably two) *men* the drinking, the particular "vanity" of one being a mug of flip, probably smaller than the toddy bowl, but same price. We have been asked "What was flip?" Well, it was *hot* stuff, so was toddy; but flip was heated by the insertion of a red hot poker into the contents of the mug when served to the guest.

We fail to note any difference in the price of "Ginn" and brandy in the raw, but the director who indulged in *brandy* toddy was taxed five cents more than for the decoction from gin.

It is too late to rectify mistakes (for the innkeeper has been dead a century), but he forgot to insert in charge column three dollars for three toddys and six dinners, and made a slight error in his footing.

It would be interesting to know who Col. Warner was, and the *items* of his "expense in town" that was overlooked at the time, later charged, and at last deducted. He may have been an adviser or engineer, and so a guest of the directors. If so, why the final deduction? And why the deduction of "Clerks bill, \$4.22"?

On the back of this old scrap of paper are two "examples in short division,"

$$\begin{array}{r} 6)2954 \\ 492 \end{array} \qquad \begin{array}{r} 7)2954 \\ 422 \end{array}$$

Why this division of the total of the bill by seven? and amount of *that* quotient deducted instead of the one evidently first made.

Possibly the final entry may explain. By that entry it appears that the innkeeper had a separate bill against the turnpike *company*, and had erroneously charged six dollars to the company on February 3. The "clerk" might not have been a director, but an employee of the company, meeting with the directors, who may have



numbered six. For want of any such bills, we are led to infer that the directors of the Andover Turnpike paid collectively their own expenses, and the company those of the clerk and Col. Warner. If so they were unlike those of the Middlesex Canal whose accounts show "wines, lemons, sugar, trucking same, and broken tumblers," "for the directors party."

Much has been written about that famous old waterway, and it is still a favorite and interesting subject, but little has been written of this last outlet of travel from Medford square.

In the library of the Historical Society is a framed picture of the old toll house, made long after its use as such. Its Medford milestones still remain; the second one, because of the thoughtful interest taken by one not a resident of Medford. This old bill of Blanchard's will find a place beside the picture, as one of the few tangible reminders of the enterprise of Medford's solid men at the opening of the nineteenth century. Its itemized charges show \$4.50 for baiting horses, and of the \$17.83 for the men, \$8.09 was for their liquid refreshment that in those days was deemed so essential; and the three items in lump sum probably in the same proportion. But how would the site of Union hall appear to its proprietor could he see it today? No ginn toddy, bitters or flip at any price, no "bating hors," but more automobiles in twenty-four hours than horses in a year then, and no walking out from Boston for exercise.

Jonathan Porter would look with delight upon the elm arched vista of Forest street, and turning about find his old home, the only thing of that day remaining, changed somewhat, but still recognizable. Col. Fitch Hall could find the old mansions a little way up High street. Both did well in projecting and building the Andover Turnpike, one hundred and fourteen years ago.

#### AN OLDER SCRAP.

At the May meeting of the Historical Society, President Charles E. Mann of the Malden society read an in-



To the Marshall Ginnell or Constable of Mauden  
or either of their deputies

You are required in his Majesty's name to attach & goods for want  
of 30 shillings of Mr Edward Colborne in Joseph Hill. Executors  
of them, to 30 shillings of Mr Henry Dunster, deceased. Estate lands  
for their ademption of 9 most County Court to 30 shillings of  
but husbandry of the same. Thence to answer the complaint of Mr Joseph  
Humphrey in Edward Colborne. Administered of John Humphrey 30 shillings  
deducted in an action of the trespass for 30 shillings of John Humphrey 30 shillings  
around mill, of 30 shillings John Humphrey 30 shillings of his 30 shillings  
Humphrey in Lynn, with a bond not returned on answering to 30 shillings  
grant to 30 shillings great damage 30 shillings of 30 shillings  
answer to 30 shillings. See: the 30 shillings of 30 shillings

7  
of Court, William Munn



teresting paper with the now world famous caption. The scrap of paper in that case we reproduce in this issue. The Edward Collins named therein was Medford's "first land speculator" — who purchased the Cradock farm. It is significant that the dwelling was styled "Medeford House." Henry Dunster (first president of Harvard College) also mentioned therein and associated with Collins — owned the land and dwelling on the opposite side of the river (now Arlington)\* and in one of his and Increase Nowell's leases the lessee was to pay £3 per year in wheat and barley at 4s per bushel, delivered at Medeford House twice each year; the first payment to be in 1648.

The lease was for fifteen years and the property was in Lynn.

Mr. Mann said

A strange thing about this interesting document is that it should have led to such drastic proceedings, when one considers the fact that the immediate parties were all dead. Joseph Hills had done absolutely nothing for which he deserved arrest, neither had Edward Collins, who was an early settler of Cambridge and a most useful man in that community and in Medford. Henry Dunster, whose estate they represented, was dead. Deputy Governor, John Humphry, the owner . . . incidentally of Wind-Mill Hill [in Lynn where the leased property was] was also dead; Rev. Jose Glover, the man whose loan of 80 pounds to John Humphry, led to all the trouble, was so long dead that his name scarcely finds a place in the proceeding.

Another interesting thing in this old scrap of paper is that Malden's constable was dignified by the title of "Marshall Generall," in 1662.

#### ON THE LEVEL ROAD.

More modern, but still almost ninety years old is another scrap, a souvenir of the Medford turnpike. This relic was also furnished by Mr. Wait, antedating his own service.

In Vol. XIV. p. 4, (REGISTER) may be found Mr. Wait's account of *Medford Milkmen*, and his own experience on

\* See REGISTER, Vol. XIII., p. 9.



the Smith "milkcart." The "milkcarts" of 1829, were later known as *milkwagons*, and those built at the upper end of the turnpike had an enviable reputation for durability. Their makers have kept abreast of the times, and their products, both horse drawn and motor driven, are in marked contrast to those that passed the old toll gate in 1829.

The Estate of Mr. Elijah Smith

to the Proprietors of the Medford Turnpike. Dr.  
Toll for milk cart. Pasing from June 22, 1829, to January 1,  
1830. \$5.19

By cash 2.00

3.19

1830, July 5, Recd. Payment for the Proprietors  
James Kidder.

By this scrap of paper it appears that the toll levied for the daily passage of such vehicles was ten dollars per year, and that the rule of "cash before carting" or payment in advance, had not then been fully established. Whoever rides over the Mystic avenue of today, finds far better conditions, though there is still room for improvement. Several railroad schemes, upon and beside it, have been broached, but none have materialized. Meanwhile Medford is slowly expanding, and some day will see, instead of the tide-mill and pond and the later racetrack, buildings devoted to business use along both sides of the old Medford turnpike.

When that shall be, those who use the old pike will miss the bleak prospect we had there in 1860. In company with some forty schoolmates from another town, returning from a sleigh ride to the Navy Yard and State Prison, the ride was along this road. The wind was bitterly cold, and the tumbled-up ice on the salt marsh a novelty to many of the company. The memory of that dreary portion of the excursion still lingers. The driver paid the toll. But five years earlier the same boy, returning from Boston by wagon, asked why a *second* toll?



and received the reply, "You didn't think I was going over that hill with this load, did you?" The longer road over Winter Hill took horse power, and for a century and a half the travel had been that way. Possibly the opening of the canal in 1803 and the easy haulage of heavy-laden boats by only two horses thereon may have suggested and hastened the building of the turnpike road in 1804.

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### MEMORIAL DAY.

May 23 and 24, 1865. Imagine yourself in Washington. A column of soldiers thirty miles in length is passing by. Can you see those regiments from the east and west, those men from the Potomac, from the Cumberland, from the Wilderness, from Chattanooga, as they march down Pennsylvania avenue from the Capitol with their bayonets flashing and battle flags flying? You are witnessing one of the greatest spectacles ever seen in America—a grand review of the Union armies before the troops are mustered out of service.

Bonds of comradeship such as these veterans had formed by their four years of service and sacrifice are not easily broken however, and soon local organizations sprang up for the purpose of fostering these friendships and of honoring the memory of those who had given their lives to preserve the Union. This movement soon became nation-wide, and in 1866 a great national organization was founded under the name of the "Grand Army of the Republic," with state departments and local posts. The first post was organized at Decatur, Ill., April 6, 1866.

The organization was a fraternal, charitable, and patriotic association, composed exclusively of soldiers and sailors of the United States army, navy, and marine corps who served during the Civil War and had been honorably discharged. The underlying idea of the founder, Dr. B. F. Stevenson, was to have a grand or-



ganization of veterans so united by feelings of loyalty and duty that it would be a powerful factor against treason to our government.

On the fifth of May, 1868, Commander-in-Chief John A. Logan of the Grand Army issued a general order designating the thirtieth of May, 1868, "for the purpose of strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country during the late rebellion." He did this with the hope that it would be kept up from year to year. Already in some of the southern states the women had laid their flowers on the graves of the Confederate dead to show their devotion to the "Lost Cause," but in the north there was no fixed date till 1868. In 1882 the Grand Army urged that May thirtieth be "Memorial Day," not "Decoration Day," as it had commonly been called. Since 1910 it has been a legal holiday in most of the states and territories.

"Memorial Day" is something more than a decoration day. Every national day is a memorial day. Such days should teach us to feel more strongly our duty to our country. They should fill us with enthusiasm and love for our native land; they should bring home to us more vividly the sacrifices of our fathers, and should make us realize that upon us devolves the task of carrying on the work which they began.

It has been said that the declaiming of Webster's patriotic sentiments by the school boys of the north prepared them to take up arms to defend the Union in '61. May we not with equal truth say that the splendid patriotic work of the "Grand Army of the Republic" prepared our boys for '98, and for the late World War?

But fifty years is a long period in a man's life, and comparatively few of those who marched with the "Boys of '61" are with us today. There is no recruiting office in the Grand Army, and when the last member joins his comrades in the Grand Reunion will "Memorial Day" become obsolete? No, the "Spanish War Veterans," the



new "American Legion," and other affiliated organizations are making themselves such a vital force that Memorial Day will continue to be a day of veneration, of faith, of triumph. Its future is secure.

#### MEMORIAL DAY IN MEDFORD.

May 30, 1919, was an ideal day. The memorial exercises for the day were in charge of Samuel C. Lawrence Post, 66, G. A. R.

This Post, with other affiliated organizations, formed at Grand Army hall, and joined by members of the city government, marched to Oak Grove cemetery, where the usual Memorial Day services were held. This year they were particularly impressive. From Oak Grove the march was resumed, and the Cross street and Salem street cemeteries were visited and the graves of comrades decorated. Returning to Grand Army hall, a dinner was served by the Women's Relief Corps and the Daughters of Veterans to the members of the Grand Army and the Sons of Veterans.

Year by year the thinning ranks of the Grand Army remind us that half a century has passed since the close of the Civil War; but on this "Memorial Day" years seem to have vanished, for the ranks are filled again with young men—men of the "American Legion"—who march proudly side by side with the veterans of '61 and '98.

Our Medford Post, 66, has now fifty-two names on its roll; of these, thirty-two comrades took part in the exercises of the day.

George L. Stokell, Commander.

Albert W. Patch, Senior Vice-Commander.

Charles O. Burbank, Junior Vice-Commander.

George D. Kellam, Adjutant.

Albert A. Samson, Quartermaster.

Milton F. Roberts, Surgeon.

Joseph A. Chapin, Chaplain.

Albert G. Webb, Officer of the Day.



Edward F. Smith, Officer of the Guard.  
 Isaac H. Gardner, Quartermaster Sergeant.  
 Oscar A. Allen, Patriotic Instructor.

William H. Alden  
 John F. Barrows  
 John L. Brockway  
 James H. Burpee  
 Royal F. Carr  
 Arthur D. Chickering  
 Nason B. Cunningham  
 William H. Dunbar  
 Charles W. Ellis  
 Willard B. Emery  
 Edgar A. Hall

Winslow Joyce  
 Thomas B. Kelley  
 Fred. A. Kent  
 Joseph F. King  
 Daniel W. Lawrence  
 Charles W. Libby  
 J. Everett Pierce  
 Alvin R. Reed  
 George R. Russell  
 James W. Smith

The exercises of this year mark a transition period in the observance of Memorial Day. It is unlikely that the veterans will march on future occasions as before. They invited the young veterans now home from overseas, and who are forming the new American Legion, to participate with them in the duties of the day. So to the Legion comes the heritage of the Grand Army of the Republic, which will continue its organization and maintain its principles to the last. These younger veterans will take up the patriotic duty, and year by year, though old comrades fail to appear, will be manifest the enduring principles of American citizenship and loyalty. Just what form the details of the annual observance under the newer organization will take, we may not say, but the Grand Army of the Republic has set a worthy example.

"On this memorial day of Peace fulfilled,  
 When to the God of battles praise is said  
 For warfare done and the long clamor stilled,  
 Forget not then the dead."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Yet will we keep, who cannot else repay  
 The dearest gift that Love has power to give,  
 For them the first place in our thoughts today —  
 Our dead, through whom we live."

L. B. A.



## MEDFORD CAMP FIRE GIRLS.

The future historian of Medford will find he has a task on his hands to enumerate the various social and fraternal organizations that have been or are existent at the time of his writing. Not so Mr. Brooks in 1855. His list included but three—Sons of Temperance, Masons, and the Medford Salt-marsh Corporation. To-day their name is *Legion*, for they are “many.” At the present time the spirit of organization is everywhere. The young people have caught it, and the wide-spread helpful influence of the Boy Scouts is everywhere felt.

As a bit of current history we wish to mention another which has obtained place in Medford, that of the Camp Fire Girls. In a previous issue the REGISTER has told of their visit to the Historical rooms and of their lighting of our initial (matchless) fire on the Society’s hearthstone. On a recent occasion they were again both our guests and entertainers. One of their number, delegated to do so, told of their aim to live up to the law of the Camp Fire, which is to

Seek beauty, Give service, Pursue knowledge, Be trustworthy,  
Hold on to health, Glorify work, and Be happy.

Of the three degrees —

“Wood Gatherer,” “Fire Maker,” and “Torch Bearer,”

saying,

It is only by effort, and by sincere and earnest work, that each degree is obtained. A Camp Fire Girl must earn a certain number of honors in order to obtain her degree, but it isn’t the spirit of the Camp Fire Girls to see how many pretty bright-colored beads they can gain in order to have a long chain — *theirs is the joy in earning them.*

She explained their watchword, *Wo-he-lo*, as compounded from work, health, love, and the entire company recited with her the desires of each degree. One, especially beautiful, we quote —

As fuel is brought to the fire, so I purpose to bring my strength, my ambition, my heart’s desire, my joy and my sorrow to the fire



of humankind. For I will tend as my fathers have tended since time began, the fire that is called the love of man for man, the love of man for God.

The usual number in a group or "fire" of these girls is ten, their leader is usually a young matron, and styled "Guardian." Two or more fires are styled a Council, and its name may be a composite of the names of each, in this case *Sag-my-nah*.

That it is educative in its influence goes without saying. Each meeting some girl contributes to the entertainment of the evening an original composition. The occasion referred to was the time of the "Council's" meeting, transferred from a "house of worship" to the Historical Society's home. The REGISTER gladly preserves for the future the contribution of the *girl of the evening*, whose name is appended:—

On a cold and star-lit evening,  
In the second moon of winter,  
Met the Camp Fire girls together  
Camp of Sagamore and Mystic,  
In a sacred house of worship  
In the good old town of Medford.  
Listen, while I tell the story  
Of that bright and happy evening,  
When we wore our Indian dresses  
And our many-colored headbands  
To that ceremonial meeting.  
Of our number there were present  
Nine and twenty bright-faced maidens.  
Entered, Sagamore and Mystic;  
Made the fire sign together,  
Sign of flame and curling woodsmoke  
Curling slowly, slowly upwards  
To the great mysterious Spirit;  
Then so softly all together  
Said the ode to the great Spirit,  
Sang we then the mystic fire song  
Sang it all with joyous voices.  
Afterwards, with hands uplifted  
Paid our tribute to the colors  
To the emblem of our freedom  
To the flag of our great nation.



How the rafters rang with music!  
Music of our national anthem  
And our Camp Fire cry, "*Wo-he-lo.*"  
See! before the firelight standing  
Three tall candles all unlighted  
Waiting for Nioda's coming  
Waiting for the maid She-she-bens,  
Waiting for the maid Jaswedo.  
Each one knelt before her candle  
In her hand a lighted taper,  
Touched it to the candle, saying,  
"Work and Health and Love are lighted  
With the magic word '*Wo-he-lo.*'"  
Stood outside the camp a maiden  
To become one of our number,  
Stood before the guardian saying  
Earnest words of her desire  
To become a Camp Fire maiden.  
Then, replied the guardian to her  
After all her words were spoken,  
"You are now one of our number  
Camps of Sagamore and Mystic."  
Then bestowed upon their members  
Twelve in number well-won honors  
So, unto each necklace adding,  
Precious beads of many colors,  
Six unto the Camp of Sagamore,  
Six unto the Camp of Mystic.  
Then, into the Wood-gatherers' circle  
There were gathered nine new members,  
Four from Mystic,  
Five from Sagamore.  
On each hand was placed a token  
Silver ring of seven fagots and the circles of "*Wo-he-lo.*"  
Then our closing song together  
Sang we all the "*Day is Over.*"  
And unto their homes departed  
All the loyal Camp Fire maidens.

MABEL C. LOWRY.

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### IN EARLIER DAYS

At the present time public assemblage of people in Medford can on occasion be readily accommodated in its various church edifices and halls. How was it a hun-



dred years ago—or less? We are led to this query by the following quotation from an historical address of the Rev. James T. McCullom, on the fiftieth anniversary of the formation of the second church in Medford.

On the first two Sabbaths, the meeting was held in the upper story of Mr. Francis' bake-house, the building now occupied by Mr. Lauriat as a manufactory. After this, a hall was fitted up in the Medford House, where religious services were held till the completion of the church building.

The above is sent us by an interested contributor who writes:

I never saw it anywhere else.

It was received without question and is doubtless correct. Had it not been, there were those then living and perhaps present to have challenged it.

The occasion in question was one of a sort that was *almost* new to Medford; one that required the "courage of their convictions" of the participants.

Medford was then (1823), one hundred and ninety-three years from its settlement, a town of about one thousand five hundred inhabitants. Its third meetinghouse had served the people for fifty-three years both for religious worship and secular assembly, and the forty-eight years of the settled minister, Dr. Osgood, had just closed.

Respect for him had kept the varying thought of the people well in check, and it is said he would tolerate no rival pulpit in his domain, regarding all such as interlopers. But this could not always be.

The parting of the ways was near—indeed had been reached the previous year, as we will later notice. Under the system of church and parish then operating, any dissenting views or doctrine must find other than the meeting house for promulgation.

In 1823, places of public assemblage were few, and consisted mainly of such halls as the taverns afforded, notably that earlier of Hezekiah Blanchard, and then and later, the Medford House.



To those who forsook the stately meeting-house up old High street, and turned into the lane (now Ashland street) and climbed the stairs to the second floor of Mr. Francis' bake-house that summer day, the contrast must have been great. Perhaps it was too great, as only two Sabbaths were spent there, and better quarters secured. Again this quotation tells us where. Mr. Cummings in his excellent paper only says —

A hall in the neighborhood was fitted up.

This bake-house room was later used in the gold-beating business and finally demolished in 1896. It was of brick, substantially built, and served its purpose well.

But there was another old brick house, in recent years demolished, on Ship street, called "the College," where in 1822 some people not of the old Medford church assembled. More unsuited for such purpose than the bake-house was this dwelling, and in the evening their worship was transferred to "the hall in one of the hotels." In this case we are fortunate in knowing the name of the preacher, Rev. Josiah Brackett of Charlestown, and also the texts he preached from. Beside the river on Main street (where is now the four-story building of brick) stood a two-story wooden building. In this was the "Mead's Hall," to which the Methodists, who first met in the "College," transferred their services until the building of their first house of worship on Cross street. It must have been a busy hive in the olden days. Here is the late Francis A. Wait's description of it.

The house at the river was old and low studded; set back from the sidewalk more than the others and required six steps up to the first floor, and steps from the street to the eating-room in the basement, kept by John and Peter Danforth. A Mrs. Hathaw lived in the rear; entrance from the street level. An old bachelor shoemaker named Pat Conely\* lived and worked in the south end; Wyman & Locke, butchers, in the north end.

Mr. Wait illustrated his note by a sketch of this house, showing a fourth entrance, to the end away from the

\* See REGISTER, Vol. IV., p. 72, for James Hervey's mention of Connolly.



river, probably that by which the hall on the second floor was reached, and adds

John D. Small started business in the large room.

We would here observe that Mr. Small's successors are in a building longer used for church purposes.

In 1831 the Universalists began their services in "Kendall's Hotel,"† but by the time the Baptists needed accommodations Medford had its Town Hall, that later sheltered the Methodists while their second home was in construction, and likewise Galen James' second colony the Mystic Church, and also the Roman Catholic. The early services of Grace Church were held in the Odd Fellows Hall, though the pleasant fact is recorded that the initial service was in one of the Congregational churches loaned for the service, and, in accordance with the custom of the Episcopal communion on the Christmas festival, was fitly decorated with evergreen."‡

We have thus covered the places of beginning of the various orders of religious worship of old Medford, gathered from *authentic* sources. This is suggested by the quotation which our correspondent found in print nowhere else.

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### SHIP YARD ECHOES.

In the Usher History of Medford are some "Biographical Sketches," closing with that of Captain Joshua T. Foster (p. 487). Inasmuch as twenty-one years of the captain's career are unnoticed there some items from *Shipbuilding on North River* are worth recalling.

Turner Foster, as he was commonly called in his boyhood home, having acquired his trade in Medford and there attained his majority, returned to Scituate

and built four vessels in partnership with Joseph Clapp under the firm name of Clapp & Foster. . . . [Having] reached his twenty-fifth year [he] returned to the Sprague & James yard as foreman.

† REGISTER, Vol. IV., p. 27.

‡ REGISTER, Vol. V., p. 96.



. . . Before [leaving] Scituate the first time he used to help his father in the store, and often carried the "black-strap" (rum sweetened with molasses) down to the yards, but during the seventy-eight years of his life [1889], has never used tobacco or tasted spirit, save as a medicine. He used to play the clarinet and with Uncle Sam Rogers, went to singing school in Pembroke. At that time Mr. Rogers was courting a Miss Standish, and Mr. Foster was obliged to wait for him to go to her home and do his courting, as Mr. Rogers had the team and it was a long walk . . . An epitaph current with the [Scituate shipyard] reads as follows.

"Under this greensward pat,  
Lies the hulk of old . . . . .  
Shepherds rejoice and do not weep,  
For he is dead who stole your sheep."

The deceased was noted for putting other men's sheep in his own flock and marking them with his private mark.

We have no proof of the identity of the writer but the lines are not inconsistent with Mr. Foster's jovial disposition.

From the same source we find what Mr. Usher failed to mention, that while serving Medford in 1884 Captain Foster was the oldest man in the Legislature—the "Dean of the House."

#### FROM SHIP-YARD TO PULPIT.

While viewing the ship now building beside the Mystic below Wellington bridge, we have recalled the distant views of those building in our boyhood days, as we saw them from the Lowell railroad, and have wished in vain that some one had written more fully of the vanished industry of Medford. But here is an incident of eighty years ago, gathered from the same source as the preceding and from the pen of Rev. W. P. Tilden.

When about twenty-three, I married a noble woman I had known and loved from childhood, and we moved to Medford, whose Ship street, now desolate, was alive with ship-building. It was not long after this when working with my dear ship-carpenter, classmate and orthodox friend, Rev. W. T. Briggs, we discussed, almost fiercely, the high themes of fore-knowledge, free-will and fate, and I hammered away on the hard side of Calvinism. One day when I was about twenty-five, while at work in the ship-yard



at Medford I saw my portly pastor coming, looking through his glasses, first one side and then the other, as was his wont going up the broad aisle. I dropped my axe to welcome him, and soon found he had a gospel of hope for me. He had taken counsel, and came to tell me he thought I might—yes, *I might*—enter the ministry.

That spot of ground is still sacred. I have been to it as to the Mecca of my first hope. All signs of the old ship-yard, to a stranger's eye, were gone; but I knew the old landmarks, and found the spot where I dropped the broad axe to hear the glad tidings that opened to me a new life. I was glad to stand there and feel something of that hour come back to me through the vista of half a century.

The "portly pastor" was Rev. Caleb Stetson, the Unitarian minister of Medford, and the young workman probably attended his ministrations in the old third meeting-house. If old Ship street was alive then, it was more so ten years later, when another clergyman of Medford made his observations and compiled his wonderful list of Medford ships. No wonder that Mr. Tilden thought it "desolate" at his return as he contrasted it with the times when two hundred and fifty men were there employed.

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#### A CORRECTION.

In Vol. XXII, p. 19, and twelfth line, is an error we wish to correct. Instead of *John*, read *George Gill*. We regret the necessity of thus writing, but hasten to do so in the interest of accuracy.

The REGISTER aims to be a reliable chronicle of matters of Medford interest, one that can be safely quoted.

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#### ANNOUNCEMENT.

It is with pleasure that we announce that the Society's files of the various papers published in Medford since 1896 are now available for consultation at our rooms. Also, that by the courtesy of the *Mercury* its prior file from its first publication, though not wholly complete, may be found in our library.

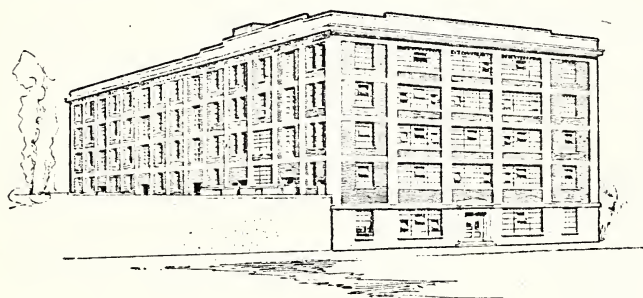




CHEMICAL WORKS AND SUPERIN-  
TENDENT'S HOUSE,  
TOW-PATH AND CANAL BED,  
LOOKING EAST, IN 1890.



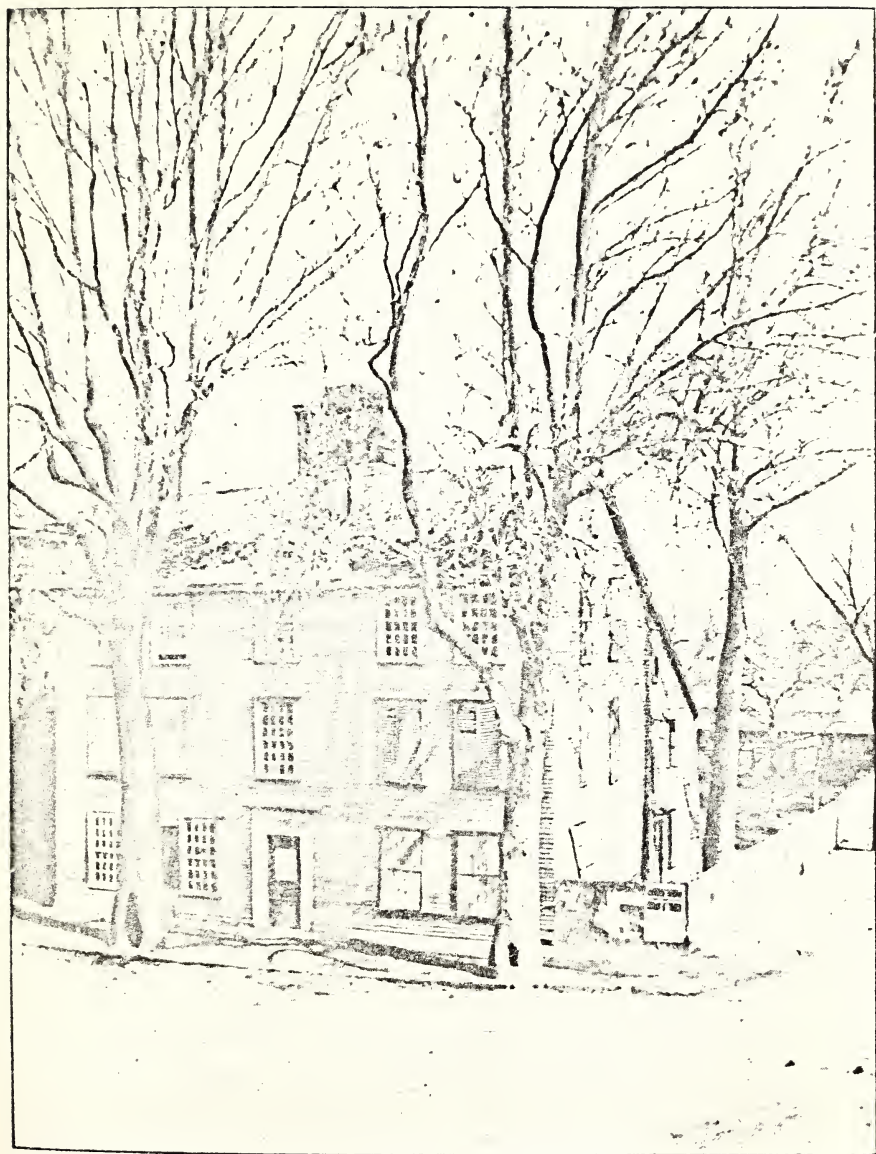
OLD TOW-PATH, LOOKING WEST  
TOWARD BOSTON AVENUE,  
1890.



NEW STOREHOUSE OF AMERICAN WOOLEN CO., LOOKING SOUTH.







HOUSE OF DR. SIMON TUFTS, LATER OF TURELL TUFTS, ESQ.  
(Corner High and Forest Streets.) Built about 1709 and razed 1867.



# The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XXII.

DECEMBER, 1919.

No. 4.

## MEDFORD A CENTURY AGO—1819.

WE are led to this retrospect by reading the names of Medford men who in 1819 formed a "long-name society." This was the "Medford Association for Discountenancing Intemperance and Its Kindred Vices." There were ninety-six of them, twenty-eight being marked as "officers,"—and the list is a notable one, being headed by the Governor of the Commonwealth, John Brooks, and the minister of the town, David Osgood, D.D. This list is worthy of preservation, and was furnished by the late Francis A. Wait, who says in a later communication:

A few years ago I saw a pamphlet gotten up about 1835, and signed by men in Medford who were alarmed at the increase of drunkenness in the town.

Certainly, Medford was *wet* (to borrow the modern term) a century ago, but probably not more so than other towns not engaged in the business of distillation. Now, that after a century of agitation and effort, not only Medford but the entire country by national legislation and state ratification is *dry*, it is of interest to know something of the Medford of 1819 and its conditions—physical, educational, social and otherwise. The published histories give but little specific information, while the Tufts map required by the Legislature of 1784, probably correct in scale, and, filling requirements, is a model of pathetic brevity. More elaborate, but incorrect in some ways is the Hales' map, made about 1820,\* and showing the few roads and something of topography. By the former we find location of the meeting-house and mills,

\*See REGISTER, Vol. I, p. 133.



but little information relative to housing or business. No newspaper here then, and the bi-weeklies of Boston had but rare allusion to Medford matters.

One hundred and eighty-nine years had rolled away since the first settlement of the town, and yet Medford in 1819, separated from the metropolis of New England by but one town, and but five miles distant, had less than 1,500 inhabitants. It had been hard hit by the Revolution, but in the first decade of the nineteenth century, with the establishment of ship-building, there was an increase of 316 in the population, but in the second decade but 34. If the increase of population was small in those latter years, the reverse was true of the new industry, for while 16 vessels were built in the first decade, 60 were built in the second, though there were but three in 1819. In that year James Monroe was president of the United States and Gen. John Brooks of Medford governor of Massachusetts, having been elected for the fourth time, receiving 215 of his townsmen's votes, out of a total of 240 cast.

The outline of Medford's territory was larger then than now; its social, educational and civic center was the meeting-house, its business center the "market-place" where the "country road" from Boston divided north to Woburn and east to Malden and Salem, and were the principal public roads (not given names as yet), though two turnpike roads had been opened fourteen years before and a canal a few years earlier.

Does anyone wish to know what the old town looked like in 1819? Let them look carefully at the few old-time dwellings still remaining, the ancient graveyard and distil-house, the pictures of the third meeting-house, brick schoolhouses and the old Tufts residence, substitute a country road for those of today, eliminate all motive power but horses and oxen, and light other than sunlight and candles, and turn to an authentic source of information—the old town record book. Squire Abner Bartlett had been for some time town clerk. His pen-



manship was stiff and bristling, and unlike the proverbial character of lawyers' writing, is legible. The paper is rough and strong and the ink unfading. The book itself has been in recent years re-bound. The obliging city clerk will be at some inconvenience to produce it for your inspection and will jealously safeguard it, as in duty bound he should.

Medford's town officers were three selectmen, three assessors, two constables, three fish committee, three overseers of the poor, three highway surveyors, three tythingmen, three auditors, three fence viewers, six fire-wards, eight surveyors of lumber, eight measurers of wood, and ten field-drivers, which with the town clerk, treasurer and clerk of the market, totals sixty-one men to administer the affairs of a little town of about twenty square miles of territory and 1400 inhabitants. Probably there was duplication enough to reduce the number to fifty. It may be noticed there was no school board especially named.

The annual town meeting was held in March, hence usually styled the "March meeting," and adjourned from time to time as the amount of public business required. At that of 1819, Hon. Timothy Bigelow, who had the experience and distinction of eleven terms as speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, was moderator. Dr. Luther Stearns, Thatcher Magoun and Nathan Adams, three of Medford's prominent citizens, were chosen selectmen, Joseph Manning, treasurer, and Reuben Richards, clerk of the market. These names are evidence that it was a notable and efficient board, as also those that follow in the long list of other officers shown. It is recorded that ere adjournment to April 1, the town clerk was directed to "put the law in force against persons chosen who do not qualify." Then follow several pages of certificates of qualification. At the April meeting the town fixed the assessors' pay at \$2.00 per day, and \$1.50 to the constable for warning town meeting. The town clerk was allowed \$30 for his



services for the year and the overseers of the poor the same amount. A man on the highway was paid \$1.25 per day. A man with a team consisting of a cart and a good yoke of oxen had \$2.50 per day, and a day's work was to be ten hours.

The town meeting was held in the town's third meeting-house (which was the last to be warmed only by the heat of debate or the parson's sermons), and entered in its record is the vote to allow Dr. Osgood, the minister, \$200 to purchase his wood for the ensuing year.

The eighth article of the warrant was about painting the meeting-house, and this was referred to a committee of six for consideration. Four days later the town met again, and then a committee reported something that sheds much educational light on the Medford of 1819:

The town contains 203 families or householders. . . . The law requires two masters. . . . There are 159 boys over seven years, and 158 girls . . . and 117 of both sexes over four and under seven that require to be taught in summer by women.

There were two private schools or academies in town (those of Dr. Stearns and Miss Hannah Swan), but some of their students came from other towns. This record says "that two schools for those younger children must be established, one at Brooks' corner [High and Woburn streets] and the other on 'Mill Lane, so-called' [Riverside avenue.]"

The above figures are interesting as showing the average Medford family of a century ago as being of five children, and probably as many over seventeen as under four. But the needed schoolhouse at "Brooks' corner" remained a need for twenty years more. The meeting of 1819 required four gatherings. At the last (May 5) Jonathan Porter was chosen town clerk. His handwriting is clear and graceful and inclined a little to embellishment. The committee reported that it was expedient to paint the meeting-house, and the town referred the matter to them for execution.

One more item of that record is especially interesting,



*i.e.*, on annual budget, the town voted to raise for current expenses for 1819, the sum of \$4,500, basing its action on the expenditure of the preceding year of \$4,408.77. Of this latter amount \$1,284.86 (almost one-third of the entire amount) was expended "for the poor in and out of the poor-house."

While it is still true that "the poor always ye have with you," and it was to Medford's credit that they have been cared for, yet the above proportion seems unnaturally excessive, and in looking for the cause, thinking men were "alarmed" and formed that society with the long name a century ago.

Thus far we have quoted from the town meeting records, now turn to those of the selectmen written by the clerk in another volume. At their first meeting in 1819, on January 22, we find:

Voted, That the following names be posted up in the houses and shops of all Taverns, Innholders and Retailers within said town as a list of the names of persons reputed common drunkards, common tipplers, spending their time and estate in such houses, to wit: [Here follow seven names which in courtesy we omit.]

The selectmen were required thus to do.

As the annual town meeting was in March, the fiscal year ended on February 15, but a century ago the reports were not printed for distribution. In our search for information we had overlooked the fact that Mr. Brooks in his history had presented the disbursements of 1818 as in contrast with those of 1855, the year of the history's publication. We reproduce the same for comparison with that in the town record from which we have quoted:

From Brooks' History, p. 119:

Minister's salary and	
grant of wood	500.00
Poor	1,225.46
Paid Charlestown for	
Paupers	241.00
Roads	507.63
Schools	740.00

Records of Town:

For the minister	533.33
Poor in and out of poor-	
house	1,227.88
House rent for the poor	24.00
Sunday School mis-	
tresses for poor	32.08
Roads and highway bills	488.87



Abatement of Taxes	258.47	Schools	750.00
Town Officers	150.00	Abated taxes	54.94
Collecting Taxes	270.00	Town clerk	30.00
Expenses opposing new road	150.00	Assessors	214.00
Interest on town debt	141.00	Collector's fee	234.52
For injury of horse on drawbridge	50.00	Expenses new road to Woburn	215.50
Sexton 25.00		Interest on town debt	141.00
Miscellaneous expenses 94.56	119.56	Great bridge	256.17
		Miscellaneous Expenses	29.37
		Allowed S. Butters	10.00
		Cleaning and repair town clock	16.00
		Hose of engine and town pump	8.00
		Trees in burying ground	13.24
		Land damage to widen road	38.97
		Grant made the singers	100.00
	<u>4,353.12</u>		<u>4,418.77</u>

According to Mr. Brooks, the item of support of poor is even larger than that we quote from the town record. But there was still another outlay of which no mention is made. The town had, forty years before from Thomas Seccomb, a gift, the interest of which in perpetuity is applied to the relief of the poor. The selectmen's records of 1819 show the sum of \$42.00, in sums of one and two dollars, distributed among twenty-three persons, and also a contribution of \$96.00 more, in sums of three to five dollars for the same purpose.

James T. Floyd was the sexton, and the selectmen allowed his bill for setting glass and painting bell frame, in all \$29.00; but we fancy the sexton's bill was larger the following year, for in the winter of 1819-20 came an innovation in the old meeting-house. On October 29 the selectmen approved Moses Merrill's bill for cast-iron stoves and funnel, \$20.00. Just think of it, all you who have furnace repairs to make just a century later—a heating plant for \$20.00! But how about \$200 for Parson Osgood's supply of wood for the same year, deducted from the \$500 salary? Even with the high price



of coal in 1919, the average householder today would deem it a hardship to pay \$200 for a year's fuel, to say nothing of spending two-fifths of his income for warmth.

Seth Mayo was one of the tavern-keepers and the town paid him \$3.00 for the use of a room for the selectmen.

Jonathan Brooks was paid \$2.00 for perambulating the town line beside Stoneham. It was a woodland walk, and is today, but it costs more.

Luther Stearns and Jonathan Brooks had the disposal of fishing rights in the river for shad and alewives between Medford and Charlestown. (This was from second beach to Wear bridge.)

James Ford surveyed eleven tons and fourteen feet of pine timber at ninepence per ton, and \$1.40 paid his fee. Probably this was for the "great bridge."

Timothy Bigelow seems to have been the town's banker, as the selectmen directed the payment of \$99.00 interest on \$1,650, loaned by him to the town.

As the educational matters were administered by the selectmen we find:

To Eliza Wait teacher 26 wks 4.00 including board	104.00
Wm. Bradbury boarding Miss Eliza Gray schoolmistress	
May 3 to Oct. 3. 26 wks	52.00
Eliza Gray teaching at the schoolhouse 26 wks	52.00
Rhoda Turner, use and improvement of room for a schoolroom 6 mos.	25.00
To Jeduthun Richardson the 3 following accts.	
For the services of his daughters Sally & Harriet keeping school May 1 to Oct. 30 25 wks 3½ d. a 2.00 per wk	51.40
use of room for school	20.00
for boarding teachers 25 wks 5½ d.	51.57
	<hr/> 122.97

By the above it appears that the town paid the teachers' board for the Sundays before and after the summer term, and it was all in the family at "Brooks' corner,"—and the old house, having taken a new lease of life, is still in evidence.



Rhoda Turner's was probably at "Mill lane, so called," and all of the above tallies with the action of the town.

Here is a breeze from the shipyards:

Voted to allow Abner Bartlett's account for money paid for chips and wood for school.

Great stuff for kindling and stove wood were the chips and blocks from the shipyards, better than the "bag-wood" of today.

In the days when the sea was old  
And the builders lithe and young,  
From timber that gleamed like gold  
This carpet of chips was flung.

Feb 1, Voted, to allow Rebecca Blanchard's account for schooling a child of Rufus P [——] 24 weeks to Oct 31 last year \$3.00 She was one of the "schoolmistresses for poor children." At the same meeting "13 in all" men were approved as "enginemen," and it was

Voted to allow Daniel Symms five dollars in full of his account for 46 ladder dogs. . . .

Daniel Wait \$25.17 for ladders and painting cases.

This was in the days of the "Grasshopper," and the fire department wasn't motorized.

And who shall say that Medford did not encourage the fine arts? We think it did, for on February 11:

Voted to draw on the treasury for one hundred dollars payable to Nathan Adams Jr. Treasurer of Medford Harmonic Social Singing Society, agreeable to vote of the town in [blank] last, and request of said Society.

But who shall say the money was ill spent, even though Squire Bartlett forgot to fill in the blank space with the date of the town's action? This other long-name society was probably the choir that sang in the old meeting-house. No pipe-organ in Medford then. We quote Mr. Brooks, p. 492, under date of 1810:

Medford had a large choir of volunteer singers under the faithful Ephraim Bailey. On Sunday, once, the pitch-pipe set the pitch so high that the whole choir broke down. Still Bailey tried on the second verse and again broke down. General Brooks



could not endure it any longer; and he rose in his pew, beckoned to Bailey, and said, "Haden't you better take another pitch?" Bailey replied "No sir; I guess we can get through it."

This Ephraim Bailey must have been possessed of a strong voice, as he was qualified and "approved to sell goods at public vendue and outcry," *i.e.*, an auctioneer. He was constable and warned town-meeting, was also collector of taxes—not elected or appointed, but purchasing the position by bidding the lowest percentage.

Samuel Wiatt was in 1819 on "Apr 1 recommended as a suitable person to keep tavern in the house lately occupied by Seth Mayo," and on "Apr 3 Isaac Blanchard in house lately occupied by his father [Hezekiah Jr] deceased."

Medford had in 1821 (See REGISTER, Vol. XIX, p. 80) 152½ houses (probably in 1819 less than 150) and four distilleries. How many of these houses remain today we cannot say with certainty, though we are sure of twenty westward from Medford square. Two of the distilleries remain intact but devoted to other uses. All four, with by far the larger proportion of the dwellings, were east and south of the old market-place. Within our own recollection there has been an occasional demolition, though mainly there has by careful repair been a survival of the fittest.

We have presented an abstract covering features of the town administration of 1819. We may read between the lines and contrast the Medford of that day and its conditions with those of 1919. One thing will stand out noticeably, the disproportionate burden that Medford was bearing then in the support of its poor—and we may well ask the cause. That ill conditions existed, and that they were evident to the thinking men of that day is seen in the formation of this society with a long name. It is by no means likely that many of those ninety-six were total abstainers, perhaps none, but they took a step in the right direction. Many were sensible of the gravity of the situation after fifteen years had



elapsed. One feature of that later period was a stock company to conduct a hotel on temperance principles, but which was not a financial success. But even such a venture was not proposed in 1819.

Just how successful this "Association" was in discountenancing intemperance we may not say, but one thing is certain, that the continued efforts of the Washingtonian and succeeding organizations, the agitations of pulpit and platform, the pledging of youth to total abstinence, the widespread efforts of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and public instruction helped create public sentiment which resulted in national prohibition.

In 1819 Medford began to rouse from its slumber and standstill. It then had but four public buildings: the meeting-house, schoolhouse, poor-house and powder-house, the latter two being the best and nearly new. The last still remains, though but little known. It now owns no *meeting-house*, as church and state are separated, but it needs one, seriously, for civic use. It is of interest that in 1819 Patrick Roach asked for the use of the schoolhouse for religious worship but was unsuccessful. Did this presage the parting of the ways which came four years later? We have never heard mention of this, but it is on the record.

With that parting began a new era in the religious, educational and social status of Medford. The new road to Woburn the town had opposed was built and others followed. A town hall became a necessity, and new schoolhouses, but the new houses of worship were not as before a municipal expense, being built by the respective church societies worshipping therein.

In the thirty-five years following 1819 to the writing of the history of Medford in '55, population had increased 200 per cent. and annual outlay seven-fold, and a town debt in larger proportions. But the item of the relief of the poor had fallen to about one-seventh, and who can say but that the service and relief was as efficient?

There is much of interest in the study of the old sta-



tistics. It is not our intention here to compare them with those of 1919, but it is pertinent to inquire whither we are tending.

### MEDFORD ASSOCIATION, 1819

For discountenancing Intemperance and its kindred Vices

John Brooks	Caleb Brooks	Thomas Cox Jun
David Osgood	Patrick Roach	Asa Sprague
Ebenezer Hall*	George Cook	A Bartlett*
Watts Turner	John Symmes Jun	John Howe*
John Symmes*	Martin Burrage	Jeduthun Richardson*
John Bishop	Gershom Cutter*	
Nathaniel Hall*	Ephriam Hall	Jonathan Porter*
Jonathan Brooks*	Gilbert Brooks	Joseph Lamson
Luther Stearns*	Galen James*	Cornelius Tufts
Nathan Wait*	Thomas Calif	Henry Withington
James Darby	Benjamin Pratt Jun	Nathan Adams*
William Ward*	Nathan Bryant	Joseph Manning
Benjamin Tufts*	Benjamin Noyes	J Swan*
Richard Hall	James T Floyd Jr	Daniel Symmes
Levi Cutler	Seth Branford	Benjamin Hill
William Rodgers*	Phillips Rogers	Stilman Clark
Samuel Kidder	Stephen Sprague	Moses Merrill
Nehemiah Wait	Andrew Perkins	Henry Reed
Charles L. Hall	Charles Johnson	Noah Johnson*
Joseph Wyman Jr*	Jonas Manning	Seth Mayo
Thomas Floyd	Arron Blanchard	Nathaniel Jaquith
Amhurst Joselyn	Isaac Sprague*	Timothy Bigelow
Joseph Gardner	John Blanchard	D Hall*
James W. Brooks	Francis Kidder	Andrew Bigelow
Thatcher Magoun*	Andrew Blanchard*	Jonathan Harrington
Ebenezer Hall Jr*	Nathaniel Bishop	Edward Bradbury
George Fuller*	John P Clisby*	David Buckman 2nd
Darius Wait*	D Swan	Marshall Symmes
James T Floyd	Anthony Hatch	Nathan Adams Jun*
Elias Tufts	Benjamin Floyd Jun	Isaac Floyd
Timothy Brigden	Loveman Buel	John T White
Timothy Rich	Abijah Kendall	Theophilus Boyd
Benjamin Floyd	Gilbert Blanchard 2d	Jonathan Warner

\*Those with this mark are officers for the present year



### THE MEDFORD "SYREN."

Among the interesting reminders of busy times in Medford is the rigged model of the clipper ship *Syren* (the 449th in the list and the first of those built in the year 1851, and in the yard of Sprague and James) which may be seen at the Historical Building.

Within two years there has come to the Society a photograph of the *Syren* lying at a wharf; also from Mr. Shepherd Brooks a photograph of the *Ellen Brooks*, 480 tons, built by George Fuller for R. D. Shepherd in 1834, the 197th in the list of Medford-built ships. These are especially interesting. The *Syren* is given as 1,050 tons in the list in Brooks' history.

In 1851 Frederic Gleason of Boston began the weekly publication of *Gleason's Pictorial*, probably the first of its kind. Its illustrations were wood cuts, as it was long before the modern half-tone process. An examination of its pages is well worth making, and therein we find one of the *Syren* and reproduce here the text. Vol 1, p. 149, (July 5, 1851):

### THE CLIPPER SHIP "SYREN."

Our artist has sketched for us here a fine maritime scene, representing the clipper ship *Syren* as she passes Boston (lower) Light. The *Syren* is owned by Silsbee, Pitman & Silsbee, of Salem, is commanded by Capt. George Silsbee, and intended for the California and East India trade. Her dimensions are as follows: length 180 feet, beam 36 ft depth of hold 22 feet; and altogether her model is of the most perfect and beautiful character in outline, and she can hardly escape being one of the finest bottoms afloat. The *Syren* was built by Mr. Taylor, at Medford, in the most thorough and substantial manner, and possesses all the modern marine improvements. Our artist has sketched her with everything set that can draw, and right merrily she is bowling over the waters of the outer channel, a perfect picture of nautical neatness and beauty.

As a matter of current history we note that at the present time there is being built on the bank of the Mystic in Somerville (next Wellington bridge) a vessel of about the same size as the *Syren*, perhaps a little larger. Medford men are interested in her construction,



and the spot is somewhere near where Governor Winthrop built the *Blessing of the Bay*. She is to be schooner rigged, with four masts, and is now approaching completion. We hope to see her launching, the first on the Mystic since 1873.

---

### A ROMANCE OF OLD MEDFORD.

By permission the REGISTER presents a romantic story recently published by the Danvers Historical Society, first quoting from Cutter's History of Arlington, p. 72

From a list of funerals in Medford is the following: "1775 Apr 21, Mr Henry Putnam slain at Menotomy by the enemy on their retreat from Concord on the 19th inst. He was about 70 years."

Miss Wild in "Medford in the Revolution," styles him "a veteran of Louisburg, . . . though because of age exempt," and quotes, "he showed his Putnam spunk and went with the rest."

### HENRY PUTNAM'S RIDE.

When Mr. Henry Putnam was about twenty-two years of age he went from Medford, Mass., into the state of Connecticut, about one hundred miles, at that day a very long journey. Night coming on, he stopped at a farm house of inviting appearance, in the town of Bolton, and asked for entertainment for himself and horse, as he travelled on horseback. This request was cordially received, and the hospitalities of the house were freely given him.

In the family circle was Miss Hannah Boardman, the oldest daughter of his host. Mr. Putnam became interested at once in the young lady, of whom he dreamed much during the night. In the morning he told the story of his love, and in return Miss Hannah gave her consent to become his wife. Acting on the principle that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," and the fact that a long ride was between him and his home, he decided to live only in the company of his lady-love. So he arranged to make her father's house his home until the slow laws of Connecticut would allow the twain to become one; but in due time they were married.

The next morning after the wedding, Mrs. Putnam was presented by her father and friends with a horse, a lady's saddle and other travelling equipment; also two cows and twelve sheep.

Now came the tug of love — separation from home and all its endearments — fond caresses and hearty farewells were exchanged,



and the youthful bride of sixteen, with the husband, each mounted on the saddle, took up the march for her new home in the old Bay State, driving the cows and sheep before them.

The above was (as we understand) reprinted in 1877 from information given by the lady herself when about ninety years of age. "Henry Putnam was the youngest son of Deacon Eleazer Putnam [of Danvers] and sold what was his father's homestead about 1745 to Phinehas Putnam, the great grandfather of the present occupant."

A query arises — was the "new home in the old Bay State" to which the bridal party came with cows and sheep in Medford or Danvers? The Louisburg expedition was in the spring of 1745. Was the veteran of Louisburg from Danvers or Medford?

We are inclined to answer to both queries, Danvers: as he owned property there and was one of the tellers at Danvers March meeting in 1752. He was taxed in Charlestown 1756-65, and taught school "without the neck," where he was styled "gentleman" and "from Danvers." He was in 1763 administrator of the estate of his son John, "late of Charlestown," and was then called "gentleman" and "of Charlestown."

It has been suggested that he joined in Medford, the Danvers minute men who marched from Danvers to Cambridge (*i.e.* Menotomy or West Cambridge) 16 miles in 4 hours, taking stand in a walled enclosure with a breastwork of shingles, waiting the retreating British.

Genl. Israel Putnam was in the same generation, their fathers being cousins.

This latter gathered from *Putnam Ancestry* (1919).

---

### THEN AND NOW.

Seventeen years ago coal was selling for nineteen dollars per ton in Medford — the winter of the "coal famine" — until by the action of President Roosevelt there was a temporary get-together of conflicting parties, coal-barons and mine workers. At that time, two Medford writers gave expression to their thoughts. The first (to us unknown) as follows:



Some days I built a fire of coke and in the kitchen sat :  
It rose to twenty cents a bag and mighty scarce at that ;  
Then wood I gleaned from everywhere, I borrowed, bought and  
stole —

A rummage sale's not in it with a winter without coal.  
The furniture, the fence, the trees, and all that I most prize  
I burned, and as a last resort, I took to exercise.

Oh, Morgan, and oh, Mitchell, we prayed you, "still the storm,  
Allow our honest people their hearts and hearths to warm,"  
A fairer and a stronger man than you our danger recognized,  
And when he spoke you listened and your power exercised.  
And now the burden of our song shall ever gladly be,  
"The land of Teddy Roosevelt is good enough for me."

Doubtless there are many housewives in Medford  
today that can join with the other "mistress of the manse"  
in the following :

Poor Father Noah in pensive mood  
Is gazing o'er the sea,  
For weighty problems fill his brain  
Of nations yet to be.  
His little ark is high and dry  
Upon Mount Ararat.  
And would that we from turmoil free  
Beside old Noah sat,  
No thoughts to turn  
On coal to burn.

Does it not seem now as though little progress had  
been made in seventeen years, that it is still possible for  
like conditions to exist? Thoughtful people, from Med-  
ford, Mass., to Medford, Oregon, will do well to look  
into this matter, find and apply a remedy, and make the  
land of Lincoln and Roosevelt good enough—and  
better.



### THE SOCIETY'S BUILDING ENTERPRISE.

Mention was made of this in our issue of July, 1916, under title of "A Forward Movement," and in others note made of progress. It is thought best to give in this, the following statement, thus of permanent record:

January, 1915, found our society (even after extra effort made), with a deficit of about \$116 in current and publication expenses. Our old home was still in serious need of repair, though much had recently been expended. As no other plan seemed feasible, the society had by vote decided to sell the same. The new administration found itself confronted with new and serious conditions immediately after the closing meeting of the season by its sale and our consequent removal. It had occupied the Lydia Maria Child house almost from its start, first as tenant, and later becoming proprietor, having paid therefor \$1,000, and mortgaging for \$3,000 at a low rate of interest. This mortgage the purchaser assumed and later paid, the society receiving \$1,500 for its equity in the property.

As the above thousand dollars was *donated to the society for that specific purpose*, an equal amount was deposited on interest for a similar use, leaving \$500, from which resultant expenses of sale and new expenses of administration had to be met. As the *new* item of rent was itself in excess of the society's income, it was evident that matters could not long thus continue. Various plans of relief were proposed, none of which on examination proved advisable, until in June, 1916, the directors recommended the society to acquire a permanent home by the purchase of land and erection of a building. This was adopted by the society by vote, and the matter referred to the directors for execution, with but one restriction, *viz.*, that no work be begun until \$1,000 had been pledged. This was strictly observed; but in the meantime circumstances had arisen that required a change of location and of plan. This entailed added expense and loss of several weeks of time most favorable for construction work.



The directors assumed responsibility and the society by vote approved their action. The building committee of five was soon reduced to three by the serious and continued illness of two of its number. It had already chosen one of its number (who had prepared the plans) superintendent of construction, who erected the building at absolute cost for the society, though in the stress of increasing difficulty, it is not yet wholly complete. It was deemed advisable to move into it at the earliest possible time, and in January this was done. Like some other tenants who find it "cheaper to move than pay rent," we had then a three months' unpaid bill which our landlord kindly waited for until we were enabled by our new year's dues to pay the same. At this time most of the pledges made to the building fund had been paid in and expended upon the work, and with the little in sight, for a time little was done other than by the superintendent. In the price of materials (when purchased) he found at first a little advance over estimates given a few weeks before, but nothing like that which has come later. As time elapsed, the turmoil of war in Europe involved America, and the raising of funds for our needs could make no headway amid the drives for Liberty Loans, Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., and our local charities. Our incurred bills were made no larger. *Some* were reduced a little, as *occasional* contributions were made, while our patient creditors waited our action.

In December, 1918, an effort was made to secure \$2,000 to complete the building and pay all outstanding bills. About one-half of the amount was pledged and partially paid in by April 1, 1919, when matters became complicated by a possible suit at law by one of the smaller creditors. Up to that (and present) time the entire cost (to the society) of the building and land is \$4,975\*, and the entire remaining indebtedness to ten creditors, \$1,682.12. To *nine* of these was owing the aggregate sum of \$604.51, in sums of from \$10 to \$158; all *balances of accounts*. As part of the money

\* Approximately.



had been received without conditions, it was the wish of the other creditor (whose account was *not a balance but his entire bill*) that the minor bills be paid, and the effort to raise the other thousand continued. At this juncture came an *insistent* demand for *immediate* settlement of *one* creditor's claim. Upon this, one of the directors immediately volunteered to take the matter of settlement in hand. His action resulted in a contribution to the fund by each *creditor*, of a sum equalling 45% of his claim, whereupon every claim was settled in full, as shown by the treasurer's vouchers.

By the foregoing it will be seen that the new home of the society on Governors avenue stands today with no encumbrance of debt, through the *kind forbearance of creditors for two years and their generous assistance at last*. This was preceded by the *conservation of earlier gifts*, and the generous aid of comparatively *few*, and those mainly of our membership. We could wish the *final* result *otherwise attained*, as we began the enterprise in good faith, and with perhaps an over-confidence in the *public spirit* of Medford. Our final pledges were expected to pay *all* bills. Had the society been subjected to a suit at law by *one* creditor, *all others* must have suffered. As a matter of fact, *all* readily acceded to that director's suggestion, and to them our thanks are due, and to all others who have aided in our work for the interests of Medford. It has been done without the instrumentality of a so-called "construction" which means *de*-struction loan. Every penny of every contribution thereto is accounted for, and obtained value. To those skeptical ones who "must be shown," those who *perhaps* really think we "had no need" of a home, and that "it was all the creation of one mind"—to such especially it should be evident that under the conditions that came and now are, the following statement is pertinent. Had the enterprise *not* been launched when it was, the society would today truly be, as one said of it at the sale of the old home,—*homeless and friendless*.



### THE REGISTER'S TWENTY-SECOND VOLUME.

With the present issue the REGISTER closes its twenty-second volume. It bears date of December, but owing to adverse conditions, will not reach its readers till the new year has dawned. Published by the Historical Society as a part of its work, it has in twenty-two years preserved for reference and public information nearly all the papers prepared for and read at the meetings. In recent years there have been fewer of local interest thus presented, but the REGISTER has gathered otherwise much that will be valuable to the future historian of Medford. Prior to 1855, the time of Mr. Brooks' writing, there had been comparatively few town histories written. It was then a source of regret that the work was not earlier begun.

These twenty-two volumes contain 2,344 pages, exclusive of title pages, index and illustrations. Their publication has been a labor of love on the part of writers and editors, and an expense to the society which has but a limited income, and which is itself none too well appreciated by the city at large. Several times the question of discontinuance has been raised; yet the REGISTER has continued to appear, though sometimes belated. On one occasion an annual deficit was prevented by the timely gift of one hundred dollars, by a grandson of a former Medford clergyman.

The town in 1855 from its treasury assisted Mr. Brooks in his publication, and in 1886, Mr. Usher more largely in his. For *his* careful work in 1905, Mr. Hooper received *no remuneration whatever*, nor has the Historical Society ever (contrary to current impression) received any financial aid in its work from the city of Medford, in either its publication or its building enterprise.

The present editor has served nearly eleven years, and must of necessity be relieved ere long. For several years he has performed the duties of publication committee, starting with a deficit of over one hundred dollars, but trusting to close the present year with a prac-



tically clean balance sheet. There has been much *said* of "civic pride" and "public spirit," which are desirable in many ways, but in the REGISTER's experience its best appreciation comes from abroad rather than from the community it has tried to serve.

The Society is reluctant to cease its issue, but it *must have a better support*.

## THE SOCIETY'S MEETINGS.

### SEASON OF 1918-1919.

OCTOBER 2, 1918, at the opening meeting of the season, some twenty-five persons were present to hear Representative Fred Burrell, who spoke upon the Constitutional Convention and the Amendments.

NOVEMBER 21 was the largest attended gathering, when Mrs. A. T. Hatch, of West Medford, told of her work and experience overseas in France.

DECEMBER 16th meeting was styled a Council Fire, and was a retrospect by members of the incidents and doings of the Society during the past two years, and some plans were formulated to be worked out. Light refreshments were served.

JANUARY 21, 1919. The annual meeting was given to the reports and election of officers. The former board was reelected, with this exception: the curator and librarian, Miss Lincoln, was transferred to the vice-presidency, and Vice-President Remele was chosen to take charge of our library and collection.

FEBRUARY 17. Rev. G. Bennett Van Buskirk of Trinity Church gave a timely and interesting talk on "Three Eminent Americans—Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt." Light refreshments were served by the Hospitality Committee.

MARCH 17 proved a cold and disagreeable day, affecting the attendance in some measure. The President read a paper of local interest, "The Story of an Ancient Cow Pasture," which was supplemented by reminiscences by members.

APRIL 23. Sag-my-nah Council, Camp Fire Girls, of West Medford, transferred their meeting to our assembly hall, an enjoyable occasion, and fully noted in the REGISTER.

MAY 19. President Charles Edward Mann, of Malden Historical Society, presented an interesting story of "A Scrap of Paper," in which a number of Medford and Malden men—long dead and gone—figured not a little.

## TERCENTENARY YEARS.

### PLYMOUTH, 1920

"At Cap-Codd

In ye name of God, Amen. . . .  
For ye glorie of God and advancemente of ye Christian faith, and honour of our King and countrie . . . we combine our selves together into a civill body politick" . . .

### MEDFORD, 1930

#### A FOREWORD

"Medford will fittingly observe that 300th birthday.

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THE  
MEDFORD HISTORICAL  
REGISTER

VOL. XXIII, 1920



PUBLISHED BY THE  
MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
MEDFORD, MASS.



MEDFORD

J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER



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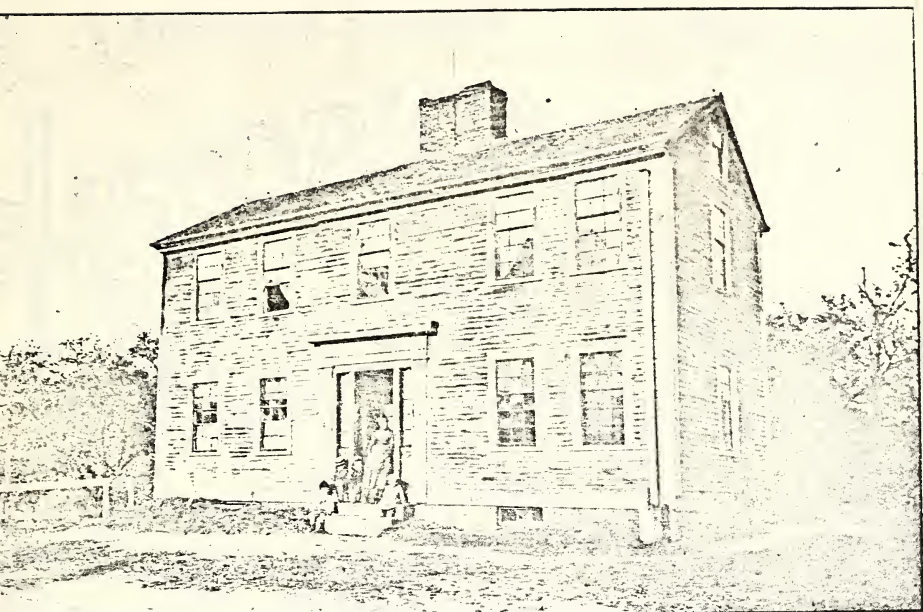


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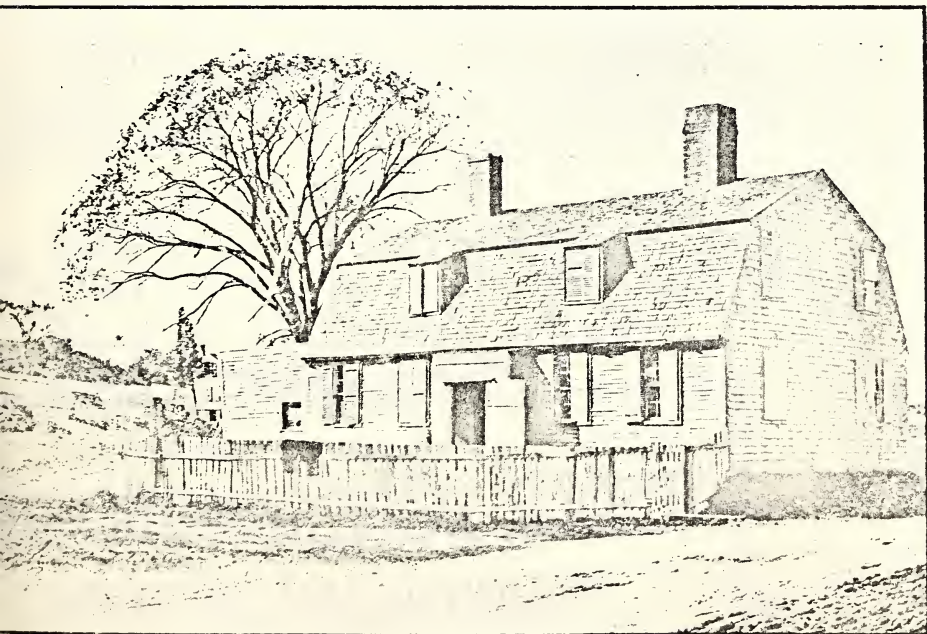
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TOLL-HOUSE ON ANDOVER TURNPIKE.  
(The house on Medford Turnpike was probably a counterpart of this.)



HOUSE OF GERSHOM CUTTER, PROPRIETOR OF MILL ON TURNPIKE.

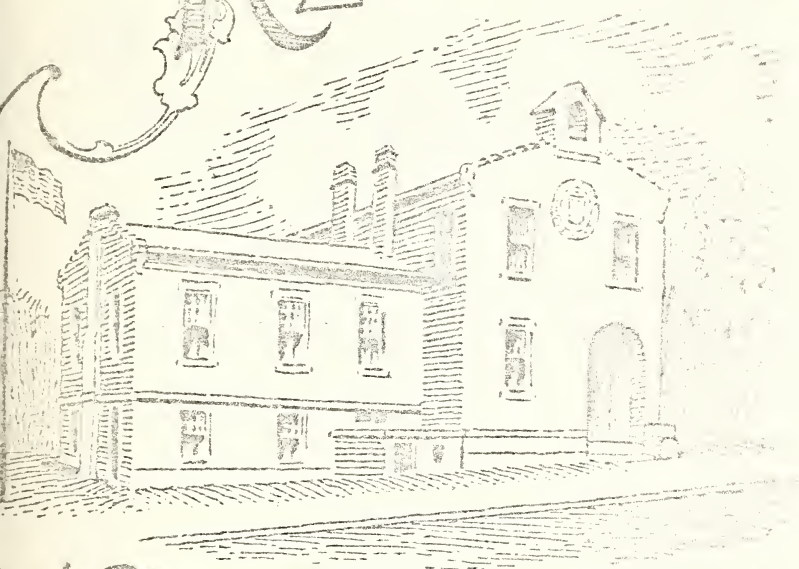


XIII.]

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MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS



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Advertising Manager, Miss E. R. ORNE.

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### FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in  
the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ Dollars for  
the general use and purposes of said Society.

(Signed) \_\_\_\_\_



# The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XXIII.

MARCH, 1920.

No. 1.

## MEDFORD TURNPIKE CORPORATION.

ON March 2, 1803, the General Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, upon the petition of Benjamin Hall, John Brooks, Fitch Hall, Ebenezer Hall, 2d, and Samuel Buel, granted to these petitioners, and all other persons as are or shall be associated with them and their successors, the right to lay out and make a turnpike road from the easterly side of the road nearly opposite to Dr. Luther Stearns' house, and running easterly of Winter hill and Plowed hill\* to the east side of the road opposite Page's tavern near the neck in Charlestown. Dr. Luther Stearns' house stood in part on the location of Emerson street in Medford, and Page's tavern stood in or near Sullivan square, in the Charlestown district of Boston. The act of incorporation provided, that if the said corporation shall neglect to complete the said turnpike road for the space of three years from the passage of this act, the same shall be void. It was also provided, that if the said road should be laid out across any grounds, the privileges of which have been heretofore granted by law to the proprietors of the Middlesex canal for the purpose of cutting a canal, the proprietors of the turnpike road shall be obliged to make any extra bridge or bridges across said canal, or extra sluices that shall be rendered necessary by the formation of the said turnpike road, and to keep the same in repair. It was further provided, that the corporation might make and establish rules and regulations as might be necessary to regulate the affairs of the corporation, and for a breach thereof might order and enjoin fines not exceeding \$13.33. Also, that said turnpike road shall be laid out not less than three rods in width on the upland, six rods in width on

\*Mt. Benedict or Convent hill.



the marsh, and the part to be traveled be not less than twenty-four feet in width in any place, and when the said road shall be sufficiently made and approved by a committee of the Court of General Sessions of the Peace for the County of Middlesex to be appointed for that purpose, then the said turnpike corporation shall be and hereby is authorized to erect a turnpike gate or gates in some convenient place or places on said turnpike road, for collecting such toll as shall be determined by the said corporation and approved by the aforesaid committee.

The act provided that the corporation shall be entitled to receive from each traveler or passenger the following rate of toll, to wit: For every coach, chariot, phaeton or other four-wheeled carriage for the conveyance of persons, drawn by not more than two horses, ten cents, and if drawn by more than two horses an additional sum of two cents for each horse; for every cart, wagon, sleigh or sled or other carriage of burden, drawn by not more than three cattle, six cents, if by more than three, an additional sum of two cents for every additional ox or horse; for every carriole, eight cents; for every cart drawn by one horse, four cents; for every sleigh for the conveyance of persons drawn by two horses, six cents, and if drawn by more than two horses an additional sum of two cents for each horse; for every sled or sleigh drawn by one horse, four cents; for every chaise, chair or other wheeled carriage drawn by one horse, six cents; for every man and horse, two cents; for all oxen, horses, neat-cattle, led or driven, besides those in carriages and teams, five mills; for all sheep and swine, two cents by the dozen, and in the same proportion for a greater or less number. Provided that nothing in this act shall authorize said corporation to demand toll of any person who shall be passing with their horse and carriage to or from his usual place of public worship, or with his horses, team or cattle to or from the common labors of his farm, and when no toll-gatherer shall be present at said gate to receive the toll, the said gate shall be left open and



travelers be permitted to pass freely. And the corporation shall, at the place where the toll is collected, erect and keep constantly exposed to view, a sign or board with the rates of toll of all tollable articles, fairly and legibly written thereon. And if the said corporation or their toll-gatherer, or others by them employed, shall unreasonably delay or hinder any passenger or traveler at the gate, or shall demand or receive more toll than by this act established, the corporation shall forfeit and pay a sum, not exceeding \$10.00 or less than \$2.00, to be recovered before any justice of the peace for the county of Middlesex.

The first meeting of the proprietors of the Medford Turnpike Corporation was held on the eleventh day of April, 1803, at the house of Hezekiah Blanchard, Jr. Benjamin Hall was chosen moderator and Luther Stearns clerk.

May 5, 1803. Voted that General Brooks, Luther Stearns and Capt. Andrew Hall be a committee to draw up a subscription, and that the number of shares shall be 100.

The following is a list of the proprietors of the Medford turnpike road, with the number of shares which they hold annexed to their names: —

Benjamin Hall	10 shares, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.
John Brooks	3    "    "    11, 12, 13.
Samuel Buel	6    "    "    14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 70.
Nathaniel Hall	3    "    "    21, 22, 23.
Ephraim Hall	1    "    "    24.
Andrew Hall	4    "    "    25, 26, 27, 28.
Luther Stearns	4    "    "    29, 30, 31, 32.
Oliver Hartshorn	5    "    "    34, 35, 36, 37, 38.
Fitch Hall	5    "    "    39, 40, 41, 42, 43.
Joseph P. Hall	3    "    "    59, 60, 61.
Timothy Dexter	1    "    "    64.
Benjamin Hall Jr & son	5    "    "    65, 66, 67, 68, 69.
Peter C. Brooks	7    "    "    19, 20, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81.
Josiah Bradlee	2    "    "    82, 83.
William V. Hutchins	5    "    "    33, 74, 84, 85, 86.



Samuel Gray	4	shares, Nos. 87, 88, 89, 90.
Dudley Hall	1	" " 75.
Richard Hall	1	" " 76.
John C. Jones	5	" " 44, 45, 46, 47, 48.
Richard D. Tucker	3	" " 71, 72, 73.
Ebenezer Hall Jr	2	" " 62, 63.
Elijah & Samuel Davenport	10	" " 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.
Rufus Davenport	10	" " 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58.

At the meeting held May 5, 1803, Nathaniel Hall was appointed an agent to petition the Court of General Sessions to appoint a committee to lay out and appraise the lands taken for the Medford turnpike road. At a meeting held June 18, 1803, it was voted that the officers of the corporation shall consist of a president, a standing committee of five to lay out and superintend the making of the turnpike road, and a treasurer. June 29, 1803, Benjamin Hall was chosen president, Nathaniel Hall, Andrew Hall, Luther Stearns, Joseph P. Hall and Samuel Buel were chosen standing committee, and Samuel Buel was chosen treasurer. (Luther Stearns had been chosen clerk at a prior meeting.) At a meeting of the standing committee on August 22, 1803, it was voted to adopt, as a seal of the corporation, the letters M. T. inclosed in a heart as a field. September 12, 1803, the committee appointed by the Court of General Sessions of the Peace to lay out the Medford turnpike road, or such part thereof, as with the consent of the proprietors of said turnpike they might think proper, made return of the warrant to them directed, as follows:—

Beginning at a stake and stones on the easterly side of the road, and by land of the heirs of Col. Isaac Royall, deceased, nearly opposite to Dr. Luther Stearns' house in Medford, and running southeasterly over land of said heirs, one hundred and thirty-seven rods and three-quarters of a rod, and here the road is laid out four rods wide; and thence the same course two hundred and forty-one rods and sixteen links to land of the heirs of Thomas



Russell, late of Boston, deceased, and here the road is laid six rods wide; thence the same course over the land of the heirs of said Russell ten rods and fourteen links to a stake by land of Elias Haskett Derby, and here the road is laid out six rods wide; thence over land of said Derby, thirty-eight rods and six links to a heap of stones at the point of the rocks, by or near the Middlesex canal,\* and here the road is laid out three rods wide; thence the road is laid out twenty rods to a stake in the rail fence, and here the road is laid out three rods wide; and thence southeasterly fifty-four rods, and here the road is laid out six rods wide; and thence the same course, fifty-two rods and six links, and here the road is laid out four rods wide; and thence the same course seventy-one rods and six links to land of John Tufts, and here the road is laid out six rods wide; and thence the same course over the land of said Tufts, and partly over the land of the heirs of Timothy Tufts, Jr., forty-seven rods and eight links to land of William Stearns, and here the road is laid out six rods wide; and thence over land of said Stearns and partly over land of Benjamin Frothingham, Jr., forty-four rods, and here the road is laid out six rods wide; and thence the same course forty-six rods to land of Samuel Swan, and here the road is laid out four rods wide; thence the same course over said Swan's land seven rods to land of Andrew Kettle, and here the road is laid out four rods wide; thence the same course over said Kettle's land ten rods to land of William Smith, and here the road is laid out four rods wide; thence the same course over said Smith's land twenty-seven rods eight links to a stake and stones by the east side of the road opposite Page's tavern near the neck in Charlestown, and here the road is laid out four rods wide. And all the fore-described lines, butts and bounds are in the middle of the said turnpike road, except where said road comes to northeasterly side of the bank of the Middlesex canal,† and there the said side of the bank is the bound of the

\* See sketch made by Caleb Swan, REGISTER, Vol. XIV, p. 68, also Vol. XIII, p. 97.

† REGISTER, Vol. XIII, p. 97



southeasterly side of said turnpike road. . . . And we estimate the damages that any man may sustain, or which or shall arise to any person by taking his land for said road as follows, viz.:

To the heirs of Isaac Royall, late of Medford, deceased, \$2,390.00; the heirs of Thomas Russell, late of Boston, deceased, \$65.50; Elias Haskett Derby, \$2,362.00; John Tufts, \$550.00; the heirs of Timothy Tufts, Jr., late of Charlestown, deceased, \$1.00; Dr. William Stearns, \$910.00; Benjamin Frothingham, Jr., \$62.50; Samuel Swan, \$105.00; Andrew Kettle, \$150.00; William Smith, \$635.00; making a total of \$7,231.00.

January 26, 1804, a committee was chosen to consider the expediency of building a hotel. At a subsequent meeting the committee reported that it was inexpedient to build at present, but recommended that a committee be appointed and authorized to purchase a piece of land immediately for the building of a hotel at some future day. Still later another committee was appointed to enquire into the expenses and report a plan for a hotel. No action by the corporation concerning the building of a hotel was taken after the appointment of this committee, as the building of the Medford house commencing about this time obviated the necessity of any further action.\* February 13, 1804, the standing committee was directed to purchase a piece of land on or near the farm of General Derby and build a house suitable for a toll-man. The committee contracted with Buckman and Wait, carpenters, to build the house at a cost of \$300.00. Mr. James Kidder was appointed toll-gatherer, his compensation for the year following to be \$350.00 and the use of the house. February 22, 1805, a committee was chosen to attend the General Court and oppose the passage of the cut or canal † through the turnpike into Mystic river which has been petitioned for by Benjamin Hall and others. June 27, 1805, voted, that in future the affairs of the corporation shall be conducted by five

\* The Medford house was built in 1805 and opened as a tavern that same year.

† The branch canal.



proprietors who shall be annually chosen directors, and who shall choose a president out of their own body.

About halfway between the Medford and Charlestown line and the toll house there was a private way leading from the farm of E. H. Derby\* to Broadway, now known as Temple street in Somerville. Certain persons desirous of avoiding the climb over Winter Hill and also desirous of avoiding the payment of toll, were in the habit of using the Medford end of the turnpike and passing through the private way to Broadway, and on their return passing over the same route. The proprietors of the road petitioned the General Court for additional legislation to put a stop to this practice. An act was passed March 8, 1808, providing that "from and after the passage of this Act, if any person with a team, carriage, cattle or horses shall turn out of or into the road of the Medford Turnpike Corporation with an attempt to avoid any toll established by law, such persons shall forfeit and pay three times as much as the legal toll at the Turnpike gate established as aforesaid; to be recovered by the Treasurer of the Corporation by an Action of debt. . . ."

At a meeting of the corporation held January 6, 1812, the Treasurer's account being examined showed that the amount of money received in the quarter ending January 1, 1812, was \$673.21, and the amount of expenditure \$302.05, and it was ordered that a dividend of four dollars be paid on each share. At a meeting held August 27, 1838, a committee was chosen to act on behalf of the corporation, touching the petition of Daniel Lawrence and others, then pending before the county commissioners, with full powers to give the assent of the corporation to the prayer of the petitioners for laying out the said turnpike road for a *public highway*, whenever the said committee shall receive satisfactory assurances that the compensation or damages to be allowed by said commissioners will not be less than \$75.00 on each share.

\*The Temple estate or "Ten-hill farm" of Governor Winthrop.



The county commissioners *declined* to take action upon the above petition. At a meeting held April 10, 1843, it was voted to pay L. Spaulding for work done on the turnpike for the year ensuing \$1.25 per day for April, May, June, July, August, September, October and November, and \$1.00 per day for December, January and March, and \$1.00 per day for horse and cart for the year. Also to pay fifty dollars per quarter for tending the toll gate. When the building of the Medford branch railroad was under consideration (1846) the Turnpike Corporation voted to sell the franchise of the corporation to the Boston and Maine Railroad Extension Company (later called the B. & M. Railroad Co.) for the sum of \$10,000 including all the damage sustained by the railroad crossing said turnpike. September 6, 1860, it was voted to sell the land and buildings then occupied by the toll gatherer, Thomas Perkins, to the said Perkins for the sum of \$600.00.

At a meeting held May 8, 1861, it was voted that the corporation hereby give their consent to the county commissioners of Middlesex County to lay open their road as a public highway, upon the petition of George T. Cutter and others, the said commissioners awarding to the corporation what damages shall in their judgment be right and just. The committee appointed to confer with the county commissioners reported that the commissioners do not deem it expedient to take any action at present.

At a meeting held January 24, 1866, it was voted that the directors be directed to petition the legislature for leave to abandon the Medford turnpike. The petition was presented January 27, 1866, and leave to abandon was granted, and the road was laid out by the county commissioners as a public way. The amount of assessments on each share was \$430.00, making a total of \$43,000.00. The number of dividends was 129, but the total amount is not stated in the records.

The foregoing history of the Medford Turnpike Corporation is taken largely from the record book of the



corporation. It is evident that the undertaking was not a profitable one, and that during the last thirty years of the existence of the corporation it was the main object of the proprietors to rid themselves of the burden of its maintenance. The laying out of Medford street in Medford and Somerville around the southerly side of Winter Hill, thus avoiding the climb over the top of the hill, contributed to reduce the revenue of the company and thus assisted in its final collapse.

The turnpike road was used by the sporting portion of the community as a course for the speeding of horses. There was a tree which stood on the southerly side of the road that was *just one mile* from the old saw and grist mill. The only disadvantages experienced by the sportsmen were the clouds of dust that filled the air, for the road was about the dustiest place to be found far or near.

An interesting incident that happened in those days was due to the dust before mentioned: A wealthy citizen of Medford, doing business in Boston, was in the habit of driving to and fro between his place of business and his home in Medford. These same sports, above mentioned, found great pleasure in annoying our townsman by speeding their horses by and in front of him, compelling him to be almost smothered by the dust raised by their horses' feet. Our townsman stood the annoyance until forbearance ceased to be a virtue with him. Then he placed an order with a horse dealer for a horse to *beat* the crowd at *whatever cost*. He got what he wanted, and took no more dust from anyone.

We never heard of the toll-gatherer being robbed of a busy day's receipts, as was the case in other places, but the turnpike road was once the scene of a sensational highway robbery, when Major Bray was held up and robbed by the notorious highwayman, Mike Martin. It is said that on Mrs. Bray's handing over her watch, the "knight of the road" immediately returned it, saying he "never robbed a lady."

It was quite a common sight to see Colonel Samuel



Jaques of the Ten-hills farm, bugle in hand, ride up and down the road to and from the hunting grounds mounted on his hunting horse and followed by a pack of hounds.

JOHN H. HOOPER.

### MORE ABOUT THE TURNPIKE

There has recently come into the possession of the Medford Historical Society the record book of the Medford Turnpike Corporation. Of its two hundred and sixty-eight pages, one hundred and forty-one are occupied with the act of incorporation, passed March 2, 1803, the records of various contracts, and of stockholders' and directors' meetings, closing with that of January 24, 1866. Its unruled pages are enclosed in stiff board covers, eight by thirteen inches in size. These were once covered with two layers of leather, shown by fragments remaining and folded over the edges, and fly-leaves securely pasted over them. On the first of the latter, in the upper left-hand, appears (in pencil), "3 Qr. \$1.50."

Following the transcript of the charter is a copy of advertisement in the *Centinel*, calling the first meeting to be held on April 11, 1803, at the tavern of Hezekiah Blanchard, Jr. Benjamin Hall was its moderator, and Luther Stearns clerk, continuing as such until 1821.

This is the book referred to by Mr. Hooper in this issue. Since his article was written there has been published a work entitled, "The Turnpikes of New England." Its author, a civil engineer, in preparing a report on some public utility, ventured (as he says) into the *historical* side of the matter. Search in an extensive library, under the head of turnpikes, yielded him nothing but in one instance, and that a work of fiction. Nothing daunted, he began to gather authentic facts, with a magazine article in prospect. The work grew in his hands, until now after twelve years of remarkable research, a volume of over four hundred pages is the result.

Among the fine illustrations are eight views in Med-



ford. One hundred and fifty pages are devoted to "Turnpikes of Massachusetts," some seventy in number. If the author could have seen this old record book he would have found some of his deductions relative to Medford turnpike (which he reached by sound reasoning rather than by any real evidence) well sustained, and they were contrary to those expressed in history of Medford. With data therefrom, his very readable Medford page might have been quadrupled.

The first thirty years of the nineteenth century was the era of canal and turnpike development. In whose brain the idea of a level road to Charlestown, in two unbroken straight lines, originated, we cannot say; probably that of Benjamin Hall, then the leading business man of Medford, who took one-tenth of its capital stock.

Medford was, in 1803, a town of but twelve hundred inhabitants, its only direct route to Boston being the old road over the top of Winter hill, through Charlestown to the Charles river bridge but fourteen years built. It was a long, hard pull up and over the hill, not only for the local teams, but for the much greater volume of traffic and the stages from northern Middlesex and New Hampshire. So this new, shorter, and level route was apparently a feasible, practical and desirable investment. Steam travel was then thirty years in the future, electric power unheard of, and the automobile undreamed of.

There were no serious engineering problems to cope with. It crossed but two water-courses, Two-penny and Winter brooks, both insignificant, though Captain Adams was very early inquiring about their "culvits," the sluices the charter required. More expensive to build and maintain was the bridge by which it crossed the Middlesex canal near its terminal in Charlestown.

Only at one other point were they two close neighbors—where they crossed the town line. The canal, only the previous year, had used about all the available space in the base of the ledgy hill for its course, and the turnpike company had to build a "river wall" for some distance



to sustain its road. In 1840 this was *rebuilt* by Messrs. Ackerman & Co. for a dozen rods for \$351.00. This locality was commonly known as the "Rock,"\* and was the place where the adroit stage-drivers, in passing, sprinkled a few drops of Concord river water from the canal into the salt Mystic with their whip-lashes to the passengers' amusement.

For the greater part of its length of three and a half miles its mode of construction was simple. The marsh mud dug from a dozen feet on each edge of the six-rod lay-out was piled upon the central space, and the embankment thus formed surfaced with gravel, hauled on by the "two yoke of oxen" in a "broad-wheeled wagon," the record mentions.

At our present reading, and considering the wages paid a century ago, it seems as if the company paid big money for some of its land, and much more for construction, to have expended \$44,000.00 thereon, to say nothing of the continual resurfacing required.

Once entered upon this road, the traveler was compelled to follow its course, as the ditch on either side was either filled by tidewater or would mire him if he attempted to cross to the public road before reaching the toll-gate. Though there were a few bridges across the intervening canal, they were private property, and their approaches closed.

There was one, however, beyond the "Rock," that gave trouble, and special legislation was secured to protect the company from the "Shunpikers" that made a practice of evading toll by using General Derby's lane across Ten Hills farm to present Broadway. Between this and "Ploughed hill" (later known as Mt. Benedict) was the "dyked marsh" and clay land, with numerous brick-yards. The site of some of these later became a nuisance, abated by the city of Somerville in the early seventies by the making of its park and widening of Broadway.

\* See REGISTER, Vol. XIII, p. 79.



On the summit of Ploughed hill was, in 1826, erected the convent of St. Ursula, burned by a mob from Boston on the night of August 11, 1834. It is said that the courage of the rioters was largely increased by the "arrival of a barrel of rum from Medford." Of this we cannot with certainty say, but the blackened ruins of the walls stood, witnessing to the disgraceful proceeding, for more than thirty-four years, when the hill began to be reduced to the present grade.

As the toll-gate and keeper's house was at the base of Ploughed hill, quite near the southern end, it is evident that the *Shunpikers* were inward bound.

The question is naturally asked, "Was the turnpike a paying proposition?" Major Wood in his work says,

Of course no turnpike was a gilt-edged security, but the Medford must have been one of the best and a moderate dividend payer.

From the *record* book it is difficult to say just when its first was paid. Under date of January 6, 1810, is —

Voted

That instead of making a dividend for the quarter which ended on the first day of the present month that the Treasurer be authorized to purchase one acre of gravel land adjoining the turnpike and canal at or under three hundred dollars and that previously to his making the payment that he be requested to be satisfied with the title and to have a deed in the name of the Medford Turnpike Corporation and have the same immediately put on record

P. C. BROOKS Pres<sup>t</sup>.

This *vote* is in the elegant handwriting of George L. Stearns, son of the clerk. It alludes to the continual repair that was needful.

The first *recorded* dividend is of date January 1, 1812, \$4.00; the second *recorded*, July 5, 1813, \$4.00. There may have been dividends paid prior to the above, as by the record of October 12, 1804, it was voted

That the first dividend of the toll shall be made by the standing committee on the first day of January 1805 and that dividends shall be made quarterly ever afterwards

Doctor Stearns died suddenly in 1820, and was suc-



ceeded by 'Squire Abner Bartlett, who served for twenty-one years, and his record, clear and explicit, in good black ink in characters as formidable as the turnpike gates, makes no mention whatever of dividends. James O. Curtis succeeded him in 1841, and on June 29, 1842, recorded —

Voted to make a dividend of two dollars on a share from the funds in the treasury, it being the 108 dividend

After ten years George Curtis succeeded to the office of clerk and served thirteen years. He recorded the remaining dividends, the last, September 15, 1860. The two preceding had resulted from the sale of gravel land purchased from the canal company at its closure, and the last (the 129th) from the sale of the toll-house, \$6.00 to each of the one hundred shares.

Unlike its unfortunate neighbor, the canal, the turnpike now had no available or salable holdings, and for six years held its annual meetings, elected officers, voted a compensation of \$15.00 to its agent and \$5.00 to the clerk. Its last record, January 24, 1866, tells its pathetic story,

That the Directors be directed to petition the Legislature to abandon the Medford Turnpike

Voted, to dissolve.

A pencilled line follows —

Petition presented in House Jan 27 '66

After sixty-three years the original stockholders had passed on and their shares were held by their heirs or assigns by purchase in its better days. To them there was nothing coming.

It would be of interest to know just what was realized in dividends for the use of the \$440.00 per share invested in 1803-4. The Middlesex canal, on ceasing to pay dividends in 1843 had returned to its stockholders 1.39 per cent. on their investment, but had the proceeds of its property to distribute at the last. It was styled financially a dismal failure.



We have not the data by which to make such a computation of the turnpike as was made by the canal agent in 1843. We fear that could such be obtained, if ever the treasurer's books reappear, the Medford turnpike will make a more dismal showing.

M. W. M.

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### TURNPIKES PAST AND PRESENT.

In a press notice of *Turnpikes of New England*, its writer quotes "rare Ben Johnson" as saying:

I turn up my axle like a turnpike.

Having in his boyhood journeyed over the Medford turnpike and been held up thereon, not by highwaymen but by "toll-gatherer," until the requisite coin was produced, the present writer can claim a slight acquaintance. But as "rare Ben Johnson" lived and flourished in the sixteenth century, there is no one in Medford who knew him personally, or saw him turn up his axle. Ask any of the older people in Medford what was or is a turnpike and the reply will be, "Why, it was Mystic avenue;" or, "It is a road on which a toll is paid for the privilege of traveling thereon." But how did Ben Johnson *turn up* his axle (whatever that was) to make it resemble Mystic avenue or any other toll road?

Upon consulting the dictionary, a great help in trouble, we find its definition of turnpike to be:

*Ordinary Language.* (1.) A frame, consisting of two bars crossing at right angles, and turning on a pin or post placed on a road or footpath to hinder the passage of beasts, but admitting a person to pass between the arms. (2.) A turnstile.

This was supported by a quotation:

I move upon my axle like a *turnpike*.

—Ben Johnson, *Staple of News*, III, 1.

Further search in our Public Library (by the ready courtesy of one of the staff) shows that Ben Johnson didn't *turn up* his axle. Rather, he dug into ancient mythology, and made one of his characters (Picklock by name) to say:



Tut, I am Vertumnus. On every change, or chance, upon occasion a true chameleon; I can colour for it,  
I move upon my axle like a turnpike,  
Fit my face to the parties, and become straight one of them.

Neither did the said (aptly named) Vertumnus "turn up" *his* axle, or turn up on it, but moved (or turned) *upon* it. He was a sort of all things to all men and everything to everybody. It is evident that "rare Ben Johnson" was misquoted in the recent press notice, otherwise an excellent one.

The "Medford Turnpike Corporation" (like all others) by its charter was authorized to set up and maintain "a turnpike gate or gates." Old residents cannot remember any such as above described, and there is nothing in the "Act" that speaks of toll on pedestrians. They tell of the toll-gate as a bar or pole, hung at one end and swinging horizontally across the road. Other roads were barred by a pole raised to a vertical position while teams passed by. Out of this latter form has been evolved (since 1870), the universally adopted gate now in use at railway grade crossings.

Referring to our dictionary definition, some may ask the difference between turnpike and turnstile: A pike was a weapon of ancient time, cruder and blunter than a spear, yet pick-ed, peak-ed, or piked at its "business end." So in a *turn*-pike, the ends of the wooden bars were cut on an angle, *i.e.*, pick-ed. When more consideration was shown for the comfort and safety of the passers, the ends of the bars were left square, or rounded somewhat, and such arrangement came to be known as a *turn-stile*.

Doubtless there were others of this latter in Medford, but the only one the present writer recalls was on High street, at present Kilgore avenue, in 1870 and later. The city of Charlestown had an easement right, through the Brooks estate to its dam at the partings of Medford pond. At that time there was a wall of Medford granite the entire distance from the railroad to Wear bridge, only broken by Grove street, the "Delta" and the farm gates.



One of these was over the water works conduit,\* and beside it was a turnstile of two-inch plank. On a pleasant Sunday afternoon the writer made his first visit to the Mystic dam, in company with several gentlemen, one of whom, rather portly, found it a "close squeeze," as he said, to get through.

But the *real turnpike* did not pass away when the toll or turnpike roads became free. It continues in use, very much in evidence, today. The first railroad chartered in Massachusetts had provision for toll-gates at intervals, evidently with the thought that private individuals might operate their own cars on its railed roadbed. It erected gates at its only grade crossing in Medford, at High street, and its station or "depot" there was known as "Medford Gates." These were for public protection,† and *not* toll-gates. Instead of a number of "toll-gatherers" along the line, there is but one, and he accompanies the train, comes around at intervals and collects our toll. He is called by the pleasanter sounding name of "conductor," but we pay the toll just the same. The railway terminals have *sliding* pike gates, through which patrons pass easily, but have been on some occasions obliged to *show* tickets before passing.

But reserved for later years and the Boston Elevated and Terminal service was and is the *real genuine turnpike*, elaborated in various forms. Unlike the old stile that turned both ways, one more like a *turnstile* moves inward. To enter, one has to "fit face to the party," walk up to the pagoda where sits enthroned the goddess of the gate, deposit a dime in her treasure chest, and wait her pleasure in pressing her dainty foot on the lever that unlocks the gate and allows your ingress. Even then your troubles are not over. Perchance you wait for a time, but you insinuate yourself into a crowded car, jammed in by the crowd behind you, or perhaps pushed in by the attending guard as the rubber shod *push-pike* (styled the door) closes behind you, and cautions you not to lean against it.

\*See REGISTER, Vol. XX, p. 1.

†See REGISTER, Vol. VIII, p. 86, Vol. XVII, p. 88.



Beside the entrance turnstile is the exit to the outer world, and this is the real thing. A *veritable turnpike*, taller than you, with three dozen *pikes* (smooth, to be sure) set at right angles from a tall post, turns outward and lets you depart, only later to renew your experience.

But Ben Johnson's turnpike had no escalator. Uncle Sam has a modification of the turnpike at the Boston post office entrances, in the form of revolving doors, and so do the great department stores. At these there is no toll taken on going in; generally we *spend* more or less before coming out. But in all cases, whether steam or electric railroad, post office, or department store, we are supposed to get our money's worth. The *patrons* of the Medford turnpike did, but we fear the *investing proprietors*, or rather their successors, thought otherwise at last.

The turnpike or toll roads are gone, the *real* turnpikes are still with us.

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#### THE MILLS ON THE MEDFORD TURNPIKE.

Whether the proprietors of the Medford turnpike "builded better than they knew" or not is unknown to any of whom we may now enquire, but the fact was that by its building, a water power was created and later improved as a mill privilege by the owners (or their assigns) of the marsh land through which it passed.

One Captain Adams evidently saw possibilities as shown by the proprietor's record of August 23, 1804:

*Voted*, That the request of Captain Adams respecting the Culvits be referred to the Committee to report their opinion at the next meeting.

Also of Friday, October 12, 1804:

*Voted*, That the Standing Committee be authorized to make a contract with Captain Nathan Adams respecting the flow of water at the Culvits.

These "culvits" were the stone bridges built to carry the "causey" or turnpike road over Two-penny and Winter brooks. Both had their source in Somerville, and



flowed through the southern corner of Medford into Mystic river. The latter is now mostly subterranean at Tufts park. The former has lately been before our Board of Aldermen for alleged misconduct. Its source is on the southern slope of College (Walnut Tree) hill, near Broadway, and its course through the Tufts athletic field can easily be traced, but often innocent of water. Passing beneath the railroad its course (when it has any, as in recent years) is changed somewhat,\* but returns to the old, before crossing the highway, and at the turnpike widens, and is the "Canal cut from Medford river wherein a lighter can come up,"† once belonging to Isaac Royall. It does not appear that Captain Adams developed any water power from Two-penny brook; it was more likely that his action was in the interest of his brick yards near by.

But in 1813, in July, signed by Peter C. Brooks, president (and the seal of the corporation), on the part of the turnpike proprietors, and Samuel Dexter (and a seal) was the following "contract":

The Medford Turnpike Corporation agree with Samuel Dexter of Boston Esqr. that he, his heirs and assigns forever, shall have the right of opening and keeping open a sluiceway under the Medford Turnpike, in addition to that which has been opened and is maintained at the expense of the corporation. The said new sluice to be opened and maintained for the benefit of the said Dexter, and at the proper charge of him, his heirs and assigns. Which is not to exceed five feet in height or in breadth. And it is also agreed that said Dexter, his heirs and assigns shall have the right of making and managing gates on either side of said sluiceways, for the purpose of flowing his marsh with salt water or with fresh water, or draining the same at pleasure. And said Dexter for himself, his heirs and assigns, agrees with the said corporation, that they shall be forever indemnified for any damage that shall manifestly appear to be occasioned to said turnpike road on the old sluiceway by said sluice so to be opened by him, or by the flowing of said marsh as aforesaid. And if the parties cannot agree upon the same, it shall be ascertained by three referees, and if they cannot agree on such referees, the said corporation shall have the right at all times to apply to the Chief Justice of the Sup. Jud. Court of

\*See REGISTER, Vol. XIX, p. 13, Com. of J. H. Hooper.

†See REGISTER, Vol. XVI, p. 77.



Massachusetts for the time being, to appoint them, and the award of such referees or the major part of them shall be final, and if the same shall not be satisfied by sd. Dexter, his heirs and assigns in thirty days after notice of such award and demand of payment in writing, this agreement shall be void; but said Dexter, his heirs and assigns, to satisfy such award notwithstanding.

Then follows the other part whereby Dexter (of Boston) guarantees the privilege of taking broken stone and gravel under certain limitations as consideration on his part.

It may be noticed that the above contains nothing of a mill either already built, or to be built, but probably business men of the ability of Mr. Brooks and his associates knew what they were doing. With the incoming of the salt-water tide twice a day to flood the *marsh*, as many called it, assisted by the fresh water of the brooks, the privileges thus granted created a new water power or mill privilege, in Medford, and the turnpike thus became, though never so called, a milldam road. Sometimes, however, it was called by a shorter prefix.

In 1848 the turnpike agent was directed "to Consult Counsell," and later "to confer with the Messrs. Tufts in regard to damage sustained by the corporation by their neglecting to maintain their culvert," etc. The result of this conference was a three-party agreement. The first party was the owner of the farm occupied by J. Q. Adams; the second, the turnpike company; and the third "the owners of the saw and grist mills on the turnpike," William Tufts, Edward Tufts and Gershom Cutter. The first two and Joseph F. Tufts were the farm owners, and James O. Curtis, treasurer, represented the turnpike, which for a similar consideration of stone and gravel, agreed that the mill owners,

their heirs and assigns shall retain the right to the Culvert or sluice at said mills, and the right to keep the same open forever, under the conditions hereinafter named: said owners, their heirs and assigns, to maintain at their own expense and to keep in good repair so far as same affects said Turnpike. Said Culvert at the mills is in addition to that which has been opened by said Corporation, and which



is to be kept free and maintained forever at the sole expense of said Corporation. . . .

This agreement shall terminate and become void if said Turnpike should be changed to a County road; or if the proprietors of said mills shall cease to use the water privilege connected therewith. But in no other event to become void within twelve years from date hereof. And in any event to become void at the expiration of twelve years.

It appears by record of January 4, 1834, that Nathan Tufts asked for leave to open a cut through the road, fifteen feet wide, to carry his new mill near the "Rock," so called. This indicates that there had been at least *one* prior to that date.

William R. Cutter, in REGISTER, Vol. III, p. 130, says:

Gershom Cutter, in 1845, purchased the Tufts mill on the Medford Turnpike, rebuilt that structure which had been destroyed by fire and which was again burnt while in his charge. He was mainly engaged in sawing of mahogany.

By the above we see that at least four successive mills stood on that spot — the extreme point of marsh land between the river and turnpike at the "Rock." The Cutter residence was on the opposite side of the road. (See frontispiece.)

The Walling map of Medford shows (apparently) a dike extending diagonally across the marsh (including the mouth of Winter brook) to the river. Probably as much power was had at this mill as at Mr. Cutter's former location on old Ship street, but like all tide-mills, the hours of labor had of necessity to conform to the ever-changing hours of "full sea" and ebb of the tide that "*waits* for no man," but *serves* well. Though the agreement of 1848 refers to saw and grist mills, it is unlikely that the later ones were other than saw mills.

The sawing of mahogany is a "forgotten industry" of Medford. But in those days it was an important one in Medford and South Woburn (later Winchester); at the latter it continued until the destruction by fire of the Cutter mills about 1872. The great logs, hewed square, were hauled from Charlestown by teams of horses, two



to five harnessed tandem,—*string team* it used to be called, and often but *two* logs made the load, so large and heavy were they. Such could only be sawed by the old style up-and-down saw into boards and planks. The smaller and costlier ones of “branch” and “burl” were made into veneers by a circular saw some five feet in diameter. Its teeth were cut in steel plates, in segments a foot long and fastened by screws to the circumference of an iron disk at the end of an arbor. In this sawing of veneers as much valuable wood was wasted in sawdust as was obtained by the process. This led to the invention and building at Winchester, in 1867, of a machine that cut by *knife* process logs up to twelve feet long into veneers as *thin* as one hundred to the inch, wasting practically nothing.

Just when this Medford mill ceased operation, or whether it ceased by limitation contained in the above agreement, we may not say with certainty. The Fire Department report says:

Jan. 21, 1872. Mill building on Mystic Ave., supposed to be by incendiary. The building was a total loss.

This account is written at some length, because neither Mr. Brooks nor Mr. Usher made any mention of this mill in their History of Medford. Mr. Hooper, in the scant space allotted him, made brief note of it, but the REGISTER, in Vol. XIV, p. 68, fixed the identity of the “miller’s dwelling,” (Gershom Cutter’s) a view of which had been shown as the *toll-house* several times, unchallenged. This house is said to have been burnt, but as yet we find no record of the fire. It is probable that the view we present was secured about 1890, by Mr. Will C. Eddy. With its burning disappeared the last vestige of a Medford business covering a period of fifty years; unless, indeed, something of the dike may be traced. If so, even that may be obliterated if the projected improvements upon the Mystic materialize.



## THE ANDOVER TURNPIKE.

In the October, 1919, issue of the REGISTER appears a view of Forest street, originally the Andover turnpike, also "Scraps of Paper" relative thereto.

As this is *Turnpike number* we show its toll-house by the forethought of the late George E. Davenport, who secured the view long after the old toll-road had become a public highway.

The road itself for the six miles from Medford square to Reading line represented an outlay of nearly \$50,000. Its proprietors were supposed to make annual return to the State authorities, and are said to have done so concerning their first two years' business, being an algebraic sum of minus \$250. In not continuing to report, they were not more negligent than others, and probably no more profitable than others.

The Andover was a continuation of the Essex turnpike, which seems to have built the portion through Reading. It is said that there was provision for the maintenance of *one* gate at the county line. Be that as it may, it is certain that there was a toll-gate at this house in Medford. Major Wood says that in declaring the turnpike a public road, the county commissioners awarded the proprietors \$3,000 damage and allowed them eighteen days to remove their gates and personal property; also that the dissatisfied corporation asked for a jury award, which being refused, next petitioned the Supreme Court for a mandamus in the case, also denied, and that in 1837 the Andover and Medford turnpike passed into history. It would appear that the commissioners were more generous than with the Medford, who in point of time "went further and fared worse."

The old toll-road has become a beautiful residential street. Two of the old mile-stones remain in position. Near the first it is joined by the Fellsway, and close there also the street railway tracks extend onward into the Reservation, making the locality better known than ever it could have been in turnpike days. As can be seen,



the toll-house was a substantial structure, as were those of its day. Save that it had a central chimney, instead of two at the rear, it was a counterpart of those erected just before at West Medford and Wilmington by the Middlesex Canal Company. The latter, in 1807, was built at a cost of \$833.73 (as per record)\* and the same figure may well apply to this. Inquiry as to whether this house still remains brings no satisfactory reply. It may have been burnt, removed, or remodelled to different style during the years that have elapsed. Mr. Hooper informs us that though this was the residence of the toll-man and his family, the *real toll-house* was a little cabin on the other side of the road. It resembled the old-time shoemakers' shops, once so numerous in Eastern Massachusetts, and may have been thus used. This has long since gone, but the turnpike road has improved.

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#### CORRECTION.

One letter wrong makes a lot of difference sometimes. In our last issue appears on p. 69:

Sunday School mistresses for poor, 32.98.

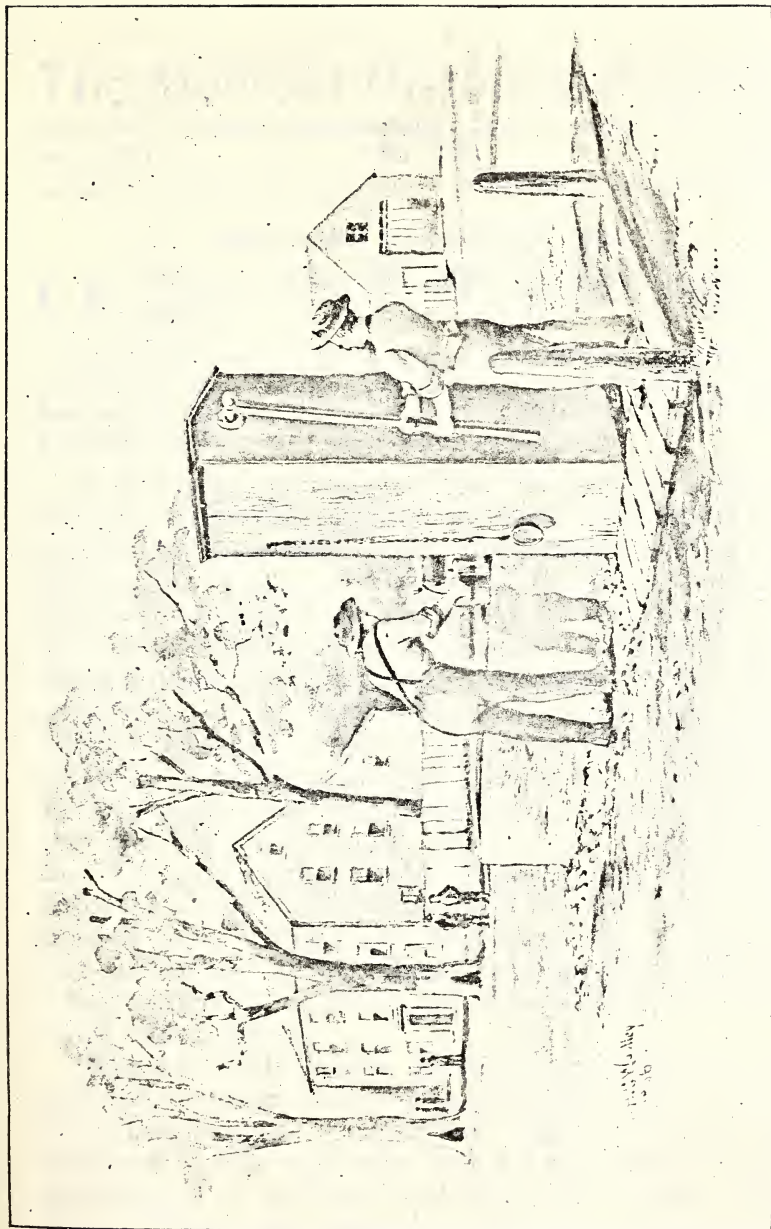
The typesetter followed copy carefully in capitalization, but though proficient in the *three R's*, substituted an *a* for the *one* in Sundry, and the proof-reader, (and editor likewise) let it "get by" in four readings, to stare at us at publication.

As it stands (Vol. XXII, p. 69), it is an *anachronism* as well as a mis-statement. There were *no Sunday schools* in Medford in 1819, and certainly Medford as a town never paid any *teachers* in such, had there been any. The statement should have read:

Sundry School mistresses for poor 32.98.

\*Middlesex Canal record.





MEDFORD TOWN PUMP, 1812-1818

Sketch by  
F. H. C. Woolley

From drawing and data  
of Francis A. Wait



# The Medford Historical Register.

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No. 2.

## MEDFORD BRANCH CANAL.

ON May 16, 1805, the Massachusetts Legislature passed

An ACT to incorporate Benjamin Hall, Esquire and others, by the Name of Proprietors of the Medford Branch Canal and Locks between the Middlesex Canal and Mystic River, and easterly of the Post Road leading from Charlestown to Medford.

A bibliography of that old Middlesex canal would be of much interest as, judging by the articles (often illustrated) that have appeared in the weekly issues of Boston papers, there is a fascination connected therewith. The writer confesses to having come under its spell, and derived much pleasure and satisfaction therefrom, even though it entailed much study, work and travel. Some years since he was rallied a little for his neglect of the present subject, having only made the briefest mention thereof. Search in his own collection of the work of various writers, fails to reveal more attention paid by them to this branch canal. The recent acquisition by the Historical Society of the original record book of the Medford Turnpike Corporation gives some data, and the present seems a fitting time to notice this short but essential connection of the famous old waterway with the "Medford river" of those days (the Mistick of earlier), today called *Mystic*.

Why essential? *First*, because the Middlesex canal (opened two years before) was a *through line* to Charles river and Boston. Contrary to original intent, it left Medford at one side with only a "way station" at the further end of its first level in a corner of the "West End." There the original survey was commenced by



"Samuel Thompson of Woburn, who began his work and proceeded from Medford river near the location of the present lock."\*

There, *was* to have been the southern *terminal* of the canal, and from there the tidal flow of the river made a continuous waterway through Medford to Boston harbor. At that identical spot this article is written.

*Second*, because a new industry (perhaps unthought of at the inception of the canal) had arisen in Medford, *i.e.*, ship-building. It was a "long haul" and a heavy one to transport ship timber up and down hill for two miles, as was the case of that coming down from the north country on the canal, and the same was true of other commodities.

*Third*, it was claimed that the management was not of the best, and that the canal was deficient in one important requisite, *viz.*, water. It was also said that its extension to Charlestown had been unwise, and perhaps the Medford Branch canal proprietors anticipated this to be a remedy. The shortage of water was later relieved by placing ten-inch flashboards on the dam across Concord river at Billerica. The canal proprietors had to fight in the courts for what they got, and the reports thereof are interesting reading today. Benjamin Hall, the principal corporator, left on record his views of the matter, plainly expressed.†

Itt is Very Evident that the Corporation has not Fullfill'd there Part of the Act Untill they have Lockt the same in Medford River.

The legislative record states that permission had been obtained for connecting with the Middlesex canal. The act fixed the capital stock at thirty shares, one vote to each, provided no one shareholder had more than five shares. It allowed them to hold real estate to the value of ten thousand dollars, and fixed the rate of toll at one-sixteenth of a dollar per ton; toll was to commence as soon as the canal was completed. It also gave specific direction as to construction and maintenance of a bridge

\*See Historical Sketch of Caleb Eddy, agent of canal, 1843.

†See REGISTER, Vol. III, p. 87.



for the Medford turnpike. This branch canal was of necessity at a lower level than the other and required two locks for its operation. Land was purchased of Samuel Dexter and William H. Sumner (owners of Royall estate), seven and one-half acres and two rods for \$751.25, and was to revert to the grantors if disused for two years.

A storage basin\* was constructed on this land, beside the main canal, with a side lock, or gates, in the embankment to give access thereto. Mr. Hooper, who when a boy lived nearby on the turnpike, says the lock was a big timber-framed box between two heavy stone walls which were several feet away, and timber braces between, up and down which the boys could climb. His description tallies with that given by others of the *wooden* locks of the Middlesex canal.

At the opposite side of the basin, a lock was built like those in the canal, and from it to the river the branch canal was excavated at the requisite lower level. There another lock of the same size was erected, but with tidal gates at the river end. These locks were of timber and plank construction, reinforced by heavy stone walls. The remains of the latter lock, slowly decaying for sixty years, were removed but a few years ago, when the extension of the parkway was made along the river's edge.

That the branch canal was completed and in operation in 1807, is shown by Miss Wild in her excellent memorial of Benjamin Hall† as follows:

In two years (1807 to 1809) \$256.98 were received for tolls. Jonathan Warner and John Jaquith were the keepers of the locks. The first dividend was declared in February, 1809—four dollars on a share of one hundred dollars.

The Middlesex canal paid none till 1819.

How long the branch maintained a separate corporate existence, or that it was merged with the other we may not say, but we know the time came when it shared in the decadence and final abandonment in 1852.

\*The area of this is still noticeable near Mystic avenue.

†See REGISTER, Vol. III, p. 88.



From 1819 to 1835 were the "palmy days of the canal." Those of the branch began earlier and continued longer, as the bulk of its traffic was in ship-timber. It is unlikely that it diverted any of the "through to Boston" shipments. How much of Medford's peculiar product was exported via the branch we may never know, but probably no inconsiderable amount.

Near the basin was the Columbian Hotel, which though on the "Post-road," shared in the general ruin, and was cut in two, moved and made into dwellings. Some factories were built, and houses along Union street, which people called *Back* street. The Branch canal was *back* of that and became a dumping and drainage place. We find no reversion of title when "disused for two years." Probably the "Proprietors" sold it (as did the Middlesex) in closing up their affairs. The unsanitary conditions that were created were more evident with the introduction of water from Spot Pond in 1871, and the "Branch Canal" figures considerably in the reports of the Board of Health in the early seventies. At last the nuisance was abated. Along its course are the Teel carriage factories, the city stables, Water and Sewer Department buildings, and lastly the extension of Mystic Valley parkway.

Across and beside the river are the Cradock dam and lock of concrete masonry, erected by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. During their construction there stood a few rods away the last visible remains of Benjamin Hall's enterprise of a century earlier, the river lock of the Branch canal. At its beginning Mr. Hall had attained an age at which most men retire from active enterprise. He saw it completed and ten years in use ere he passed on.

We can record no story of sentiment or romance of it. Probably none of the excursions to Bacon's grove or the "Lake of the Woods" started on its level. Had they done so the following from *Ballou's Pictorial* of 1855, would well describe the "locking through."



You embarked in a trim built barge with a very comfortable cabin, the craft drawn by two horses harnessed tandem. At the very outstart you entered a lock. The gates enclosed you in a damp wooden receptacle, and you seemed lost to society in the bottom of a mouldy chest. But right ahead the water came sizzling down from above, and you gradually found yourselves rising in the world, finally coming up to quite a respectable elevation. When the gates were swung open, the horses were put to and you resumed your voyage.

As the Medford turnpike had been chartered and built, the Branch canal proprietors were required to construct and maintain the requisite bridge at their crossing. It could not be over four and one-half feet above the water, and the approach to it steeper than five inches in one rod.

A meeting of the Turnpike Corporation was held to make remonstrance against the canal charter and a committee appointed to "compromise," then another committee

to attend the General Court and take means to prevent the said canal's passage through the turnpike, but *not* to appear with counsel.

As Benjamin Hall was a prominent shareholder and corporator in all three enterprises, the above seems a little strange, but perhaps it was only a show of resistance. The turnpike records contain but two other allusions to the canal:

July 6, 1807. Voted to allow Peter Tufts, 'Junior' account \$7.50 for surveying bason of canal

Feb 10 1834 Voted That the Proprietors of the Medford Branch Canal & Locks be notified to remove the piece of timber from off the top of the bridge over the said canal in the middle of the said turnpike road, it being an inconvenience and an obstruction to the public travel on said turnpike road; also to make their bridge wider and repair the causeway on each side thereof according to law.

Abner Bartlett, esquire, was then the clerk and his entry is followed by

Seved a copy on Mr Stearns

The piece of timber was evidently for the purpose of keeping passage to the right in either direction, and as



this is the only allusion during the years, we may presume that the relations of each corporation were generally pleasant. Eighteen years later (1852), this canal ceased operation, but the turnpike continued a few years longer, only to succumb to the inevitable. Nothing romantic about it, purely utilitarian was the Medford branch canal.

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### MEDFORD SALTMARSH CORPORATION.

Such was the name of a certain business concern in old Medford, long since forgotten. In response to one of several queries in notice of April meeting, some papers from the Society's archives were exhibited, and remarks made by various members that made the hour one of much interest.

The historian of Medford (in 1855) said

The strong tendency among us for consociated action makes it easy to form societies for special objects. Medford has its full share.

He, however, devoted less than a page to but two — the Sons of Temperance and the Masonic Lodge — and finished his section with a half page relative to the above Saltmarsh Corporation, which was purely a business affair, and not a fraternal or social improvement.

Probably his brief mention of this enterprise is the only one extant in public print, and for such reason the REGISTER now adds a little to details of Medford affairs in days long gone. Our authority is the Massachusetts Archives and papers above named. On February 9, 1803, eight Medford men, Richard Hall, Benj. Hall, Jr., Nathaniel Hall, Joshua Simonds, Duncan Ingraham, Ebenezer Tufts, Benjamin Tufts, Jr., and Andrew Hall, who were then "Proprietors of a certain tract of Salt Marsh situated in the easterly part of Medford at Labor-in-vain, so-called, bounded southerly by Mystic river, easterly by Malden lines, and otherwise by lands of Hall, Wheelwright and Holt Jun<sup>r</sup>." asked incorporation by the General Court, saying



That said Salt Marsh is exposed to, and greatly injured by depredations from Cattle belonging to other persons — so that it cannot in the present situation be improved to the best advantage. Therefore they pray this Honorable Court to incorporate them into a Society by the name of the Proprietors of Salt Mars in the easterly part of Medford with all the Legal Rights & Authorities by such Corporate bodies enjoyed — So that they may pursue such Regular method, by which they can enjoy the benefits of their Estate aforesaid.

The petition was favorably reported upon, concurred in by the senate. The act was passed on June 15, 1803.

Its second section specifies the manner of calling meetings; by warrant of Justice of the Peace "posted up at house of worship in Medford ten days at least before" date of meeting. If any proprietor lived elsewhere, his house of worship was thus decorated. The officers were "a clerk, committees, assessor, collector and a treasurer," with powers as similar town officers had. They could build and maintain a dyke of sufficient height and width, and a fence where each was needed, assessing the cost upon each proprietor. If such assessment was not paid within sixty days, enough of the delinquent's holding could be sold after three weeks' advertising by posting at house of worship. Their petition shows clearly that their marshland was at the extreme corner of the original Cradock farm. Since then Medford has expanded by the annexation of a strip of Malden territory, and, within our memory, of another farther on from Everett, which was also formerly of Malden, both of which form the present Wellington district. At the Mystic river end of that old boundary, be it remembered, was the "brick landing place" in 1803. The other end must have been where, on Malden line, the marsh and upland joined. Just now a glance at Walling's map of Medford (1855) is interesting. It shows the names of some twenty owners of marsh land below Labor-in-vain, among which are a few of those corporators of fifty years before. A look from the windows of the Fellsway car as it rapidly passes the spot today is equally so, revealing



the remains of the dyke—the fence is long since gone—and the “stump marsh” or “pine swamp,” unique in character and unlike any other.

Historian Brooks records that Medford's tax upon this corporation in 1822 was \$156.27. We have been curious to know why in 1855 he made selection of 1822 to note, also why he listed this business concern among fraternal “societies.” At this juncture, we turn to papers in the Historical Society's possession:

*First:* A request signed by six corporators in 1821, requesting Abner Bartlett, Justice of the Peace, to issue his warrant to one of their number, directing him to call a meeting of the corporation at the hotel in Medford, on Friday, July 27, 1821, at 3 o'clock P. M. This the squire did, directing Benjamin G. Lerner “to notify as the law directs.”

*Second:* A written notice or warrant, evidently the copy the printers used.

*Third:* A printed copy of the same, with the name of John Bishop in writing, in proper space left therefor.

*Fourth:* An unused corporation tax notice (printed).

*Fifth:* A written receipt as follows:

Medford April 2nd 1822. Received of Mr. B. G. Lerner Collector of the Salt Marsh in Medford, Corporation Sixty-one Dollars & eight cents Collected by him for repairs of proprietors fence.

Nath<sup>l</sup> Hall

Treas. of said corporation.

A perusal of these documents is of interest, and the query naturally arises, was that meeting at the hotel in 1821 the first held by the corporators? If it was, we must conclude that they were slow in their matters to have waited eighteen years before getting down to business. But in view of the above receipt, it would appear that a fence had been erected long enough before as to require repairs, so it is more than probable that they organized at once, and by some neglect or informality had allowed a lapse, and so required the warrant of Squire Bartlett to set the company a-going again. Here



our "documentary evidence" relative to the Saltmarsh Corporation ends. We will add, however, that the long name they styled themselves by in the petition was in the "Act" reduced to our caption; and the words "into a Society" have a pen line drawn through them in the original, in the Archives. Possibly this is a clue to the historian's classification. And so, with the purpose of learning more of its purpose, we ask, "What do you know about salt hay?"

The foregoing was in substance stated by the librarian, who exhibited the papers in evidence. Mr. Hooper followed, in interesting remarks upon the location of the marshes, their ownership by numerous proprietors, often from towns other than Medford, the use and value of the product, and how much esteemed by those farmers. He had long ago participated in the work in haying time himself. The hours of work were governed by the moon's changes, and every householder and farmer had to consult the "tide table" in the "Farmer's Almanac." Much of the grass after cutting had to be "poled off" to the higher land for curing. As the marsh was intersected by ditches for more ready drainage, these were a pitfall, especially for the rear man who could not well see the way, because of the pile of grass before him, and unless warned by the one ahead, would suddenly find himself in the hole. Mr. Hooper's description of the savage bites of the "green-head" flies was very realistic.

No one seemed to know what "*staddles*" were till Mr. Hooper explained that some proprietors, especially those remote from the solid ground, drove clusters of posts into the marsh, leaving the tops about two feet elevated. On these the hay was stacked and removed when the ground had frozen. Some of the "*staddles*" can still be seen. If horses were used on the marshes, they were provided with oak boards about a foot square, which were fastened under each hoof by an iron clamp, and prevented sinking into the soft marsh mud. The horses soon became accustomed to this somewhat clumsy safe-



guard, and bore off the grass to the main, where it was made up into great loads for the homeward journey. Mr. Hooper gave an interesting account of the stump marsh, which is nearby and which is the remains of a primeval forest sunk *into* the marsh and preserved by the salt water.

Mr. Remele followed by reading an account of the salt marshes of Plum Island and bringing of the day's harvest home on the "gundelows" that may have resembled the "lighters" used in early days on the Mystic. The reading included an almost tragic tale of two clam-diggers, who, caught in a storm, sought refuge in the hay stacked on a staddle. Increasing storm and extreme tide with floating ice lifted the stack and started it out to sea, but fortunately the men were rescued.

Incidentally it was shown that small areas of salt marsh had been utilized as was this as late as in the seventies as far up the Mystic as Boston and Harvard avenues and on Menotomy river; and that perhaps the first named may have had something to do with the present crooked boundary line between Somerville (old Charlestown) and Medford, in 1754.

Many corporations chartered as was this of the Salt Marsh were required by the "Acts" to make returns, annual or otherwise, to the State, but as no penalty for neglect was attached, the rule was often more honored in the breach than in the observance. We have found no such requirement in this case and no return. When or how the corporation dissolved we cannot say. It must now be defunct by "mis-feasance or neglect." The wide stretch of marsh is still there, the big disused clay pits of the brick company on one side, the "stump marsh" on the other, while on the knoll has arisen the populous village of Wellington, its marshes utilized by various "gun clubs," manufactories and "filling stations," which last, then unknown, would have been a wonderment to those old salt marsh proprietors.



## PARSON SMITH'S FARM.

It was an easy transition from these latter marshes to the consideration of Parson Smith's farm and barn which was close by one of them. Mr. Hooper located it by his remembrance as near the now disused Cummings schoolhouse and present North street. Rev. William Smith, the father of Abigail, wife of President John Adams, inherited a part of this farm, and at his mother's death "bought a farm in Medford." Such is his entry in his interleaved almanac, the usual manner of keeping a diary in those days. Several of those he kept we have examined, and extracts were read in the above connection.

We find in Nast's *Sketch of Weymouth* that

in August 1634 [it should be 1734] a call was extended to Mr. William Smith of Charlestown to become the minister at a salary of one hundred and sixty pounds and three hundred pounds settlement, the latter to be paid one hundred pounds annually for three years, all in bills of credit. This invitation was accepted, and on the first Wednesday in December [1734] he was ordained as pastor of the First Church and Parish in Weymouth, which office he retained until his death, Sep 17, 1783, in his seventy-seventh year. He was a graduate of Harvard in 1725.

In reading of Charlestown it is well to remember that at one time Charlestown entirely surrounded Medford, and that in 1754 Medford acquired considerable of Charlestown territory in two parcels.

This Rev. William Smith (who until his ordination was Mister William) was the son of Thomas and Abigail (Fowle) Smith. Thomas Smith was styled "merchant" and had a farm of eighty acres (and house), bounded north by Mystic river, south and southwest by J. Dickson, and east by James Tufts and C. Crosswell. It was situated, as will be thus seen, at the bend of the river and at the end of the old rangeway, now North street. In the division of the estate, nineteen and three-quarters acres fell to the son William, which he seems to have improved by fencing, building a barn and planting an orchard.



Relative to this, we reproduce portions of his diary above alluded to:

1738. Apr. 7 bought of Joseph Porter one hundred and a half of Rails 2/5 P C. £3.7.6  
 Bought 130 Posts of Charls £5.5.0  
 Bought of Deacon Waterman 40 Rails £1.10.6.  
 Bought of Ebenezer Porter 100 Rails  
 Paid Mr. Willis for Boating up—Rails and posts £1.  
 Bought of Mr. Austin a Jack 3.10.
- 1739 January 2. Went to Charlestown Re[turne]d 10  
 8 I p[reache]d at Charlestown all day  
 Paid David an Indian the sum of £5. for stone wall  
 April 15 I p[reache]d  
 April 13 and 16 grafted in my Orchard and in the Parson-  
 age land abt 50 Grafts Paid Primus £0.8  
 April 25 Went to Boston  
 27 Planted 60 Apple Trees at my Farm to South of  
 y<sup>e</sup> house
1751. June 14 Recd of Mr. Goodwin a Chaise which cost abt.  
 £202 old tenor
- 1759 Tickets in Boston pier lottery 5 class. No. 1309
- 1763 June 20 Bought a Farm at Medford cost £1200.  
 P—d [prayed] to Paul Torrey in his Distress  
 23 Paul Torrey died 30 at Medford  
 Aug 18 At Medford—Measured my Farm

There is good reason to believe that the farm he purchased in Medford was the "widow's dower," *i.e.*, the portion held by his mother until her decease, which was then (1763) by the set off of 1754 within (and now) in Medford bounds. On a separate leaf, carefully pinned into the back of the almanac, is

The Expenses of my Farm Barn erected 6th of June 1751		
To 3 thousand of Board nails at 55/		£ 8. 5.0
11 thousand and half of shingle nails, 10 thousand at		
24. thousand and half at 25		13.17.6
half a thousand of Double tens 2/5		2. 5.0
Cash for 2 thousand of Boards		27. 0.0
Cash for 2 thousand of Boards		30. 0.0
Cash for the Frame		95. 0.0
Boating it		5. 0.0
Boating Shingles at 20. p <sup>r</sup> M. 12 Thousand		1. 4.0



12 thousand of hemlock shingles or spruce at £3 p m.	36. 0.0
flip	0.14.0
Veal 24/	1.4.0
3 Gallons of Rum at 18 p. G.	2.14.0
Mr Teel paid	3.15.0
Mr Eustice	0.25.0
Mr Oakes	5.0.0
Mr Bicknel and Loud for finishing	30.0.0
Mr Teel for Board &c	16.1.0
	[ ————— ]
My Barn cost me	279.14.6
My Chaise Cost	202.0.0
	<hr/> £479.14.6

On the June interleaf are these entries:

June 2 I p[reache]d

„ 6 Raised my Barn at Charlestown at my farm Abt noon finished. Mr Bicknel worked abt 2 days Mr Humphry abt 5. Mr Loud Son and Bicknel abt 6

These old diaries of the Weymouth pastor, who was born and came to manhood in our vicinity, and who retained a property interest here during his long lifetime are certainly interesting. For instance, note "boating," which shows that the river was a highway in earlier days. We read that when a Medford minister [1847] moved away from the pillared house on South street he did so by a vessel that came up to the wharf before his house. Probably the last such boating was in 1874, when lumber for three houses now standing on Boston avenue was brought from East Boston up the river and unloaded at Auburn street (of this we speak from personal observation). Again note, "David an Indian," his stonelayer, and "Primus," evidently a free negro. Note that the parson spent a week at his farm in January, 1739 — going on Monday, preaching on Sunday in the meeting house on the hill in Charlestown (four miles from his farm) on Sunday, the 8th, and returning to Weymouth on the following Tuesday. No steam or electric cars then, and little wonder he needed a new chaise in 1751, that cost almost as much as the new



barn. And this antedated the famous "one horse shay" of Dr. Holmes by fourteen years. Friday had no terrors for Parson Smith,—he set out an orchard and grafted scions on the old trees on that day. They had a merry time at the "raising" of the barn, as note three items therefor. Three men had "framed" it in "about" eleven days' work, and the "raising" only took the forenoon. From the quantity of boards and shingles, the barn was about 30 x 40 feet in size.

The farm originally and when it had become the parson's son's, was said to contain "86½ acres, exclusive of the rangeway and watering place claimed by the town" of Charlestown. We have not ascertained the exact bounds, but by way of illustration, suppose a tract nearly twice that of Boston Common laid down in that corner of Medford (and Somerville) between Boston avenue and Mystic river, and there was Parson Smith's farm, with the house and barn near Cotting and North streets. Through it some fifty years later came the Middlesex canal, eighty-five later the Lowell railroad, but it took a hundred and thirty-three years for Auburn street to connect Medford with that old Charlestown farm. We of this time have seen the changes wrought along the river, and are pleasantly surprised. What might Rev. William Smith, "prepossessing and conciliatory, a favorite, especially among the young, lively and animated as a speaker, and through his long ministry of forty-nine years highly esteemed and beloved," say, could he come by auto or aeroplane to his farm today?

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#### DR. OSGOOD'S HOUSE.

The Reverend David Osgood had been minister of the church in Medford twelve years, when he married, November 1, 1786, Hannah Breed of Charlestown.

Acting on the old adage of procuring a cage before securing the bird, he had erected the substantial dwelling



on High street, at the corner of Powder house road, that was for the remainder of his life his home, and for years after that of his daughters, Mary and Lucy.

Among his papers was preserved a statement of its cost. It may be of interest to such as know the relative value of "old tenor," as compared with the currency of 1785, which, by the way, Dr. Osgood expressed in English money (as this was prior to the adoption of the Constitution), to compare this with another in this issue. In this, there is nothing of a "raising." Without doubt there was one, with abundance of refreshment, both solid and liquid. What among the "thousand little expenses," "stittwork" was, will some one tell?

By the kindness of Mrs. DeLong, long resident there, we have this copy to present:

1785

The most material expenses in build'g an house 2 story in height & 42 by 34 upon y<sup>e</sup> ground.

Land, To set y<sup>e</sup> house upon £100.0.0

Day Labour	{ Diging y <sup>e</sup> cellar afsisting in ston'g } { & clear'g &c, levell'g y <sup>e</sup> earth ab't } { y <sup>e</sup> house &c }	16.10.0
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Stone hewed 2 rows in y<sup>e</sup> front 8.0.0

Frame of y<sup>e</sup> house 50.0.0

Boards	{ Merchant'ble 21m @ 48/ £50. 8.0 }	
	{ Clear 5½m @ 72/ 19.16.0 }	70.4.0

Shingles	{ 16m. @ 15/ — £12. }	
	{ 2m @ 12/ — 1.4 }	13.4.0

Clapboards	{ 1m @ £3.18.-0 }	
	{ 1½m @ £4. 4.-0 }	
	{ ½m @ 1.10. 0 }	
	{ ¼m @ 2. 8. 0 }	12.0.0

Laths 13m @ 7/. 4.11.0

Bricks	{ 3m @ 20/ £ 3. 0.0 }	
	{ 23m @ 18/ £20.14.0 }	
	{ 14m @ 16/ 4. 4.0 }	34.18.0

Lime 14 hhds on an average 31/6 22.0.0

Brads of all sorts 6<sup>d</sup>-5<sup>d</sup>-4<sup>d</sup>-3<sup>d</sup>. &c 2.2.0



Teaming	{ Carting bricks, sand, stones, boards } & all y <sup>e</sup> other materials for y <sup>e</sup> house }	16.0.0
Nails	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 7\frac{1}{2}^m. @ 12/ \quad \quad \quad \pounds 4.10.0 \\ 15^m \ 10^d @ 9/ \quad \quad \quad 6.15.0 \\ 12^m \ 8^d @ 6/6 \quad \quad \quad 3.18.0 \\ 48^m \ 4^d @ 3/4 \quad \quad \quad 8.0.0 \\ 7^m \ 3^d @ 3/ \quad \quad \quad 1.1.0 \end{array} \right.$	£38.6.5
Painting and y <sup>e</sup> work at y <sup>e</sup> eaves door heads, window frames &c		£2.2.0
Mason's bill	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Stoning ye Cellar} \quad \quad \pounds 8.3.-6 \\ 1^{\text{st}} \text{ Stack Chimnies} \quad \quad 16.2.0 \\ 2^{\text{nd}} \text{ Stack do pointing } \\ \text{ye cellar \& plastering } \\ 4 \text{ rooms} \\ \text{Plastering entry \& } \\ 1 \text{ room abt 270 yds} \end{array} \right. \quad \left. \begin{array}{l} \\ \\ \\ \\ \\ \\ 16.15.4 \\ 7-7\ 0 \end{array} \right.$	£48.7.4
Carpenters	Finishing y <sup>e</sup> outside of y <sup>e</sup> on house 5 rooms & y <sup>e</sup> entry	
Joiners acct & y <sup>e</sup> fence in front		£100.0.0
Errors excepted		£562.8-9

N.B. Blacksmith's bill not yet bro't in, for iron mantle-trees, hinges for great doors, hasps, fasten'gs &c.

Also a thousand little expenses not mentioned above, such as cedar posts oak & pine stitwork, several loads of slate & several loads of tile

It must be also remembered y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> locks, hinges, ketches skrews, bolts, Pullies & lines & weights for y<sup>e</sup> windows are yet to be purchased

And when these together with all y<sup>e</sup> other little expenses already contracted shall be added to y<sup>e</sup> above ac't it cannot fall much short of £600.

The house will be still to paint and y<sup>e</sup> rooms to paper both thefe may be estimated at abt. £50. & then £100 more will be scanty to complete y<sup>e</sup> fence, build y<sup>e</sup> outhouses & dig y<sup>e</sup> well.

After one hundred and thirty-five years, this house, now the Unitarian parsonage, still stands in excellent condition. Parson Osgood might wonder at, but be delighted in, the modern improvements now in it In view of present conditions and prices, we wonder even more what it would cost today.



## A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP.

(With apologies to Hawthorne.)

Because of recent inquiry, though it seems like "carrying coals to Newcastle" to even try to improve upon "The Pump in the Market-place," so excellently presented before the Historical Society by Miss Gill,\* we call attention to our frontispiece, and quote from Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Rill," a favorite selection, always read with interest in our school days.

In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strewn earth, in the very spot where you now behold me on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear, and deemed as precious, as liquid diamonds. The Indian Sagamores drank of it from time immemorial, till the fearful deluge of fire-water burst upon the red men, and swept their whole race away from the cold fountains. . . . Governor Winthrop on his journey afoot from Boston drank here from the hollow of his hand.

And we may claim a similar genesis for the Medford town pump, in an "ancient spring" whose existence may have been the deciding factor in the location of the original "ferme-house" built by Matthew Cradock's "servants" near the old Indian trail, through what is Medford Square today to the river's fording place. And it is just as certain that the governor refreshed himself with its cool water after crossing the Mistick on his long tramp to Salem.

But we may not follow Hawthorne's pump rill into the baptismal water placed on the communion table, for alas! Medford had no meetinghouse then, nor yet for sixty years, and when she did, the clear water of Marrabel's brook was nearer by.

But as at Salem, in the lapse of years Medford men vanished from the earth as if mortal life were but a flitting image in a fountain. Finally the fountain vanished also. Cellars were dug on all sides, and cart-loads of gravel flung upon its source, whence oozed a turbid stream, forming a mud-puddle at the corner

\*See REGISTER, Vol. XIII, p. 1.



of two streets. . . . But in course of time, a Town Pump was sunk into the ancient spring; and when the first decayed, another took its place, and then another, and still another, till here stand I, to serve you with my iron goblet.

The early history of the Medford town pump cannot be better told than was its contemporary's of Salem; yet we wonder just a little if Salem ever had a pump like that of Medford, shown in our illustration. Had such been the case, it might under the pen of the romancer have given forth a double "stream of eloquence." Also we query, "Was there ever one like it anywhere?" We deem it fortunate that the late Francis Wait, himself a mechanic of ability, made a description of its operation and peculiar features, which our local artist and younger Medford boy has preserved for us in our illustration.

It was probably installed soon after 1812, and after serving the thirsty public for an average human lifetime, was replaced by another of ordinary style in 1848. Our worthy townsman Hooper tells us of the boyish pride he felt when he first was able to operate its pendulum handle, which alternately lifted the water in the two pumps enclosed in the box-like structure, and delivered through a single spout as shown. It was a man's job to operate it and fill the big trough from which the horses and cattle drank. We of present day Medford never see an ox in our streets; horses are becoming rare.

What do the generality of Medford children know of pumping water? They would be helpless if set down thirsty in Medford square as it was a century ago. The useful fixture known as the town pump disappeared nearly fifty years ago, soon after the introduction of water from Spot pond. A great iron vase, by courtesy styled a "drinking fountain," took its place. Though it never drank nor become drunk and upheld a lantern to illuminate the way for those who did, it proved too fragile for its purpose, and soon gave way for one of granite. That, after years of use, has disappeared at the suggestion of the State Board of Health — for sanitary reasons.



At time of present writing, and for several weeks, Medford square has been in a state of upheaval by the relaying of railway tracks and street paving. Repeatedly of late, as we have passed down High street, we have walked cautiously in or around a stream of water pumped by an electric pump from the basement of the new building which stands on the sites of the old neighbors of the old town pump.

We think it to have been a rill from "the ancient spring" of three centuries ago.

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#### MEDFORD MYTH OF MENOTOMY.

We again take up the subject of Medford myths, repeating a member's statement, that "thus a whole lot of fable is taught as history." We recall also, that some one has spoken of the "*lies* of record." Disclaiming that "short and ugly word," we will say the one in question is the *mistake* of a contemporary. Sounds better, doesn't it?

In a very readable and interesting book, published by the town of Arlington (1907) on the occasion of the one hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of old Menotomy as West Cambridge, there is a two-page article on Menotomy hall, a brick structure which during its entire history was occupied in its first story as a bakery, and its ovens in use even after the demolition of the building had begun. The second contained a hall, used by the Odd Fellows, Masons and other societies, fraternal, religious and otherwise; and called by the old and pleasant sounding name, Menotomy. After telling of its use by the Congregational and Universalist churches, the account gives an added touch of romance, thus:

There the successful Methodist Church of West Medford was organized and held meetings for several years.

We have wondered not a little how this statement appears to Arlington people, or to careful readers of his-



tory generally. Why, and especially when there was no public conveyance, should Medford people go *out of town* two miles, leaving their own village, to establish a church and maintain for "several years" public worship?

We answer, *They did not*; and this statement is a *mythical mistake* of its writer, who is still unconvinced of its fallacy, reiterating the same when attention was called thereto. One of the committee of publication admits the misstatement, but asks, "What are you going to do about it?" In reply we say, we cannot expurgate or obliterate the fallacious statement from the entire edition of the book, but state in contradiction of it, that the church in question has its birth certificate in the form of authentic records, written at the identical place of its organization, containing the names of the attending parties, *none* of whom were of Arlington, much less in Menotomy hall on that occasion. This occurred in a dwelling, now 83 Sharon street, West Medford, on the evening of April 1, 1872.\*

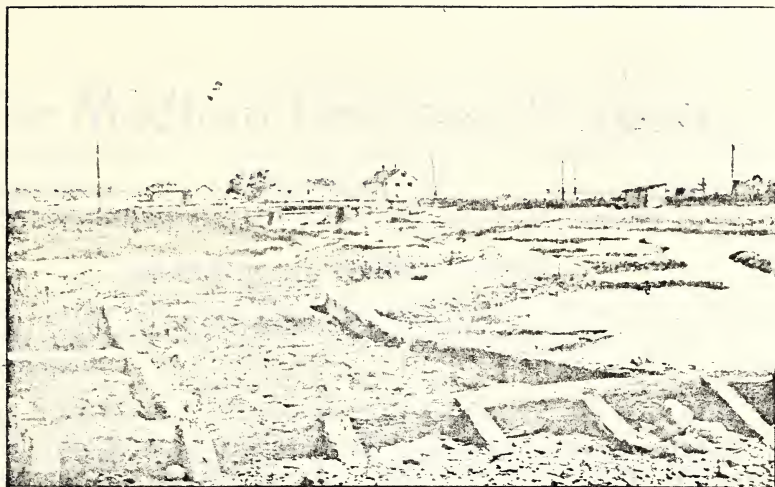
Of those present on that occasion, but two are today living, and their testimony accords with the above preceding lines. The *mythical mistake* (and we have no thought of its being intentional) could not, nor cannot be verified by record.

The otherwise (so far as we know) excellent history, entitled, "Arlington, Past and Present," published 1907, donated to the Medford Library by Mrs. Carolin Lawrence in 1912, had not been taken out till within a year (as appears from the slip inserted), when it came to our notice. Possibly none other has since then. If so, the REGISTER is giving the Menotomy *mythical mistake* more publicity, but along with it this refutation.

"*Hic fabula docet*," that "if we are to be historical, let us tell the truth."

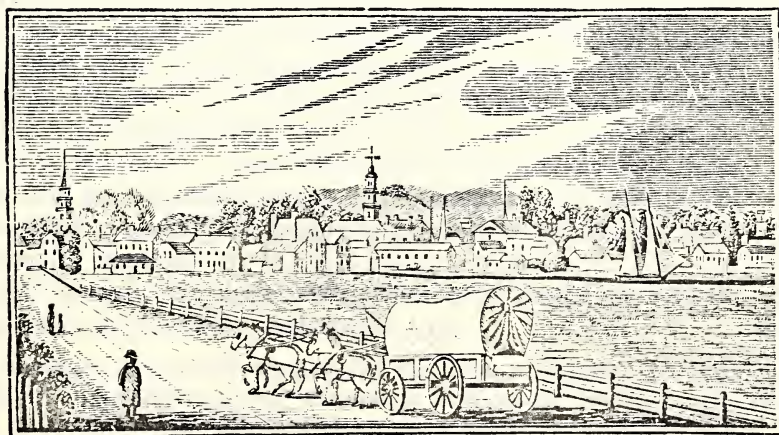
\*See REGISTER, Vol. XIV, p. 25.





#### REMAINS OF FIRST GRISTMILL.

Discovered in July, 1911, during improvement of Mystic river. The location is about 400 feet up stream from Harvard avenue, and the river at its lowest stage.



#### VIEW OF MEDFORD, MASS.

As entered from the south, upon the Boston road. Printed from the original wood block, engraved for and used in Barber's Historical Collections of Massachusetts, 1839.



# The Medford Historical Register.

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## SEWAGE IN MYSTIC RIVER.

THE EFFORTS OF THE TOWN OF MEDFORD TO PREVENT THE POLLUTION OF THE MYSTIC RIVER BY DISCHARGE OF SEWAGE THEREIN.

AFTER the introduction of Spot pond water into Medford, the subject of sewerage became uppermost in the minds of our citizens. In March, 1871, the subject was referred to the selectmen, and they were authorized to employ an experienced engineer to plan a thorough system of sewerage throughout the whole town, and to make a survey and outline map showing the principal drains and trunk conduits. In accordance with this vote the selectmen employed Mr. Clemens Herschel, who made a study of the problem, with plans and map as instructed. Mr. Herschel's report was submitted to the town at the November meeting in 1872, and in June, 1873, the selectmen were instructed to report a system for the apportionment of cost upon abutters and upon the town, action upon which was indefinitely postponed when report was submitted to the town. This latter action was taken because our citizens had become convinced that the enterprise was too costly for the town to undertake single-handed, inasmuch as it was strongly opposed to the discharge of sewage into the Mystic river. In February, 1874, the board of health reported to the town as follows, viz.:

We desire to call the attention of the town to the fact that the City of Cambridge is using the waters of Alewife brook, one of the tributaries of Mystic river, as a receptacle for a portion of its sewage, and that the Engineers appointed by the City of Boston to examine into the water supply of the city have suggested the drainage of the towns of Woburn and Winchester into the river,



that a portion of the sewage of Charlestown now finds its way into the Mystic river, and that the towns of Malden and Everett may one day use the river for a similar purpose, and we therefore urge upon the town the importance of resisting by every means in its power any attempt on the part of the neighboring cities and towns to contaminate the water of the river by making it a receptacle for sewage matter.

This was referred to the selectmen, with instructions as suggested by the report. These were acted upon none too soon; for the city of Cambridge had already petitioned the General Court for an act authorizing the use of Alewife brook as a sewer and for liberty to erect tide-gates to prevent the incoming tide from backing up the sewage into Fresh pond, its water supply. At a hearing before the Legislative Committee of Water Supply and Drainage, to whom the petition was referred, the selectmen opposed the granting of the petition upon the ground that such use would contaminate the water of the river, to the prejudice of the health of the citizens of Medford. Counsel for Cambridge stated to the committee that he had not anticipated any opposition to the petition, and invited them to view the premises and examine the conditions therein. The committee accepted the invitation, and joined by the Medford committee, made investigation. It concluded that the subject demanded favorable action, but agreed to insert a section in the bill to safeguard the interests of the town of Medford, viz., Section 2 of Chapter 193 of the Acts of 1874. The Broadway tide-gates were erected near the Broadway bridge over Alewife brook. They were constructed by the city of Cambridge (by an agreement with the town of Arlington) in 1875, and were in use up to the time of the completion of the Metropolitan sewer in 1897.

The town of Medford never experienced any discomfort from the sewage from Alewife brook. All the insoluble portions were deposited in the tortuous channel of the brook and they created a nuisance therein. That, together with the unsanitary conditions prevailing in part of the cities of Cambridge and Somerville and the



towns of Arlington and Belmont, was the principal cause of the erection of the Cradock dam in Medford center.

In the year 1861 the city of Charlestown obtained an act of the General Court authorizing it to take the upper Mystic pond as a water supply, and when that city was annexed to the city of Boston, the pond became a part of Boston's water supply. For many years both before and after Boston assumed control of the pond, many complaints were made in regard to the impurity of the water. Situated upon the Aberjona river and its tributaries were many tanneries and other works whose drainage found its way into that river and thence into the pond. This condition of things became so unbearable that some action had to be taken to remedy the evil, or else abandon the pond as a water supply.

In the year 1875 the mayor of Boston petitioned the General Court for an act authorizing that city to construct a sewer to prevent such drainage from entering its water supply. In this petition the mayor was joined by the selectmen of Woburn and Medford. The selectmen of Winchester declined to take any action. The town of Medford voted to instruct the selectmen to employ counsel and oppose the turning of any sewage into Mystic river within the limits of the town and to favor a system of sewerage being laid through the town, to discharge at Chelsea (now Revere) beach. At the hearing it was found that neither the city of Boston nor the town of Woburn had any idea of joining in the construction of such a sewer.

Boston presented a plan to discharge the sewage into Mystic river at or near Boston avenue bridge, and to erect a dam with tide-gates across the river just above Alewife brook, so as to form a reservoir for the scouring of the river at low water. This plan, so prejudicial to Medford's interests, was so strenuously opposed by the Medford committee that the Boston officials presented an alternate plan to discharge into the lower Mystic pond. This new plan was also opposed by the Medford



committee, for it was certain that in a short time a nuisance would be created in the pond,\* but finding that it must choose between the two plans, it chose what it considered the lesser evil — to discharge into the pond, the view of the Legislative committee being that the public health of Charlestown and other places, users of the water, far outbalanced the fears of Medford in regard to the creating of a nuisance in Mystic river. A bill was reported, authorizing the city of Boston to construct a sewer to discharge into the lower pond, with a section designed to protect the interest of the towns of Arlington and Medford.

#### CHAPTER 202, OF THE ACTS OF 1875.

##### ACT TO AUTHORIZE THE CITY OF BOSTON TO CONSTRUCT A SEWER IN THE MYSTIC VALLEY

Section 1. The City of Boston is hereby authorized for the purpose of protecting the purity and remedying the pollution of water supplied from Mystic Pond, so called, by virtue of Acts of 1861 and acts additional and of amendment thereof, to construct for that purpose a main sewer . . . and branches . . . on the easterly side of the ponds and streams which discharge into them. Commencing in the town of Woburn . . . through Winchester into the town of Medford and emptying into the lower Mystic pond at some convenient point near the upper end thereof said city is authorized to extend or divert into said sewer any streams or water-courses, whether natural or artificial, flowing directly or indirectly into Mystic Pond or its headwaters, or into any stream or pond connecting with or discharging into said Mystic Pond, which contains any source of pollution.

The other sections of the act are of no interest to this paper, except Section 12, which is as follows, viz.:

This Act shall not be construed to grant an interminable right to discharge sewage into Mystic lower Pond, but the Legislature may, from time to time, by law, regulate and determine the disposition to be made of such sewage for the purpose of protecting the public health, and especially that of the inhabitants of Arlington

\*There are two ponds with originally a natural dam or "partings" between them; the tide flowed into the *lower* pond, the upper pond being at a higher level was not affected by the tide. It was at this "partings" that the water works dam was built. (See REGISTER, Vol. XX, p. 20.)



and Medford, and preventing the existence of a nuisance, anything to the contrary in this act notwithstanding.

The sewer was constructed and was in use until the winter of 1880-81 before any particular discomfort from its use was sustained by the inhabitants of Medford; but one morning the whole town (especially the westerly part thereof) was aroused by a stench that almost took away one's breath. The officials of the town, who were watching the result of such a discharge of sewage matter into the pond, suspected at once the cause of the trouble and proceeded to investigate. On arriving at the outlet of the pond, they found a filthy stream of water flowing from the pond that emitted an intolerable stench. Proceeding down stream, they found fish dead and dying on the river banks, where they had been left by the ebb tide. The eels, more fortunate (?), were able to crawl out of the water and thus escape the filth, only to fall into the baskets of some enterprising fishermen who were gathering them in. The houses along the bank of the river were discolored by the gases that arose from the filthy water. One house in particular was noted, that of one of our citizens of German birth. His account of the situation was quite amusing; he said, "My little boy went out this morning and soon came running back into the house crying out, 'mein Gott, fader, just come out and look at our house.'" The house, of immaculate whiteness the night before, was now of a dirty, dingy color. After viewing the effect of the discharge of the filthy water into the river, they proceeded to investigate the cause of the sudden appearance of the nuisance. They found the pond covered by a thick coating of ice, which prevented the aeration of the water. This, accompanied by an extreme high course of the tide, which backed up the salt water into the pond, caused the ebb tide to carry with it a large amount of filthy water into the river.

The board of health endeavored to remedy the trouble by breaking up the ice with dynamite, but it afforded



little or no relief, as the mischief had already been done. A succession of high tides flowing into the pond, with the scouring effect of the ebb, soon tended to make the situation more tolerable.

The mayor of Boston and its water board were notified of the trouble, and accompanied by the Medford officials, visited the pond. They first made an examination of the water at the outlet of the pond. While they were so engaged, some Medford citizens were assembled near Wear bridge, together with some of the employees of the Boston Water Board, and there was some discussion in regard to Boston's responsibility for the situation. One of the latter said, "And what does *your little town* expect to do with the *great city* of Boston?" A most unfortunate remark for Boston's interests, for the Medford people quoted the remark on every possible occasion when the subject was before the General Court. From the outlet of the pond the company proceeded to its upper end, where the sewer pipe entered the pond. An examination there left no doubt in the mind of any as to the *cause* of the nuisance. The selectmen of Medford immediately petitioned the General Court for the remedy that Section 12 of the Act of 1875 was intended to afford. The petition was referred to the Committee on Water Supply and Drainage, and the city of Boston, through its trained attorneys, opposed all efforts to compel that city to abate the nuisance. The following bill was reported and was fought in both branches of the Legislature by Boston's representatives until its final passage:

SECTION I OF CHAPTER 303, OF THE ACTS OF 1881.

The City of Boston is hereby directed to cease emptying sewage, or waters or substances containing polluting matter or properties, into Mystic Lower Pond, through its sewer constructed under Chapter 202 of the Acts of 1875, or otherwise; and is hereby also directed to take up and remove so much of said sewer as extends into said pond; and also that part thereof, between said pond and a point on a line of said sewer, at least two hundred feet from said pond, within three months from the passage of this Act; and there-



after no person or corporation (municipal or other) shall discharge or divert into said pond, any sewage or offensive matter, waters or substances containing such properties or of such quality, as shall of themselves, or in connection with other matter, create a nuisance in Mystic Lower Pond, or endanger public health; but nothing herein shall be construed to prohibit the City of Boston's discharging such water as shall be collected in its said sewer into Mystic Lower Pond, after said City shall have purified, cleansed and freed the said waters from all offensive, contaminating, noxious and polluting properties, and substances, so that the waters shall not of themselves or in connection with other matter, create a nuisance therein or endanger the public health: *provided* that such waters so purified shall flow for a distance of at least two hundred feet immediately before their entrance into said pond, in an open drain, over a gravelly or sandy bottom.

#### SECTION 2.

The City of Boston shall cause said pond to be cleaned of such impurities prejudicial to the public health, as in the judgment of the State Board of Health Lunacy and Charity, it shall have caused . . . and should the said Board deem the same to be necessary and so decide, the City of Boston may erect a dam at the outlet of the Mystic Lower Pond, and exclude the tide water from said pond, and may raise the height of the water in said pond and may take land therefor.

Section three provided for the taking of land in Woburn and Winchester. Directly after the passage of this act, the chairman of the state board of health visited the pond to view the premises in order to obtain information in regard to the condition of matters that were referred to the board by section two of the act. He was accompanied by the Boston water board and the selectmen of Medford. After viewing the condition of things at the upper end of the pond, the company proceeded to the lower end. On the way down along the shore of the pond, the chairman of the state board, who was in company with one of the selectmen of Medford, asked what was Medford's position in regard to section two of the act, and was told that so far as the cleansing of the pond was concerned, it was deemed impossible to accomplish much in that direction, but *Medford strongly protested against turning the pond into a cesspool*, and preferred to



allow the tide to flow in and out, deeming that to be sufficient if the city of Boston *carried out in good faith* the provision of the act in regard to the purification of the sewage matter. The chairman agreed such to be a sensible view of the subject, and we heard no more in regard to section two of the act.

While the act was before the committee an effort was made by some of Winchester's citizens advocating the establishment of the filter bed in Medford's territory, but the committee agreed that as no part of the sewage came from Medford that the filter beds should *not* be located there, and they were located beside the railroad just beyond the town line in Winchester, and set in operation after a time.

The employees of the city of Boston who had charge of the operation of these filter beds allowed a considerable amount of the sewage matter to flow into the pond without being purified. At a hearing before a legislative committee, the selectmen having complained were requested to furnish a sample of what was claimed to be unpurified sewage, to be presented to the committee at a subsequent meeting. Accordingly a sample was taken from the mouth of the sewer *where it fell into the "open ditch."* As several days elapsed before the committee met again, the sample had a good chance to ripen before its presentation. An examination of the same proved without any question that it had *never passed through the filter beds.*

Another instance of the neglect to purify the sewage was shown at a visit of the mayor and city engineer of Boston with the selectmen of Medford. While viewing the situation at the lower end of the upper pond the *employees* of the water board *denied* that any sewage was allowed to enter the pond without passing through the filter beds, saying that "engines pumping sewage into the filter beds were running night and day." When it was proposed to visit the filter beds at the upper end of the pond, these employees took a team and drove rapidly



away toward the pumping station. Suspecting that they were going to start up the pumping engine, some of Medford's people started in pursuit and arrived at the station before the engine could be started up.

After the arrival of the party, which had *walked* to the pumping station, the mayor was informed of the action of the employees. He was asked if it was his intent that *all* the sewage should be passed through the filter beds, and he answered "yes." Then said one of the selectmen of Medford, "Stop up the sewer so that no unpurified sewage will pass into the pond, and thus *compel* all the sewage to be pumped into the filter beds." Turning to the city engineer, the mayor said, "How would that do, Mr.—?" "It would not do at all," was the answer. The mayor made no reply.

The city of Boston never did, and never intended to purify all the sewage before discharging it into the pond. The condition of matters was never satisfactory to Medford people until the completion of the Metropolitan system of sewerage. After the Metropolitan Water Board was established, Mystic pond was abandoned as a water supply.

JOHN H. HOOPER.

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#### MEDFORD'S FIRST GRISTMILL

Without doubt Medford people were served by the Broughton "corne-mill" across the river above "Menotomie brooke," but that was not in Medford territory. If the statement of our historian is correct, the Wade mill on Marble brook was the first. He says of it, "This was used for grinding grain and sawing timber." But no mention of it as a gristmill is found in the settlement of the Wade estate, which speaks of "saw-mill pond" and "the saw mill." (This in 1689.) Writing in 1855, he also said of another:

There was a mill a short distance below Wear bridge, but who built it, or how long it stood, we have not been able to discover. The place is yet occupied.



He quoted from Medford records the favorable action of the town about gristmills in *two* places, and added of the first:

This was not successful, nor was the following, . . .

We ask, was Mr. Brooks correct in these statements? and reply that he was regarding "one just below Wear bridge," and wish he had told more of the occupation of '55. On what he based his statement "not successful," we must remain ignorant. To our certain knowledge all vestige of any such structure had vanished prior to 1870. Possibly one of those incendiary fires so common in the sixties may have removed it.

In the REGISTER, Vol. XVII, pp. 15 and 42, are articles relative to this matter, in which interest is revived by examination of original documents in the Massachusetts Archives, of which the following is copy:

To the Hon<sup>ble</sup> Lt. Governer & Council & Representatives in Gen<sup>l</sup> Court Afsembled

The Humble petition of the Inhabitants of the Towne of Medford Showeth

That Whereas Your Petition<sup>ers</sup> have hitherunto been necesitated for want of a Grist mill within the s<sup>d</sup> Towne to carry their Corne to be ground as far as Charlestowne or Watertowne and sometimes to Boston and Noddles Island, Whereby many times before they can get their meal home, it costs them as much as the Corne was worth. And Whereas there is a very Suitable place upon the River A little above Mistick Bridge where A Mill may be Erected to the Eas<sup>s</sup> of your Petition<sup>ers</sup> And Advantage And Convenience of places Adjacent And without damage to the Passage of Boats Timber Rafts &c

Wherefore yo<sup>r</sup> most humble Petition<sup>ers</sup> Pray this Hon<sup>ble</sup> Court to to grant them the Privilege of Setting up A Mill on the River in the Place Aforef<sup>d</sup> And that an Act may be Accordingly made Authorizing and Impowering them so to do and Your Petition<sup>ers</sup> shall as in duty bound forever pray &c

Medford May 30 1698.

In the name of & by the order of the selectmen

Stephen Willis Towne Clerk

By examination of Medford records we find Mr. Brooks' quotation practically correct, under date of May 30, 1698.



At a meeting of the freholders and other inhabitants of Medford legally convened put to vote whether the Inhabitants of Medford will petition the Generall Court for liberty to build a gristmill on the River near & above Mistick bridge  
voted in the affirmative

It appears that no time was lost in the presentation of Medford's petition (which was written in another hand than that of the town clerk, Stephen Willis, who wrote the line of certification preceding his signature), as it is endorsed "June 3<sup>d</sup> 1698. Read in the House of Representatives and Committed." It is somewhat interesting to follow this petition in its course through the regular routine. Another document also accompanies it, in which "much can be read between the lines."

BOSTON JUNE 8 1698

Some Queryes with Refference to a Petition presented to the Great and Gen<sup>l</sup> Assembly by the Selectmen of Medford for Liberty of Erecting a corn mill on Mistick River near the Bridg, w<sup>ch</sup> Petition is Sayd to be already granted by the House of Representatives

- 1 Whether the granting said Petition will not prove of considerable damage to the Proprietors of the woodlands, lieing in that part of the Country, in having such an Obstruction put to about two miles of the Navigable part of s<sup>d</sup> River which the Setting down of s<sup>d</sup> Mill must needs be notwithstanding the methodes by them proposed for letting boats to pafs
- 2 Whether the free pafsage of the fish in s<sup>d</sup> River (w<sup>ch</sup> hath been a great benefitt to the Inhabitants) will not be thereby incommoded
- 3 Whether the capacity w<sup>ch</sup> s<sup>d</sup> River lies under of being made navigable for severall miles further than now it is (w<sup>ch</sup> might be improved to considerable advantage) will not be thereby hindered.
- 4 Whether it be consistent with Equity to cut off the capacity of a mill from the present proprietor of the place of the old mill where the respective owners have served that part of the country with their Estates in a Mill where they Improved s<sup>d</sup> streem for about thirty or forty years together  
unto w<sup>ch</sup> queryes sundry arguments might be offered if time were given and leave thereto allowed

The w<sup>ch</sup> is offered to consideration

per Joseph Prout.

There is still another, much smaller in size and closely written, in which Mr. Prout's "queryes" are answered



and disposed of. After the above petition was folded it was endorsed on the back

In Council June 28, 1698. Respited until the next Session

The General Court then, and for many years, met in two sessions each year, and the Council's action deferred action and gave time for the consideration of Mr. Prout's side of the matter.

At the next session favorable action was taken as follows:

Dec 26. 1698 Resolved That the petitioners be allowed what they herein pray for provided that they agree with the parties that own the land on either side the s<sup>d</sup> River where the Mill is to stand and that they do not hinder the passage of Boats Timber Rafts &c and that it doth not interfere with any former Grant or right to ye s<sup>d</sup> stream

Sent up for concurrence

Nathl Byfield Speaker.

The reader will do well to consider that in 1698 Medford was, though seventy years from its first settlement, but an insignificant place, and had grown but little. Only two bridges gave passage across the river in its entire length, but they were sufficient for all needs. With a "cornemill" on the Menotomy side, what was the need of another a quarter mile up stream on the Medford side of the river? And why was it a matter of town or public action, instead of private enterprise as were those of Broughton and Wade. Twenty-three years before, a verdict had been given against the former in favor of Symmes, whose meadows *above* Mistick ponds were flooded. Yet Prout, who was then (in 1698) proprietor, declared "thirty or forty years" of use, which covered nearly the time since Broughton began.

We find no evidence that Broughton sought legislative action for "liberty to build a gristmill," and perhaps his experience led to Medford's as above stated, in order to be safe from the consequences of resultant damage.

A comparison of the vote in the Medford record with the petition in the Archives is interesting: "Near and



above Mistick bridge," says the former; "A very suitable place . . . a little above Mistick bridge," the latter.

There can be no question of its being *above*, or upstream from the bridge; but to our present sight, a mile and a half does not seem "near," or "a little above." In view of this we are led to ask, What did the term "Mistick bridge" mean in this particular case? The bridge below the ford we know had been called at first Mistick bridge, but later had gotten the name of "Great bridge." This suggests another query, Why Great bridge, if it was the only bridge across the Mystic? Might not the Cradock, or Great bridge, have acquired such name in comparison with the second bridge at the Broughton mill? If so, that might have been appropriately called Mistick bridge, and the "suitable place where a mill may be erected" would lie a little above it, and tally exactly with Mr. Brooks' "short distance below Wear bridge" (or rather the location of Wear bridge), to which travel was diverted ten years after the petition for this mill was made.

We have shown that favorable action was taken and "liberty to build a grist mill" given. Was it built, and just where was the suitable place? In reply we say yes, it was, and at about midway between present Harvard and Fairfield avenues, West Medford, and submit in evidence our frontispiece, which is a reproduction of our photograph taken on July 15, 1911.

Referring to Vol. XVII, p. 15 (where a description and occasion of discovery is related), we are confident that the old oak frame, brought to light in 1911, was none other than that of Medford's first gristmill, erected soon after 1698.

The map or plan of Charlestown "Linefeilde" (across the river), one of the oldest known, shows two islands near the Medford side at this spot, which certainly was "a suitable place." In 1865 the United States engineers made an elaborate survey of the entire river and Mystic lower pond, with purpose of making the latter a fresh



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water basin for the use of the navy. That plan (a copy of which is at the State House), shows an island in line with the Medford side, with the river curving inland around it. We think that this carefully made map, on which the various depths of water are given, showing an island at the very place where the old frame was found, to be excellent testimony as to "suitable place," and the remains unearthed, a refutation of its being unsuccessful. Its unearthing was a rare instance of the lost handiwork of Medford men of two hundred years ago coming to view. It was a serious matter for the housewife to get out of meal (i. e. breakfast food) in 1698, and it was a long journey to Noddle's island gristmill. Neither was there the little store around the corner, to which Tommy could be sent for shredded wheat and a bottle of milk in such emergency. There were but few people in Medford then, even after sixty years, but with meal costing them double price, a gristmill near home was a prime necessity. To our modern ideas and experiences, this old Medford gristmill would be insignificant and its output crude, but at that time it must have been a decided improvement and a waymark of progress. It served its purpose, disappeared, and was utterly lost and forgotten until after two centuries, when in the march of improvement its remains were exhumed and aroused inquiry; now, nine years later, those original papers in the case are "documentary evidence."

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#### LOCAL CHANGES IN MEDFORD.

Since the electrification of street railroads, moving of buildings has become difficult, but before that time such changes were not uncommon. We have thought that an account of such as have occurred within our knowledge of fifty years might not be wholly devoid of interest; though such *might* possibly prove unacceptable to present occupants. We remember a case where a citizen (now long gone) was boasting of "*my fine residence*" and was



taken down a little by another's saying, "Why, yes, we thought it pretty good when it was father's carpenter-shop down at our place."

The present writing is suggested by examination of the United States engineers' plan referred to in a previous article about a gristmill, and on which is clearly shown the Wood mill, over which there was such a stir in '68-'70.

The "Fuller plan" of the "Smith estate" at West Medford (the tract lying between High street, the railroad and the river), plotted on the same scale, shows a similar inward curve, but not the former's island. A plan (by Hovey), in 1870, of a portion of the above, lying beside the river, shows a somewhat lesser curve with no island, and another street nearer the river. This is set down as "Beach street." Facing this street, upon lots extending backward to the Mystic, seven dwelling-houses were erected prior to 1875. One was destroyed by fire, another torn down, and five removed to other sites, as under conditions then existing they proved undesirable habitations. With the introduction of sewerage and the building of the Cradock dam the adverse condition ceased.

Beach street disappeared in the Metropolitan reservation, but after some work was done on the new parkway on the Medford side, plans were changed and it was built on the Arlington side nearly the entire length of the "linefeilde," obliterating the last vestige of the old Broughton mill-site, the old Dunster house, changing the course of Menotomy river, passing through the Somerville *appendix* and only entering Medford at Auburn street. By the "taking" of this riverside by the Metropolitan Park Commission came later the sale of several houses, and their removal, but prior to that three others, built in 1873 and 1875, were removed for similar cause as those on Beach street. One even took a journey, in 1877, over the Usher bridge into Arlington, via Broadway to Curtis street (the Somerville continuation of



Medford's Winthrop) where it now stands, near the western corner of the reservoir, in West Somerville. It was a notable incident, for in its journey it was in *three* municipalities, and only lacked a few rods of being in Medford again. But before this triple exodus, owing to the extension of Brooks street (from Irving to High) the barn of Samuel Teele, Sr., was moved to Arlington street, as an adjunct to one of those houses. When that house migrated to the *old* barn site, the barn followed it, but stopped at Mr. Usher's, and was later destroyed by fire, a regrettable circumstance, as in it were destroyed some of Mr. Usher's old *Medford Journals*, of which no file is known to have been preserved. Were that barn *now* standing it might be adapted to dwelling purposes and relieve the housing situation now so acute. A list of the shops, barns and factories in Medford so adapted would be an extensive and interesting one. But we doubt the adaptability of the modern garage to such use when people become tired of being on wheels and gas and rubber prices become prohibitive.

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#### AFTER FIFTY-SEVEN YEARS

In previous issues (Vol. XX, Nos. 1 and 2) the REGISTER has told, in some detail, of the construction by Charlestown (ere its annexation to Boston), of its water-works within the bounds of Medford and Somerville. It is now twenty years since the abandonment of Mystic lake as a water supply, but the tall, graceful chimney of the pumping station, though disused, had remained a noticeable object. A few years ago the older boilers and pumping engines were scrapped and the roof of the coal bunker removed, revealing to the few visitors its great size. The top of the chimney, through lack of care consequent upon disuse, had become disintegrated and dangerous. Its removal was decided on, and work begun to that end. By removal of bricks on a portion of the easterly side, a fissure was made across it near its base,



and the whole mass fell over into the vacant coal bunker at about 2.30 P.M. on Wednesday, September 1 (1920). Its fall attracted no widespread attention, as by its falling into the walled excavation the noise of its impact was largely smothered, or little diffused.

It was built upon a granite base fifteen feet square. A pedestal of twenty feet was paneled with two Roman arches in each side, and capped with brown stone. Each side of the tapering shaft was reinforced with two diagonal buttresses, and the top was elaborately designed and ornamented with quatrefoils of brown stone. It rose to a height of one hundred and five feet and was first in use on November 4, 1864.

On September 15 (1920), while removing the debris at the base of the shaft, the workmen came upon a copper box at about fifteen inches from either face at the easterly corner. There was no stone, or indication of its presence. It was simply embedded in the regular brickwork and was 4x4x9 inches in size, and contained four Boston (morning) papers (of October 1, 1863), three Charlestown papers (weekly) one New York daily, *Harper's Weekly*, and a New York comic weekly, *The Phunny Phellow*. Noticeable in the two latter are the cartoons relating to the French occupation of Mexico, and the "rebel rams" built in England, the time being that of the Civil War. The Charlestown directory and city reports of the previous year, with the report on the introduction of water, including a complete map of the system, and an envelope containing a silver half-dollar of 1807, a copper half-cent of 1807, a copper cent, and another (copper) coin so flattened as to defy identification, and two bronze (Indian) cents of 1863, made up the contents, which we were afforded the privilege of examining.

We found no reference to the waterworks in the Boston dailies, and have discovered (as yet) no intimation of any ceremonies attendant upon the depositing of the box, which was probably on October 1 or 2 of 1863.

The *Charlestown Enterprise* and *Bunker Hill Aurora*



of next previous date were accompanied by the *Enterprise* of Saturday, October 4, 1862, containing an interesting column regarding the exercises of "breaking ground" on the preceding Saturday\* "for the reservoir on Walnut hill." By the courtesy of Superintendent Killam we are enabled to present the Historical Society with a type-written copy of the same.

The pumping station, which since 1900 has been used only for storage and recently in the war work of the Radio company, is to be utilized as a workshop and garage by the Metropolitan Commission.

Formerly it was a place of interest to visitors. Mr. Bernard Born, who came from New York to set up the first pumping engines, remained in charge during its entire use as such, and saw it thrice enlarged. His aquarium was always a source of interest to the youngsters, and his alligators also, until grown somewhat they were removed to other quarters. With its closing, the bridge across the river to Jerome street, not being a public one, was removed, leaving no passage between Canal and Usher bridges at Boston and Harvard avenues.

To the casual observer, this building and chimney appeared to be in Medford, but was, however, in Somerville, formerly Charlestown. This was because some owners of river lots in the old Charlestown cow-pasture were not transferred to Medford in the change of 1754. After one hundred and sixty-six years of the crooked boundary line, it should be adjusted and dwellers therein orientated.

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### AN OLD HISTORIAN'S VIEW

In 1839 a book was published at Worcester, whose title was "Historical Collections." Its author was John Warner Barber. It contained a colored map of Massachusetts, a condensed history of the state, also devoted specially a page to each county, and covered the "his-

\*See REGISTER, Vol. XX, p. 30, article by J. H. Hooper.



tories and antiquities" of the three hundred and sixteen towns in a greater or less degree. It was a substantial volume of six hundred and twenty-five pages, illustrated by two hundred wood engravings. But little more than one page and one illustration was devoted to Medford, whose population was given as 2,075. Its then northern neighbor, Woburn, with 2,643 inhabitants, had two pages and two excellent views given it. Eleven lines sufficed for Stoneham, which had but 932 people in its "village of about forty dwelling houses." Medford's western neighbor, then West Cambridge, had 1,308 of population, and was noted in eighteen lines. Charlestown, which then extended to West Cambridge, with 10,101 people, was of course given prominence by the historian. Malden had 2,303, and its story was told in two pages, including one illustration.

The Historical Society has in its library a copy of Mr. Barber's work which is well worth examination. It was given by Mr. George D. Cummings, and was that of his father, the late Charles Cummings, long principal of Medford's high school. At the time of his donation, the younger Mr. Cummings remarked (of the view), "How does that street look to you?" Mr. Barber said in his "Preface"

The drawings for the numerous engravings were, with few exceptions, taken on the spot by the author,

and trusted that any critics would look from his point of view. He certainly did "some job" in preparing this work, and must have traversed the state quite thoroughly to have sketched the two hundred views.

Recently the "wood block engravings" made from his sketches, and from which his illustrations were printed in 1839, have come into the possession of the *Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities*. By its courtesy, we present one on the REGISTER's frontispiece, and bespeak for it a careful observation.

Mr. Barber named none of the features of this "South-

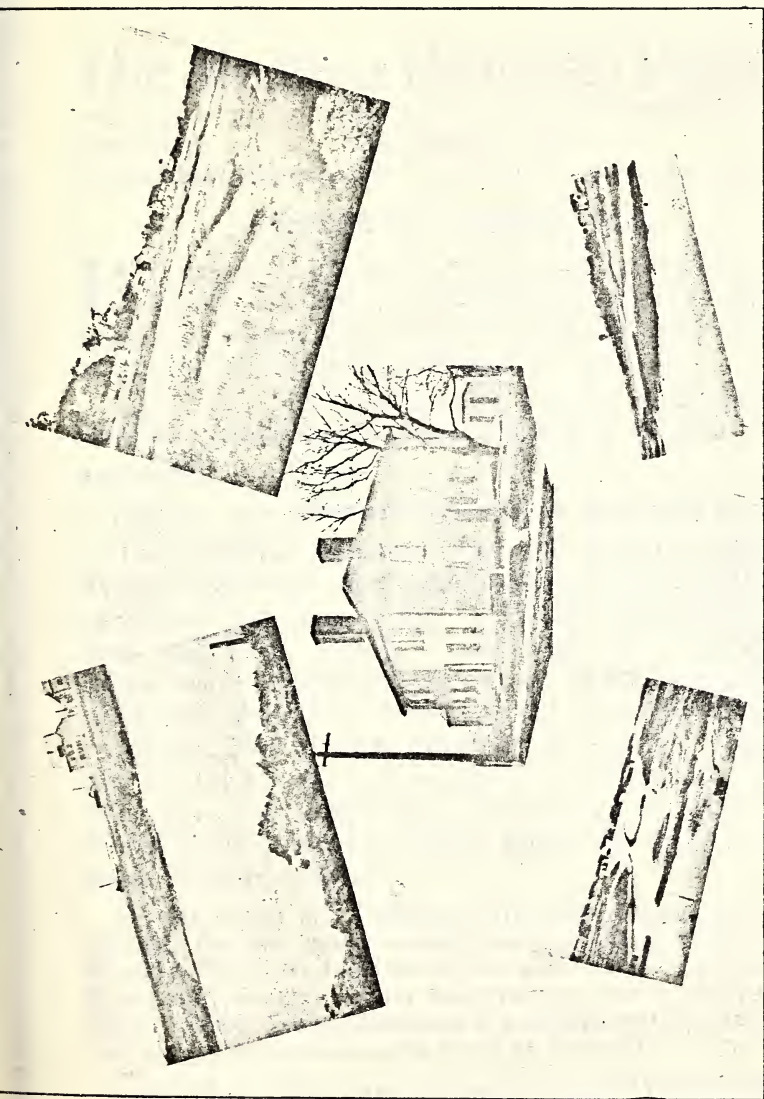


ern view of Medford," as he did in many others, but the reader will recognize its foreground as the present Moore square. The third meeting-house, at the extreme left, was torn down in 1839, the year of Mr. Barber's publication, and stood on the site of present Unitarian church. The second meeting-house (site of Page & Curtin's store) and the Andrew Hall house (now standing) are in the center, backed by Pasture hill, on the slope of which is the Hall summer-house. Next in prominence is the town hall, the great sycamores across the street from it, and the old Dr. Tufts house. Stretching backward is a veritable forest — Forest street — and in the extreme right the Universalist meeting-house. The river and a schooner with sails set is also in evidence, but we look in vain for the branch canal which crossed the vacant space in the left lower corner of this view. The four-horse team is significant; but the artist should have made the turn in the fence behind the big wagon, and shown Main street extending to the town hall instead of to the left of the old meeting-house, the present Winthrop square.

But of course, allowance must be made for inaccuracies in sketching; and we do well to remember that it was only in 1839 that Daguerre's invention became known. It is a long stride from the wood cut to the half-tone.

Mr. Barber mentioned four industries of Medford: Ship-building, bricks, hats and linseed oil, but nothing whatever of a certain other noted product. On his title page he styled his work "a general collection of interesting facts, traditions, biographical sketches, anecdotes, etc., with geographical descriptions." It certainly was, but in it we look in vain for any allusion to any "Cradock house." Absence of such (in view of the above title page) is good evidence that the widely circulated myth had not then been fabricated.





BROUGHTON MILL-SITE  
As seen from Medford.

THE DUNSTER HOUSE  
Demolished, 1907.

NEW MENOTOMY RIVER AND BRIDGE  
Looking North.

BROUGHTON MILL-SITE  
(Medford in background).

TEMPORARY DAM, 1908  
Mill-site at left.



# The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XXIII.

DECEMBER, 1920.

No. 4.

## MEDFORD, CONDITA, 1628.

BY way of contrast to the recent launching on the Mystic, let us turn backward the pages of authentic history to a date almost three centuries ago and read it as quoted by our local historian in 1855:—

July 4, 1631. The governor built a bark *at* Mistick which was launched this day and called '*The Blessing of the Bay.*'

and again,

Aug. 9. The governor's bark being of thirty tons went to sea.

The historian says, "It cost one hundred and forty-five pounds," and quotes the owner (Governor Winthrop) as saying, five years later, "I will sell her for one hundred and sixty pounds." It would be interesting to follow, were it possible, the career of this early product of Mystic river ship building, and to know if the governor realized his ten plus per cent profit. We trust that he did, but even so we cannot style him a "profiteer." Now note the following words of our historian, which *preceded* the quotations above noted which he evidently made in their support:

To this heroic and Christian adventurer belongs the honor of building the first vessel whose keel was laid in this part of the Western World; and that vessel was built on the bank of Mystic River, and probably not far from the governor's house at "Ten Hills." There is a tradition that it was built on the north shore of the river, and therefore in the limits of Medford.

Just what "this part of the Western World" means is open to query, but it is a known fact that a vessel was built by the Popham colonists in Maine at an earlier



date. This he seems to have been unaware of, or overlooked, and while stating that the *Blessing* was built near the governor's house at Ten Hills, mentions a tradition about the north side of the river, and immediately says, "the record concerning it is as follows: 'The governor built a bark at Mistick which was launched this day and called *The Blessing of the Bay*.'"

We do not deny but that there was a tradition current relative to early ship building on the north side of the river. In fact, we think there may have been, and that Mr. Brooks, who wrote as above in 1855, at the age of sixty, had it from his forbears, who were men of mature age, when Thatcher Magoun established his shipyard on the "north side of the Mistick," and when later other ship-builders found the remains of old ways and timbers farther down beside the river.

So Mr. Brooks transfers Winthrop's ship-building from Charlestown to Medford, by saying, "the record concerning it is as follows," and quotes: "July 4, 1631. The governor's bark, etc., etc." Now as we look at it, the governor's bark (the *Blessing*) was built just where the governor wrote that it was, at "Mistick," the "Ten Hills Farm" in Charlestown (present Somerville), and not in Medford at all. Neither had Governor Winthrop any possessions whatever in the Medford of that day, and while as governor he had governmental oversight and interest in all parts of the little early colony, we know of only twice (by record) of his bodily presence in the then Medford. Not to detract a particle from his worth or fame, we think that much that has been said about his paternalism of Medford is largely overdrawn, and confessing to our own share in the same are willing to be forgiven.

Now, while tradition has been said to be an unsafe guide, it may be well to look into this a little. Our historian was an enthusiast in anything relating to our history, as witness his story of the so-called Cradock house, the Baldwin apple, the Touro-Lafayette episode,



and the "old black schooner" (a smuggler) on the Mystic, so hastily unloaded.

But what about the tradition of the governor's bark? for traditions have some value after all. Perhaps it can be supported and made less shadowy by authentic record. Let us see. There is, in the archives of our State House, carefully preserved, a letter from, and in the handwriting of, another "Governor," the presiding functionary of the London Company chartered by King Charles I, who made that company a grant of land in New England in width from three miles north of the Merrimack river to three miles south of the Charles river and westward to the South sea in which to do business. The company had sent over a colony which settled at Nahumkeeke, i.e. Salem, with a few at Cape Ann, i.e. Gloucester, but who left there and settled at Mattapan (present Dorchester) and a few at Nantasket. All these were under the supervision of a local governor, John Endicott.

There had some from Salem found their way across country (or otherwise) to the Mistick valley, and had here settled in the interests of that presiding functionary who was styled "governour," and whose name was Matthew Cradock. We have the evidence of that in the testimony of the Spragues; who, coming from Salem in 1629, found them here settled and employed. Now let us return to the letter of Cradock. Endicott had written a letter to him from Salem, dated September 13, 1628. It took just five months for it to reach Cradock, who three days later, February 16, 1628-9, replied to it, writing the letter we have mentioned, and which we have personally seen and examined. The letter acquainted Endicott of the enlargement of the company (since his departure from England), of the purchase of another ship, of the hiring of two more (and possibly another), in which were to be sent about three hundred colonists, one hundred head of cattle and various supplies for the reinforcement of the colony of which Endicott was in charge.



Various directions were given in that letter, among them one is significant and is especially interesting. It directed that after reaching these shores, these

three vessels may go to the banck with 29 waigh of salt . . . lynes, hookes, knives, bootes and barvells necessary for fishinge

It was further directed that if they were not expected to return (to the colony),

that then you send our barke that is already built in the colony to bring back our fishermen and such provision of salt if any remainder bee and also of hookes lynes &c of use to you on all occasions

Take especial note of this: the company (through its chief, Cradock) writes of a *bark already here built*. For Cradock to have known of it (no cable or wirless or air-ships in those days) its construction must have been an accomplished fact when Endicott wrote to Cradock in September of 1628. The question naturally arises, where was "our bark built in the colony"? and another, was it the "governor's bark"? Note that the time of writing, February 16, 1628-9, which was (the twelfth month of 1628) before Winthrop's election as his successor and before Winthrop's departure for New England. We have no account of any ship-building at Salem, none at Dorchester or Nantasket at that early time, and ask, where then but at Medford where the Spragues found Cradock's men established? There was no lack of timber for their use, and as to metal work and rigging the earliest record of the company (now extant) shows provision for iron, steel, copper and sailcloth. It was an organized business corporation of men of means who began the Bay colony, and sent their employees across the sea equipped for service, and who followed their first adventure with more and better provision and personnel, including the governor with the king's charter on which to erect a government.

Therefore the tradition of a governor's bark, not Winthrop's but Cradock's, "on the north side of the river, and therefore in the limits of Medford," in the light of



Cradock's reference takes on new interest. Especially is this so when we refer to the story of Wood in his *New England Prospect*, of the *Rebecca*, sixty tons, and one of one hundred tons the next year, built here by Cradock's men.

What name that earlier "governor's bark," the "our barke already built in the colony" bore, we shall probably never know. Its tonnage may have equalled or exceeded that of Winthrop's fancifully named one of thirty tons, and compared favorably with the *Talbot* of forty-six and one-half tons, which brought the colonists of Salem under Endicott across the stormy Atlantic. It certainly antedated the *Blessing of the Bay* by two years, and its mention by Cradock (still existing in his own hand) points to a settlement of Medford in 1628.

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### LAUNCHING OF THE TREMONT.

As a matter of local history the REGISTER reprints the following from the morning edition of the *Boston Globe* of Wednesday, December 1, 1920:

Launched at practically the same spot at which the first vessel ever built in Massachusetts was launched, nearly 300 years ago, the four-masted schooner Tremont, the second vessel ever built in Somerville, took her initial dip into the waters of the Mystic yesterday afternoon at 3.11 from the Mystic River Ship Company yards, near Wellington Bridge.

Five thousand people assembled to watch the schooner slide gracefully into the water, where she was met by two tug-boats, which towed her to Barrett wharf in East Boston. A thousand children from the schools of Somerville and Medford, released from their classes early to attend the launching, set up a great cheer as the vessel took the water.

Miss Annie Ferrullo, 17-year old daughter of Generose Ferrullo, one of the contractors, of Medford Hillside, broke a bottle of Italian wine over the bow and christened the schooner "Tremont." The vessel is named after the Tremont Trust Company. The 1500-ton Tremont is valued at \$200,000.

As the date of the above lacks but four days of being forty-seven years from the launching of the last Medford



ship (the *Pilgrim*, by Captain J. T. Foster. See REGISTER, Vol. XVI, p. 71), it is evident that the sight must have been a novel one and of interest to Somerville and Medford people. To the comparatively few of the latter who recall memories and legends of the old busy days along the Mystic, and to those who have watched, from the car windows in passing, the slow progress of its building it was especially so. From the *Boston Post* of October 22, we quote:

The history of the new vessel notes many obstacles placed in the way of completion which threatened at many times to leave nothing but an abandoned hulk on the banks of the Mystic to show for this attempt to again make the Mystic a center for ship-building.

The war paved the way for the opening of contracts, which led to the building of the schooner, and the war in turn placed the obstacles in its way, which all but led to the abandonment of the project. . . . In 1917 the Mystic River Ship Company was formed and made plans for the construction of a vessel for the mahogany trade . . . legislation prevented putting the vessel to the use for which it was intended. An order from the Norwegian government received, work was begun. Its keel was laid on March 12, 1918. Again legislation prevented delivery of ships to the Norwegian government and work stopped. At intervals when money could be raised work was resumed. . . . The last work by the ship company was done in December, 1919. From that time until August 5 of this year work was abandoned. Then the Trust Company took up the work of completion. The schooner is 175 feet in keel, 204 feet over all, 38.2 feet in width, 19.6 feet in depth and has two decks. . . . First-class rooms, with the most modern conveniences, were built for the officers and crew. She will carry a crew of nine men, and has capacity of 1600 tons of coal, although she can be used for other trade.

By the above it appears that the enterprise of building this vessel has been attended with adversity and probable loss to the originators, and that the ultimate cost was far in excess of the early estimate. During the construction the writer made a number of visits and was courteously treated, and learned much new to him that certainly increased the regard he had for the men who toiled in the shipyards of Medford in the days of yore, and whose work made Medford famous.



The forests of the South and of the Pacific slope, as well as the oaks of nearer states enter into the construction of the *Tremont*, while steam, compressed air, and the gas engine had much to do in shaping timbers and boring for tree-nails that in the old days, even of the building of the *Pilgrim* in '73, was laboriously done by hand. The place of the *Tremont's* building is not in Medford but in Somerville, and supposedly at or near where the *Blessing of the Bay* was built and launched in 1631, and till 1842 a part of Charlestown.

By annexation from other towns the original Medford has extended its borders and Wellington bridge connects and makes neighbors of those the river separated. Great possibilities of growth and improvement lie along the Mystic up-stream, that coming years should see realized. Under wise municipal administration and mutual co-operation of labor with capital this may be for the future historian to record.

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#### MORE ABOUT THE GRIST MILL.

*To the Editor of the Medford Historical Register:*

DEAR SIR:—

I was much interested in article (Vol. XXIII, p. 53) on Medford's first grist mill. It occurs to me that it is timely to try to answer some of the questions asked in the article, and perhaps to criticize some of the statements and conclusions of the author. I agree with Mr. Brooks that in all probability the Wade mill was the first erected within Medford limits. The senior Mr. Wade purchased land in Medford May 25, 1661, and his sons Jonathan and Nathaniel came to reside thereon soon after the purchase. He himself resided in Ipswich, where he died in 1683. By his will he gave to his son Jonathan one-half of his farm in Mistick, with one-half of the stock upon it, and he gave to his son Nathaniel the other half of the farm and the other half of the stock, "to be divided equally between them." The westerly



part of the farm was Jonathan's share. It was upon the brook in that part that the mill was located. It was called a saw mill, although it may also have been used as a grist mill.

Medford people were no doubt served at Broughton's mill (built in 1656) which, although situated across the river in Charlestown (present Arlington), was owned and operated by Medford men the greater part of the time. In 1698, when the town petitioned the General Court "for liberty to build a grist mill on the river near and above Mistick bridge," it must have been its intention to build it as a public work. The General Court granted the petition, but it is evident that no action was taken by the town to build a mill, as the records fail to show that the town ever voted to build, or to appropriate any money therefor. In the absence of any such votes we may rest assured that no mill was built by the town. Broughton's mill must then (1698) have been out of repair and unable to serve Medford people or they would not have complained of being obliged to travel as far as Noddle's Island (East Boston) to be served. This petition affected the interests of Mr. Joseph Prout, owning as he did the Broughton mill, where, as he said, the public had been served for about "thirty or forty years," and in all probability it moved him to take action to supply the wants of the Medford people by putting in repair the old Broughton mill on the Charlestown side of the river.

In the year 1710 Joseph Prout sold to Jonathan Dunster, "mill, mill-yard, buildings and Orchard one Acre also one and one-half acres of upland on the north side of the river at the end of the old dam." In the same conveyance is named "one and three-fourths acres of meadow land on the north side of the river at the end of the mill dam." It is beyond a doubt that a mill was on the Charlestown side of the river (whatever its condition may have been) at the time of this sale, and we know that the one and one-half acres of upland at the end of "the old dam" extended to the water's edge without any



meadow land intervening, and we also know that the one and three-fourths acres of meadow land at the "end of the mill dam" is the identical land upon which the remains of an old structure were found.\* Harvard avenue is located through this land. Does not the omission of the mention of a mill on this land indicate that there was not any mill there at the time of the sale? And if this is correct, it shows that while in all probability Joseph Prout built the dam, or allowed Jonathan Dunster to build it, Mr. Dunster must have the credit of building a new mill where those remains were found on this land. It is to be noted that Broughton's mill was built *before* he received a deed of the land from Henry Dunster.

In the year 1822, Moses Robbins, a descendant of Jonathan Dunster, deeded to Cyrus Cutter "one acre of marsh land, bounded southwest on Mystic river, northeast on Deacon John Larkin, southeast on James Cutter, together with all the mill privileges if there be any belonging to the said parcel of land" on the north side of the river. There is no mention of a building in the deed. James Cutter owned the other part of the acre and three-fourths of marsh land that Joseph Prout sold to Jonathan Dunster.

Mr. Brooks says, in writing of a mill a short distance below Wear bridge, "the place is yet occupied." If we are to be guided by Moses Robbins' deed, there was not any building there in 1822, but the conveyance of mill rights shows that a mill stood there at one time. Mr. Brooks' statement that the place is yet occupied probably had reference to the remains recently discovered.

In regard to the query about Mistick bridge, I answer that the term Mistick bridge meant the bridge located where the Cradock bridge now stands. There was no other bridge across the river at that date (1698). In 1699, the town voted to give Mr. John Johnson "three pounds towards building a horse bridge over the wears." That bridge, which it is assumed was built, must have had a brief existence, for many years after, constant complaints

\*See Illustration, Vol. XIII, No. 3.



were made of the lack of a bridge at the wears. Medford and Charlestown neglected to supply the wants of the people, until in 1747 the General Court ordered "that a good and sufficient bridge be erected over the wears." That bridge when erected made a *second* bridge over the river.

In 1757, "Medford Great bridge" was spoken of, evidently to distinguish it from the new bridge over the wears. It is doubtful if at that time the term "Wear bridge," was in use. The bridge at the center was called Mistick as late as 1754. It is not at all probable that Broughton's mill dam was ever called a bridge.

I was also interested, and somewhat amused with the view of Medford in 1839, as shown in the REGISTER, Vol. XXIII, No. 3, and in reading some of the remarks of the author of the article in explanation of the illustration. I was interested because I lived in what is called Moore square in that same year (1839), and in that vicinity for many years after, and there is hardly a foot of land but what I have traveled over time and again. I fail to recognize Moore square as the place where the four-horse team is located, for the reason that had the team been in or near the square it would have been surrounded by houses and such a view would have been impossible. Nor could the point of view of the artist have been on Main street where the author of the article assumes it to be, unless it was as far away from Moore square as Brooks park, and then he would have been obliged to ignore the Middlesex canal, Branch canal and locks, also the Turnpike with the bridge over the Branch, to have sketched such a view, all of which were plainly visible. As I look at the illustration, the four-horse team is on Mystic avenue, or the Turnpike of those days. Note the wide expanse of land between the road and the river, without any road or building intervening. Without doubt that is the salt marsh, which occupied the entire space between the road and the river. I lived on the turnpike in the year 1843 (not far



from where the boy appears to be standing), and I have seen just that view times without number, and I confidently assert that there is no other place where such a view could have been taken except in that vicinity.

Of course, when one learns that the illustration is intended to represent Medford, it is not difficult to point out what the author of the article deemed to be the most prominent buildings, but were it not for the word Medford applied to the illustration, I should never suspect it was our good old town.

JOHN H. HOOPER.

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#### EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Referring to Mr. Hooper's letter, it is clearly evident that Medford in its corporate capacity never availed itself of the legislative permission to build a grist-mill. In using the caption "*Medford's First Grist-mill*" it was not our intention to claim any municipal construction or ownership. By interview we find Mr. Hooper is of the opinion that the "very suitable place a little above Mistick bridge" was on the present Armory grounds, because of the peculiar configuration of the land and the creek, the slight remains of which may yet be observed in the rear of the Tufts residence.

Remembering the fact that there was formerly an island nearby, we are quite sure this location is nearly a duplicate of the one up-stream where the remains of that old structure were found. It is also certain that it was later the site of a tanning establishment, but with how much (or little) of power we cannot say. Again, the objections raised by Prout would be stronger against this site than the other.

But it is certain that *somebody* built a dam at the upper site and on land then (or later) owned by Prout, within a few years after the petition we have quoted, as shown by the following, which is a copy of the deed of



Joseph Prout to Jonathan Dunster referred to by Mr. Hooper.\*

All that his millstead lying and being on Mistick alias called Medford River att Menotomy with the millyard and orchard within the bounds of Charlestowne containing one acre more or less bounding easterly, south, and westerly by said Dunster's lands and north-erly on the river.

Also one acre and three quarters of Medow Land belonging thereto be it more or less lying on the north side of the River and at the end of the Mill Dam bounding on the land of Ebenezer Brooks within the bounds of Medford.

Also another piece of upland containing an acre and a half lying on the north side of the River at the end of the old Dam within the bounds of Medford bounded by the said Brooks his land be the same more or less.

Together with the Dwelling House fences, Trees fruit-trees on said premises with the Banks Damms Streams Wayes w<sup>ch</sup> Mr. Broughton purchased from Mr. Henry Dunster.

Mr. Henry Dunster† was the first President of Harvard College and father of Jonathan, the grantee named above.

Just here the reader will do well to remember that until 1842 Charlestown extended from the Menotomy River along the Mystic River and lakes and farther on to Woburn line on the high land of Turkey hill in present Arlington. Also let the reader note the order in which Prout conveyed the three parcels of land:

First, the acre (in present Arlington) that was surrounded on the three landward sides by property of the grantee and on the other by the river.

Second, the two parcels in Medford, bounded landward by Ebenezer Brooks and otherwise by the river. Notice the first of these two was meadow (*i.e.* marsh) land and at the end of the mill dam; the second, upland at the end of the old dam.

Here are two distinct dams mentioned. The latter dam was almost opposite the angle of present Arlington street, and when constructed was across the stream. The former must have been a wing dam perhaps from

\*Middlesex Registry, Book 15, page 201.

†See REGISTER, Vol. XIII, p. 10.



the two islands then at that point in the river. That particular piece of "meadow land" is shown on Plan of Smith Estate in 1870 as of ownership of "Cutter," and for years later the marsh grass was annually cut there. Having made his enumeration and description of the three parcels, Prout mentioned the various appurtenances thereto belonging, and while specifying a dwelling house, did not mention any *mill building on either side the river*. Notice, at that time twelve years had elapsed since Medford petitioned the General Court, and fifty-four (or more) since Broughton built his mills, to which in his deed Prout referred not as mill, but as a "*millstead*." With the lapse of years, the adverse decision of the court in the Symmes damage case, which must have been attended with loss of power, and the discontinuance of the Woburn road thereto, the Broughton "millstead" must have been decadent. By acquiring of Prout the acre and three quarters of meadow land in Medford, Jonathan Dunster, who lived opposite, by building a mill on this "suitable place" in Medford could supply the needs of Medford people and his mill be "a Convenience of places Adjacent."

We regret that at the time of the unearthing of the remains of that old mill Mr. Hooper was absent from town, and so never saw them. Had he, with his mechanical knowledge he could have explained many things that are beyond our ken, and we know no other to whom we can appeal. At an interview, he furnished us the following from the Middlesex Court File of June, 1679, in case of Prout *vs.* Dunster, *et al.*:

I Thomas Gleison aged abt. 66: years do testifie y<sup>t</sup> when I was tenant to Mr Henr Dunster w<sup>ch</sup> is now neere 20: years past & then occupied his farme house adjoyneing to Cambridge Comon on y<sup>e</sup> west side winottime the said Dunster told mee y<sup>t</sup> he had sold a highway for the use of Misticke Mill, and then he told mee that y<sup>e</sup> said highway was to pass through his land from the Mill to Cambr. Comon, and asked mee whether it were better it should by thorow y<sup>e</sup> yard adjoyneing to y<sup>e</sup> sd Gleisons then dwelling-house, or on y<sup>e</sup> other side of y<sup>e</sup> Lott next Goodm. Russells lott. Whereupon I told



him that unless it were fenced out, it were fare better y<sup>t</sup> it should by thorow y<sup>e</sup> yard for y<sup>t</sup> was in sight, whereupon Mr Dunster thanked mee for my advice, & prayed mee y<sup>t</sup> people might passe w<sup>th</sup>out disturbance, w<sup>ch</sup> they did accordingly while I was there, also he told mee y<sup>t</sup> he had received ten pounds for y<sup>e</sup> same.

Taken upon Oath, 23, 4, 1676  
Before Thomas Danforth, Assist<sup>t</sup>.

The "Cambridge Comon" in the above was the common or pasturage land of Cambridge, which then included Lexington in its bounds. Referring to Henry Dunster's deed to Broughton (see REGISTER, Vol. XIII, p. 10) we find conveyance of

two Rods broad for a highway (from the s<sup>d</sup> Mills) to go too & fro betwixt the said Mills & Concord way throu all the land of the said Hen. Dunster till it shall come to the publique country highway to Concord,

and that Thomas Gleason was one of the witnesses to the same on March 6, 1656. Evidently this was the "Wayes" mentioned in Prout's deed of 1710 and corresponds to present Winter street in Arlington.

As pertinent to these conveyances and the site of the old Broughton mill we refer to our frontispiece and acknowledge the forethought and interest of Mr. Hooper in securing the two views of the mill site just before obliteration.

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### THE TOURO HOUSE AND ITS OWNER.

Some of our older Medford residents will remember the old, comfortable-appearing dwelling on South street, which, perhaps a dozen years since, was demolished to make way for the erection of several apartment houses. It faced the river, sat low on the ground, well back from the street, with ample space about it. The main house was L-shaped; in the internal angle was a large square veranda, its roof supported at the outer corner by a massive round column. A peculiar feature of the house was the circular end toward South street, in which was a chimney and fireplaces.



Aside from that of the elder Magoun, it was the only one in old Medford that had any circular construction. It was never painted in color, always white, and its solid appearance, especially its window frames and cornice, showed it to be the work of old-time mechanics who knew their calling. Its walls were weather-boarded with clapboards, well lapped in width and at ends. These extended around the circle also — another proof of the workmen's skill. This house was, a century ago, the summer home of Abraham Touro, a wealthy Boston merchant, who went out from it one morning but never again came to it because of an accident resulting in his death in Boston on October 20, 1822. We have alluded elsewhere in this issue to a "Touro-Lafayette episode," and now quote from page 493, Brooks' *History of Medford*:

1825.—Medford has not been a resort for Jews; but it had one who is remembered with interest, Abraham Touro, eminent for his social and generous qualities. When General Lafayette reached Massachusetts, Mr. Touro offered him his noble horse for his entrance into Boston. On the day of that triumphal entry, Mr. Touro was standing in his chaise to catch his first sight of the illustrious visitor, when a sudden start of his horse threw him from his place and broke his leg. The fracture was a very bad one, and the patient grew worse daily. The physicians and surgeons did all they could, and finally assured him that nothing but amputation could save his life. With a Jew's traditional prejudice against that operation, he firmly answered thus: "*No! I will never go into heaven with one leg.*"

Mr. Brooks made brief mention of his wealth and legacies. We can but wonder what he would think could he read the Medford tax-list today; and also as to his source of information relative to Lafayette, whose first return to this country was in the fall of 1824, two years after Mr. Touro's death.

From the *Independent Chronicle and Patriot* of Wednesday, October 25, 1822, we quote the following, which may be regarded as authentic:

Died. On Friday afternoon, *Abraham Touro, Esq.*, merchant,



aged, abt. 46. While viewing the military parade on the 3<sup>d</sup> inst. in a chaise, his horse was frightened by the fire of the artillery, and became unmanageable, and Mr. T. in leaping from the chaise fractured his leg so seriously, that notwithstanding the best surgical assistance, a mortification ensued and terminated his life. We learn that among other legacies, he has bequeathed 10,000 dollars to the General Hospital and 15,000 to the synagogue at Newport, at which place his body will be interred.

So it appears that his offer of "his noble horse" to Lafayette for a triumphant entry into Boston (which has been accepted as veritable history since 1855), vanishes; and must be added to the catalogue of "Medford Myths."

But how came this accident to happen? We will summon a former Medford man, Caleb Swan. His testimony is not a deposition under oath to be filed in court, but is, however, in writing and interleaved in his copy of Mr. Brooks' history at page 493, on which page is *written* 1824 beside the printed 1825. Mr. Swan evidently observed the dissimilarity in date, but makes no note of the *error* as to Lafayette.

Mr Dudley Hall told me in 1853 [that] Mr. Touro lent his own horse to a military friend to ride on the Parade—and his friend sent his own horse to Mr Touro, to use in place of his own—after breakfast, he concluded to drive the horse into Boston, and drove over to Mr Hall, to ride in with him. Mr H. did not wish to go that day, but Mr. Touro urged him, and finally told him he did not like to go alone with so spirited a horse as he had, when Mr H. got into the Chaise, and rode into Boston, and then left him [at] head of Elm Street, and went into State Street. Mr. Touro then drove up to the Common, where the accident happened. B. L. S.[wan] says Mr Touro was standing up in his Chaise to look over the heads of the Crowd, and see the Troops, when at 12. a Cannon was fired—his horse started, and turned around when he fell out—his leg was broken below the knee.

The "Parade" was the fall inspection of the militia of Boston and Chelsea and the review on the Common.

Mr. Swan purchased five copies of the "History of Medford" at its publication in '55, and in 1905 his personal copy with his interleavings was given to the Historical Society by his grandson, Charles Herbert Swan,



only recently deceased. The "military friend" with whom Mr. Touro made the temporary exchange of horses, was undoubtedly Governor Brooks; and the occasion of this inspection and review may have been his last, certainly one of his latest, public appearances. Probably Mr. Touro, in leaving his pleasant home in Medford that morning, little thought that he was never to return to it. We are unable to ascertain whether his death occurred at the hospital or at his Boston residence, — but probably at the former — nor yet anything of his funeral. He was president of the Medford Turnpike Corporation at the time of his death, though not one of the original stockholders, but there is no note of his passing upon its records. It is fitting here to reproduce, from the pen of a modern historian and genealogist, the following which we find in our Society's library. It is signed with his *pen name*, but he "*in propria persona*" gives us his permission thus to use it:

#### NOTES AND QUERIES, BOSTON TRANSCRIPT

Saturday, December 30, 1911.

Note 2478. Touro Family of Boston and Medford. New information from a descendant. Abraham Touro was a man of ability. He was aggressive in his business affairs. His patrimony may not have been large, but he had the way of his people in getting along in the world of trade. Perhaps he entered into much of the good will of the business of his uncle, Moses Michael Hays, and then he acted in the interests of himself and his brother, Judah Touro of New Orleans. His vessels were known in many a port, and though plying between Boston and the ports of the Indies, his new vessels were from his own stocks and shipyard in Medford, to which place also his vessels in need of repairs resorted.

It was a sad day in Boston when he met his untimely injury and death, in October, 1822. Many were dependent upon him. He lived in a world of business. His home with his sister Rebecca was his castle. He had a home in Boston, but he best enjoyed his home in Medford, where he could have the society also of his neighbor, Governor Brooks. His will and the papers which refer to his estate, evidence concerning his business and his friendships. To be sure he dealt in wines by the tierce, and these he bestowed in quantities sufficient in which to take a bath. This was in years before the Washingtonian movement. He was generous to Gov-



ernor John Brooks, Dr. John Warren, Captain John Pratt, R. D. Shepherd and John Coffin Jones. The wines contributed to the festivities and good fellowship of the day. He did not forget his friends, and in those days of his intense distress he did not forget good causes, nor the finest interests of his own people. To the Jewish Synagogue in New York city he gave \$10,000; also he gave to the Legislature of Rhode Island the sum of \$10,000 for the support of the Synagogue in Newport, and to the Massachusetts General Hospital he gave \$10,000. This sum fairly took the breath away of this last organization. Their gifts had not been in large sums, but it came at a most opportune time. He himself felt the need of the highest surgical skill. If he could have had it perhaps his life could have been saved. Mr. Touro also remembered the town government of Newport with the sum of \$10,000 for the repairing and the preserving of the street from the Jewish Burying Ground to Main street. The town might well name the same Touro avenue. The asylum for boys, and also for girls, of Boston, and Humane Society, to each he gave \$5,000; and to his old-time friend, Mrs. Juliet Lopez of New York city, he gave \$10,000; he remitted many an indebtedness to his friends and helpers. And there was one kindly gift to Nahum Cobb, "a yellow servant," in the family, of \$500, which must have looked large to the man to whom five dollars was monumental.

The assets of the estate of Abraham Touro were a medley of bank stock, general and local, which the brokers of today know little of, and there was stock in many an enterprise where public spirit was the prominent feature rather than dividends. Among them the Malden, Charlestown and Kennebec bridge companies, the Newburyport Turnpike, the Medford Turnpike, and plentiful shares in the Middlesex Canal; also the South Boston Corporation, to say nothing of above a thousand shares in the Amoskeag Company and shares in the Boston Theatre and the bathing house and riding school. These were beneficial in the end to the public, but whether they yielded dividends we say not. But Mr. Touro was public-spirited and entered into them. His chief income was from his merchandise overseas.

The Touro mansion in Medford was near present Touro avenue, and his shipyard towards the river, and his lands reached wellnigh to the Medford Hillside Railroad station and towards, but not including, some of the campus of Tufts College. In his day he little dreamed of the vision of Mr. Tufts putting a light upon the bleak pasture lands of Walnut Hill.

OLIVER WISWALL.\*

To this we will add that the Medford turnpike and

\* Rev. Anson Titus.



Middlesex canal paid dividends for a time. As to Mr. Touro's shipyard or vessels he had built in Medford — we fail to find even the slightest mention of any such in that long list compiled by Rev. Augustus Baker in 1846.

Yet, Mr. Touro, with his wealth, *may* have been a "silent partner" in that great Medford business of a century ago. As said above, his name is preserved, and is in daily use in Medford in Touro avenue, but we know of no relic of his old home other than the iron fireback taken from the chimney and given to the Royall House Association.

Abraham Touro was the son of Rev. Isaac Touro, and had a brother Judah, who was seriously wounded "on the field of Chalmette," in the battle which occurred after peace was declared. Rescued by his "dear, old and devoted friend," Rezen Davis Shepherd, he lived for nearly forty years, dying at Richmond, Va., at the age of seventy-seven years. It may be remembered that his gift of \$10,000 contributed largely to success in the erection of Bunker Hill monument.

The Touro's sleep in the Jewish cemetery at Newport, R. I. Doubtless the inscription on Judah's tablet may be well applied to Abraham of Medford,

By righteousness and integrity he collected his wealth,  
In charity and salvation he dispensed it.

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#### THE SOCIETY'S WORK, 1919-20.

The opening meeting, October 20, was a "Get-Together Social," enjoyed by all present. November 17, John Albree, Esq., of Swampscott (a member) gave an illustrated talk, "An Old Quaker's Diary." A graphic recital of "War Experiences," by Rev. Henry Francis Smith of West Medford on December 15. The largest attendance was on March 15. Mr. Malcom Davis, Superintendent, gave an address on the "Boy Scouts" and seventeen Scouts gave examples of their work and training, after which refreshments were served. May 17, Librarian George S. Evans of Somerville told of the settling of Woburn in "The Seven against the Wilderness," presenting a copy to our library. October 20,



February 16 and April 19 the meetings were conducted by our members in informal manner and "Questionnaire," "What do you know about salt hay" proving of interest. The annual meeting, January 19, came in the wake of a blizzard and deep snow. Favorable reports of officers were received — our home free of debt and practically a clean slate on current expenses. The election made no change in *personell* of Executive Board. Vice-President Ackerman was chosen President, succeeding Mr. Mann, who was chosen Librarian to succeed Mr. Remele, who succeeds Mr. Ackerman as Vice-President. A substantial "token of esteem" was presented to the retiring President, who received it in *surprise* with "*thanks*" closing five years of service with no absent marks.

On Patriots' Day over a hundred visitors came to our rooms.

The Society has been represented at the Bay State League meetings.

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### ANOTHER RETROSPECT.

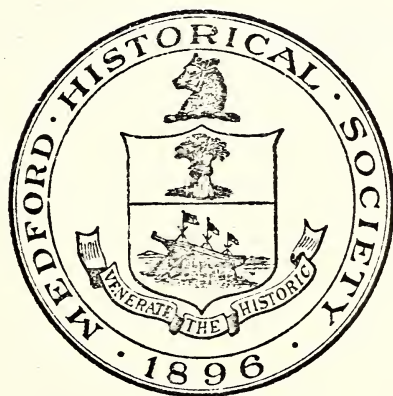
With this issue the REGISTER closes its twenty-third volume. It has always been its purpose to be a register distinctively of Medford people and associations and of Medford affairs, venturing outside only as connected with them. At an early date the fear was expressed by some that subject matter would soon be exhausted. That fear proved groundless but others have arisen.

While harboring none of superstition, at the closing of the twelfth volume we expressed the wish that the thirteenth might be in no wise *unlucky*, and asked for larger co-operation and increased circulation. Eleven years have passed, our Society has had *two* "removes," but is *not* facing a third, being now settled in its own home. We have "been through the war" experience of increased cost and high prices, and close Vol. XXIII with a deficit. We feared the directors would say "*Skiddoo*," which is, being interpreted, "Cease publication." Yet they direct us to continue, trusting to the appreciation of our members, the Medford reading public, and the good will of all for larger future support. We trust that the culminating numbers (either thirteen or twenty-three) may not prove disastrous, and that the REGISTER's future issues may be largely increased.



THE  
MEDFORD HISTORICAL  
REGISTER

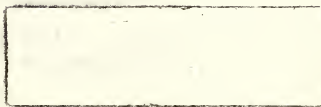
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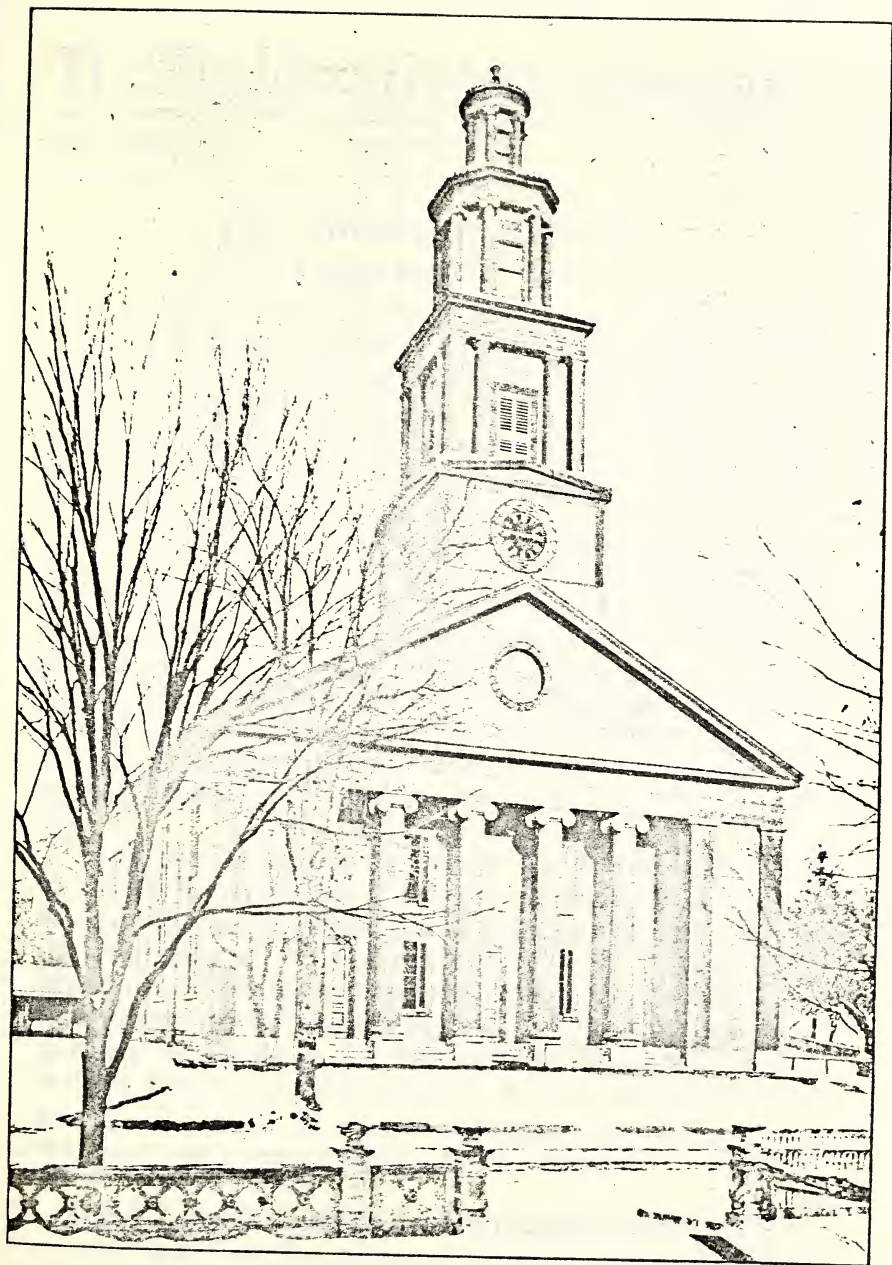
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HOUSE OF WORSHIP OF FIRST PARISH (UNITARIAN)

Erected by Oakman Joyce, 1839

Destroyed by fire, Sunday, January 15, 1893



# The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XXIV.

MARCH, 1921.

No. 1.

## THE TOWERS OF MEDFORD.

"Tell the towers thereof." Psalm 48:12.

**I**N a former issue of the REGISTER, its readers have been enabled to perambulate the town lines; in this they may learn of its towers, ancient and modern.

Consulting our dictionary we find a tower to be a structure tall or lofty as compared with its basal size, and are referred to spire, pagoda, campanile and steeple as related thereto.

We remember that in our earliest schooldays a geography or atlas had upon its cover a grouped picture of the world's then tallest buildings, the great pyramid of Egypt forming its background. Its apex of five hundred feet was the limit of human constructive ability. Contemporary with it was *Gleason's Pictorial*, which carried into many homes, weekly, a view of Boston from the harbor, its crowning feature the State house dome and cupola, accentuated by the many church spires of that time.

That was before the age of steel and the erection of modern office buildings; and no one thought then that the granite custom-house would grow to a height exceeding Cheops, or of a three-hundred-foot structure in Medford. The same authority (the dictionary) tells us that towers were originally built for religious or memorial purposes or for defense. But an older Book tells of the earliest tower of which we have record, in these words, And they said, Go to, let us build us a city, and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name . . . and they left off to build the city.

Hard burned brick laid in bitumen is most durable construction, but the purpose failed to pass inspection.



Evidently this tower of centuries ago was not one of religion, and failed of completion as a memorial. Read this about one for defense and shelter as it is told in old English:

“And bildide a *tour*, and hiride it to erthe tilleris & wente fer in pilgrimage”  
Wycliffe's trans. Matthew xxi.

That mentioned in the parable was a watch-tower.

And now we come to the first Medford tower, its use or purpose both secular and religious. It was that of the second Medford meeting-house. Indeed, we have often wondered why its height, thirty-three feet to the eaves, was so disproportionate to its width of thirty-eight. It being built in the valley, perhaps on the site of a brickyard, those early citizens may have emulated a little the ambitions of others, and, tall as their new meeting-house was with its pyramidal roof, they built thereon a *little tower*, i. e., a toweret or turret, and in it later was placed the first Medford bell.

But it was nearly a century after its first settling that Medford acquired this visible distinction which is a feature of New England towns. Though the first meeting-house, on the “great rock by Oborn rode,” never had this distinguishing exterior feature, it had *in* its pulpit a “little tower,” or *tourelle*, in the person of its minister, who spelled his name Turell,—which would indicate that his ancestors were of French extraction. To him it was given to be the occupant of the second pulpit during its entire existence and to begin that of another. That second pulpit only lacked supporting pillars under its “sounding board” (it being suspended by an iron rod), to make it almost a duplicate of the bell turret, the only example of which latter now remaining is that in Hingham, built in 1681.

In 1669-70 was built the third meeting-house. This had the feature of “*a tower from the ground*,” whose first floor formed a vestibule, and contained a staircase leading to the gallery. Higher up, may (prior to 1812) have



been stored the town's stock of powder. We are assuming this last, as such was the custom elsewhere.

This tower was quite imposing in appearance, five stories in height, and stood directly against the easterly *end* of the meeting-house, which was of ample proportion to accommodate the growing town. It was surmounted by an open belfry. A lofty, tapering spire, which latter seems to have been an afterthought, was a visible monument to Medford's "civic pride." Whether its builders had disposition to "crow over their neighbors" of Woburn, Malden and Cambridge or over Charlestown (some of whose territory had lately been acquired) may not be said; but upon this lofty spire was perched a great brass rooster, beside which the present Unitarian bird is but a chicken. We were told by an eye-witness that Sam Swan, who lived next door, captured this same brass bird (which fell at his feet when the spire was pulled down in 1839), and carried it home with him.

In the fifth story of this tower was placed in 1810 the first of Medford's public clocks, a gift to the town by Hon. Peter Chardon Brooks. We read in "Paul Revere's Ride"

It was twelve by the village clock  
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town

Doubtless the *hour* was right, but Mr. Longfellow was thirty-five years ahead of time, by poetic license. To be historically correct, read hereafter, by the *villagers' clocks*, and do no injustice to the famous poem.

Before the rooster's downfall the second Medford bell was safely lowered, and with the clock had a resting time. At the completion of the new Unitarian meeting-house (for such it was still called) both clock and bell were placed in its *steeple* for fifty-four years more of associated service.

But by this time the style of meeting-house architecture had undergone a change, and Medford people followed the "fashion" and "steeped church edifices"



came into vogue. There had also come a varying thought in the religious belief of the people, sufficient to require several houses of worship. The great meeting-house on the hill, with its "*tower from the ground*," was the last built by municipal appropriation. State and church being separated, each church organization must build for itself, and according to its taste and means. That they did so may be seen in the illustrated pages 340-41-42 in Brooks' History of Medford. These views are worth a careful study. They show a sturdy character, sensible and careful construction, architectural taste, both elaborate and modest, in all.

In that of the "Second Congregational Meeting-house, 1824," we find the first of the "storied steeples" built in Medford. Note the colonnaded front with its wreathed entablature; also the consoles under the sloping roof cornice. But we see none of this upon the sides of the structure. Its windows show circular tops, but this may have been only exterior blinds. But the four-storied steeple, with its massive urns, clock dials and louvers, its final section octagonal and domed, all show the skill of an architect, and set the style of the next five to be built in Medford.

Next was the "First Parish Meeting-house (Unitarian) 1839," a little larger on the ground; here again a colonnade of four detached columns and four pilasters. A similar treatment of the sides shows it to be classic Greek, in its lines almost severe. But its tower was one worth seeing. In the gable beneath, was a circular window whose sash bars resembled the equator, parallels and meridians of the map of the hemispheres, and enclosed in a wreath of carved woodwork. The first story, in which was the clock, resembled the die of a monument, and each cornice had a gabled pediment, each corner surmounted with the conventional honeysuckle in carving, as was each corner of the building itself. More elaborate was the belfry colonnade above the clock, whose four dials were encircled by a carved wreath.



Next above the belfry was an octagon story with a fluted pillar at each corner, and this was topped by a circular section, also pillared and domed. Both these had an ornamental metallic cresting at the edge of the cornice. Whether intentional or not, the artist shows the vanes (similar in appearance) of these two towers pointing in opposite directions. An idea of the size of these four columns may be had from the following, told by one of the workmen who assisted at its building: Accidentally dropping his hammer therein, he procured a rope and lowered a boy down inside, who securing it was safely hoisted out.

Of the three other views mentioned, the "Universalist, 1832" shows the colonnade effect in four pilasters, and an unspired steeple of two stories with diminutive turrets at the four corners, while the "Methodist Meeting-house, 1844," has but a single-storied and four-gabled cupola, with larger and taller corner turrets. By 1849 we find the "Mystic Church, Congregational" following in the steps of its mother, with a colonnaded front of four Corinthian pilasters (still recognizable in the present edifice) and a circular window, similar but larger than that of the First Parish. Unlike either, it had no steeple of any sort, and we may put the time of its erection as about that of the decadence of steeple building, for the fashion was to change.

Thus far we have written of the tower, the turret and steeple, and their erection and use in connection with the meeting-house, now by custom (also changeable) called church, and so since 1849.

As these of the various faiths were erected, there was no occasion for others until the growth of the town toward its border lines made it, and by that time the "fashion" had changed and the tower came into its own again. St. Mary's, on Salem street, near Malden line, whose brick tower in which is a clock paid for by Medford, was the first to build. Then Grace church, outgrowing its wooden chapel of 1850, acquired largely



through the munificence of Mrs. Ellen Shepherd Brooks its beautiful stone church with "ivy mantled tower." In '72 the First Methodist and the First Baptist, and in '73 Trinity Methodist and the Congregational (both the latter at West Medford and new organizations) erected new houses of worship—a remarkable record for two successive years. All these were of wood; all had the features of a corner tower and belfry, with spires varying from forty-eight to one hundred and forty feet in height. In three the town placed public clocks, at the expense of about six hundred dollars each.

In 1876, the two Congregational churches near Medford square united, and enlarged and remodeled the building on Salem street, erecting a corner tower, belfry and spire. To it was removed the first clock bought by the town (in '70), with its associated and former political bell, where they still remain in service. Previously, both had been in the tower of the High street edifice, erected in 1860, replacing the "Second Congregational Meeting-house, 1824," burned in 1860. Sold to the Roman Catholics, little change was made in exterior, only the closing of the louvers of the belfry and the substitution of a gilded cross for the weather-vane on the spire. It was told that a bit of pleasant repartee occurred between the Mystic Church pastor and the parish priest on one occasion. The former, in passing, accosted the latter, who in his robes was overlooking the work, with "Ah! what are you doing now?" and got the reply, "Sure, we are taking down the emblem of Protestantism and putting in its place that of Christianity." We never heard that there was any extended argument over the matter, and venture the opinion, that however convenient it may be to know the way the wind blows, a church spire is an inappropriate place for an ever shifting wind vane. Yet two such remain today. Four have been removed by destructive fire and in rebuilding have not been replaced. One of these was at the time of its placing styled "the golden gate," because of its resemblance in shape to the old-style farm gate, made by balancing a tree upon a



pivot, with its interwoven branches closing the space below it. It was eight feet in length and over one hundred and fifty feet in the air, on the Methodist church on Salem street. The tall tower of this (its third house of worship) was rectangular, sixteen by twenty-two feet, and its slated spire (surmounting an open belfry), a wedge six feet in width at the top. It was the architect's design to have the iron spindle, on which the vane swung, at the front end of this ridge, but the builders suited their own convenience, placing it in the middle.

In 1885 the vane became damaged, the "butt of the log" slanted downward and appeared likely to fall. To add to the danger, several slates near the apex had become loosened and hung by one nail in an angular position, one directly over the side entrance door. Being one of the "committee on repairs" who could find none willing to undertake the job, the writer, with no previous experience as steeplejack, undertook its removal and repair himself. Building a scaffolding of two tiers on all sides, on timbers projecting from the belfry floor and about the clock dials, made a starting place for the upward climb of the eastern side of the wedge. Three stagings were made by bolting brackets on the spire, two men outside and two inside doing the work. The fourth depended on the strength of nails and skillful driving, to sustain the weight of two men and apparatus. Three feet higher was the ridge on which we stood. Clinging to the iron spindle, we sawed off an iron set-screw, releasing the four-branched cardinal, and lashed the vane to a stout pole by which it was lifted higher and off the supporting pivot.

It was our first experience "on the pinnacle of the temple"; strict attention to the business in hand allowed no inclination to cast ourselves down — there were two of us — and we had little time to admire the view. About a dozen ascents finished our work, and we got safely through it. The gilders that replaced the vane and cardinals left the latter in wrong position, and they never told the truth afterward.



The public clock was in the base of the spire, whose broad sides presented a great exposure to the winds. The weights that propelled its mechanism were huge wooden boxes filled with ledge stone, the larger some six feet in height. Far up near the apex were the sheaves over which extended the chains to which the weights were attached, and whose pivots sometimes needed lubrication by the care taker. As a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, the fact of that enormous weight hanging over his head as he turned the crank numerous times in the weekly winding was far from assuring. But care takers came and went, and so did the worshipers pass in and out for thirty-two years. Like the cathedral lamps of Pisa they swung to and fro in that Medford tower, but there was no Medford Galileo watching their oscillations, for few ever saw them or sensed the overhanging danger.

But the end came on Saturday evening, August 19, 1905, when Medford had all at once three incendiary fires. That in this church spread so rapidly that practically nothing could be removed from it. The tall tower formed a flue up which the flames sped to attack the lofty spire. No set piece of pyrotechnic display was so destructively gorgeous as that presented to our vision when we arrived and found Salem street roped off for safety. The wall and roof covering entirely burned away, the heavier timbers, even to the apex of the wedge, with vane glittering in the intense heat, stood wreathed in flame and burning to their certain fall. Attacked by the upward draught of flame, the weight boxes burst asunder, and down came a cascade of rocks, and also the clock and bell.

While looking on, and thinking of the two-year struggle we had to pay the heavy mortgage of many years' standing, which was a part of its early adornment, we were aroused by a hand on our shoulder, and the words, "Well, Mr.—, you'll never stand up there again." It was the painter who assisted in the repair described.



It has been remarked that "what people do not know does not hurt," but *it might have*. We may trust no other such menace exists as was ended that night.

In rebuilding, the Methodists located elsewhere and built partially of stone, with a corner tower of stone, but of lesser height. In intervening years the Universalists remodeled theirs, discarding the steeple and adding a corner tower. At Tufts College, in the 80's, Goddard Chapel was built of stone from the slate ledge nearby. It has a lofty Lombardic tower which contains the new college bell, and its location on the hill makes it visible in all directions.

In '96 Trinity Methodist built its second house, with two towers. The larger at the modest height of sixty-five feet carries the "emblem of Christianity," seen as a cross from any point of view. In the same year were erected the Baptist Church nearby and the Hillside Universalist, both of which have the corner tower as a notable feature of construction.

St. Joseph's, on High street, is of brick, and its lofty tower has tourelles at its corners, of the same enduring material. Five crosses gleam in the sunlight on this.

Destroyed by fire, the classic edifice of the Unitarians has been replaced by a more modern one of stone, whose tower has a castellated coping, and on whose low spire is perched a cock, said to be "a scriptural emblem." This is the third church edifice to stand on this spot.

Another fire left the Congregationalists of West Medford homeless: not friendless, however, as while the flames were raging came offers of open doors from their neighbors. A new church home of Weymouth granite was ere long erected on High street. Its tower of modest height contains the public clock and the re-cast bell that "went through fire and water." No lofty spire surmounts it, but four graceful turrets of stone at its corners give it an attractive finish, which is enhanced by the stairway tower of the chapel.

At South Medford, the first and second homes of the



Union Congregational embodied the same feature of the corner tower, though not in so marked a degree. Even the little chapel at Wellington was in "fashion," and had a little open belfry on the corner of its roof, which in time housed the city bell.

St. Clement's, in modern stucco, has its square tower of Italian look. St. Raphael's is in Spanish mission style and has no bell tower, but a most unique ventilating turret centrally on its roof sustaining a tall gilded cross. Even the smallest, that of Shiloh, has its open cupola that might hold a bell.

The Hillside Methodist has its tower and bell; the South Medford Baptist, however, in its building never incorporated the feature of tower, turret or steeple. Two others, at present in temporary structures, have none.

So far, in our walk about our home Zion, *i. e.* Medford, and telling the towers thereof we have dealt with those of a religious character. Counties have often incorporated this feature in their court houses, as did Middlesex at Cambridge and Lowell, even having two on the jail at the latter city. Medford never had a semblance of one on the *good old town hall*, though one of lofty style was *proposed* for the new one, nearly disrupting the town. But in the houses of the fire department it was once a useful feature. They may still be seen in the Central, Salem street and South Medford stations in brick, and the wooden tower at Glenwood. That at Salem street is peculiarly graceful in design.

To its schoolhouses the feature of a cupola that might contain a bell was but sparingly applied, save in one instance, that of the first Brooks School at West Medford. A description of this may be found in Vol. XIX of the REGISTER.

The tower often lends itself to the utility of a factory, but Medford had few of such. We have been told of one, the Stearns oil mill, that had a detached chimney some fifty feet high that in time was moved across the "branch canal" in its upright position, securely too, to a new location, certainly quite a feat to perform. The



same Mr. Stearns had a windmill tower of brick, the ruin of which may still be seen beside College avenue. With its revolving sails it was an interesting sight, especially when in operation. In sight of that was another tower (once a windmill), the old powder house just over the line in Somerville.

Harvard College erected on the hill beside Winthrop street in 1850 a tower, or cairn of rock, only a few years ago removed. This was for a meridian mark, and due north from the observatory at Cambridge.

Even the most casual observer will note the difference in the dwellings of any town, and experienced ones can tell nearly the time of their erection. The central cupolas came in fashion in the early fifties, and to enumerate them would make an extended list. At about the same time an L-shaped house with a four-story tower at its internal angle was the correct thing, as note the Smith residence (the home of the preceptress of the famous Mystic Hall Seminary), the Wood residence near by and the Chapin house on the hill. Placed upon its eastern front was the elaborately treated tower of Thatcher Magoun. Along in the nineties builders discovered that a corner bay-window added to the attractiveness of a "living room," and very soon carried it up higher. To solve the question of desirable roof, some went even higher. Soon the idea elaborated itself into octagonal and circular forms, with steeply pointed roofs terminated with ornamental finials of wood or metal. When examples of this style became more numerous, a certain newspaper writer held it up to ridicule, in an almost scurrilous article in a Boston daily. In the years that have elapsed has come the tenement house, into which numerous families are crowded, with little privacy or home-like surroundings.

Happily, the once cheaply constructed "three flatter" is now prohibited, but the home-seeker of moderate means finds it difficult to attain his single dwelling house, and did even before the present inflated cost began.



Turning from these to others we allude to the steel trestle of the Radio Corporation on College hill. But four feet square, it is *three hundred* feet high and held in position by several guys. It is to be hoped that it never may become a menace to travelers or the locality.

Another tower, of little beauty, but for a time of some utility, was the water tower for high service, erected at Elm street, near Wright's pond, as auxiliary to the Medford water supply. It was a cylindrical structure of iron boiler plate, into which the water of the pond was pumped for a few years, and was approximately fifty feet high. Its use was discontinued and it was taken down when the city's supply was taken over by the Metropolitan Commission.

There are two observation towers in Medford, one of private ownership, the other of municipal. The latter is the circular stone tower in the park at Hastings Heights. It stands at the crown of the ledge and is about thirty feet high. A circular iron staircase gives access to the concrete floor within its castellated battlement. From this a superb view of Medford and surrounding country may be had. It is one of the creations of Medford's park commission. A Medford engineer, Mr. E. P. Adams, designed it, and two Medford men, Messrs. Byron and Rowe, constructed it, certainly creditable to them all.

But higher and more remote is the great steel tower on the so-called Ram-head hill, erected by the late General S. C. Lawrence, and commonly called the Lawrence Observatory. The top of this hill is variously stated as being two hundred and five or two hundred and twenty-nine feet above sea level. The tower itself consists of four steel fifteen-inch I beams, set diagonally at the corners and firmly secured to the ledge. At every floor these are connected by horizontal beams of steel and in every space diagonal steel ties firmly brace the structure. It is thirty-four feet square at the base and sixteen at the top. There are six floors of the best of



wood, the uppermost eighty-one feet from the base and reached by five flights of stairs, in all one hundred and thirty-four steps. There, stands a flagstaff of thirty-five feet, and over this floor in summer an awning is spread. It is easily approached by the way of Rural avenue, and is about a mile from Winthrop square, and nearer the Winchester boundary line. It was erected by the contracting firm of Woodbury & Leighton, and its architect a Medford man, Mr. Lyman Sise. Its exact location precisely expressed is latitude  $42^{\circ} 26' 18.8''$  north and longitude  $71^{\circ} 7' 16.2''$  west. On a clear day, Monadnock is visible in the northwest, 3,170 feet high.

A little north of west is Wachusett, 2,018 feet, in central Massachusetts. Blue hill, the highest point in eastern Massachusetts, 635 feet, crowned by the Rotch Observatory lies beyond the Memorial hall at Cambridge.

A winter visit to this tower is interesting, though not always comfortable, but one in early summer will reveal a scene of wonderful beauty as one looks down upon the billowy waving green of the surrounding forest, the land-locked lakes of Winchester, the neighboring Fells and over the home city to those beyond. One can trace the moving railway trains by a line of dissolving smoke or escaping steam, but their noise is little in evidence. Though private property, its public-spirited owner made the public welcome to enjoy it, and it is a sad commentary on the manners (or lack thereof) of some visitors that notices are posted requesting visitors not to deface the same. To such extent some of the youth Medford spends so much to educate carried their ill conduct, there has been a possibility of its closure to everybody. The city's tower in Hastings park was even worse treated, and now closed by an iron gate, can only be entered by procuring a key at a neighboring dwelling. Even one of our church buildings has suffered from such indignity, and its entrance porch is closed by an iron gate, excepting only the time of public worship.

We have made a long story of the Medford towers,



but we recall the closing words of our text taken from Holy Writ, "tell it to the generation following." For the information of those coming after, it is written. On the printed page it may be preserved. Those we have described have been not only useful, but memorials of service, of civic ambition (perhaps of pride), during two and a quarter centuries of a people who served well their day and generation.

The spirit of vandalism and disrespect is abroad among the young, as above shown. That such should be restrained, primarily by home and parental teaching, influence and example is evident from depredations committed within sight of the military and police quarters. Especially tell it to the generation following.

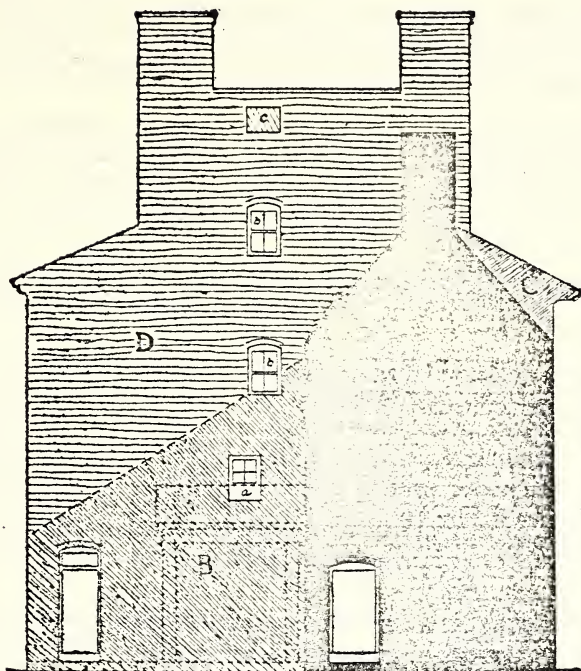
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#### THE ROYALL TOWERS.

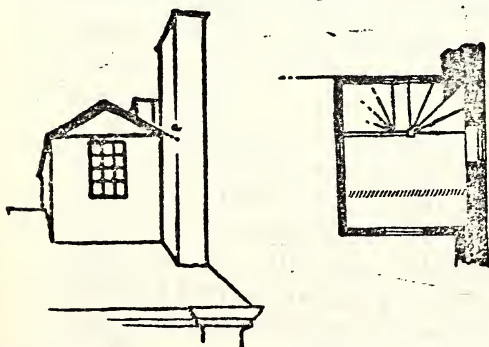
There were two such structures at the Royall house. One, doubtless the older, was a lookout-room upon the roof at its southern end. The *exact* date of its construction we may not say, but certainly between the years 1739 and 1775, and more probably prior to 1754, and while the location was a part of old Charlestown. Features still in evidence indicate that it was a part of the final construction made by the younger Colonel Royall. This lookout-room was the interior of a "cupola," as the modern term has it, one side of which was formed by the brick wall between the massive chimneys which overshadowed it. It was doubtless as elaborately finished on its exterior as was the house itself. The views we present are those by Mr. Hooper in "The Evolution of the Royall House," for the showing of its locality and means of access, and not of architectural detail.

From its four windows the lord of the manor could view his extensive domain, or the overseer the numerous slaves under his eye. Through the one in the brick wall marked "c," it is said, Molly Stark looked anxiously on





the eventful day of Bunker hill. This "cupola" must have been removed prior to 1870, as on July 13 of that year a writer in the *Boston Transcript* tells of climbing "the narrow stairs to the roof, where by clinging to the battlement wall for support, a beautiful view may be obtained" of surrounding towns and "even Boston."



But more lofty in itself, more imposing in appearance, faultless in its architecture and more commodious within was the tower (for such it was) called the summerhouse,



which with its one hundred and forty years had the distinction of remaining intact the longest of any in Medford, for whatever purpose built. Drake described it as

A veritable curiosity in its way, placed upon an artificial mound with two terraces, and reached by broad flights of red sandstone steps. It is octagonal in form, with a bell-shaped roof, surmounted by a cupola, on which is a figure of Mercury.

The *Transcript* writer above quoted was a little astray in his mythology, saying,

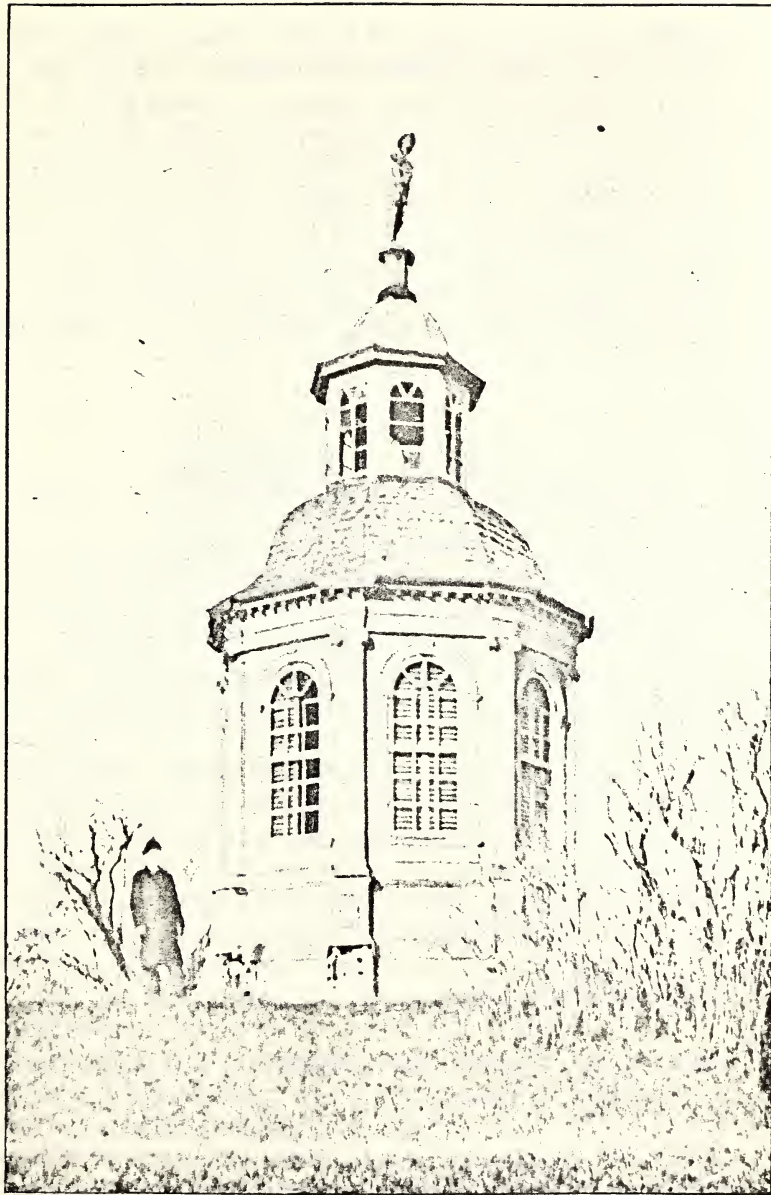
It is surmounted by a large carved wooden statue of Mars, at present minus arms and somewhat bent from a dignified and perpendicular position. A trap-door in the floor being opened discloses underneath a spacious cellar, formerly used for the depository of the summer's supply of ice. Here the inmates of the mansion in its palmy days used to come in the hot summer weather to enjoy whatever breeze there was stirring, and perhaps experience an additional coolness from the frigid storeroom below.

He added something about the presence of a huge punch-bowl. We are fortunate in being able to present a photographic view of it, taken in the days of its decadence; and photography is truthful. The mound on which it stood may still be seen, and maybe the foundation is still in the ground. A somewhat apocryphal story has been told, that under this tower was a *dungeon* for the punitive confinement of misbehaving slaves. Of this we say not.

At the time of this tower's demolition some portions of it were preserved, to serve as patterns for future restoration. Only three years since, two of the pilasters and a window were set up near the new memorial wall, only to be ruthlessly disfigured and the window destroyed by the lawless young element that disgraces our city, the forerunners of the *Bolsheviki* of Medford!

This tower probably antedated that of the third meeting-house by at least twenty years and survived it forty. Its owner left it, never to return, just before the siege of





ISAAC ROYALL'S PAVILION



Boston began. Dr. Tufts of Medford took it in charge, and the house became the headquarters of General Stark during those memorable days. Ninety-five years later, when we first saw it, its appearance was impressive. The figure of Mercury (not Mars) still bore the caduceus, and the feet were still winged, and in its hastening attitude the *Transcript* writer mistook for undignified position, it probably faced the wind. We understand that the remains of this figure of the swift messenger of the gods is still preserved among the curios of the Royall house.

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### THE ROUTE OF REVERE

[Read at meeting of Medford Historical Society April 18, 1921]

At the present time, with the observance of Patriots' day, it is well for Medford people to consider some of the natural features of one hundred and forty-six years ago. Perhaps others are so doing in the various towns through which the two riders passed, for William Dawes is now being remembered, though there *was* no poet to tell of his ride.

Longfellow wrote that Revere rode over "the bridge into Medford town," which is all very fine; but he really rode into Medford near the top of Winter hill.

Do those that read the poem know how nearly Medford came to being left out of the ride that night? If it was twelve by the villagers' clocks when he rode over the *river*, he must have spent a little of the closing hour of the 18th in Medford, if we can credit the somewhat famous poem.

It was a practically straight road through old Charlestown to old Menotomy, where, in changing his plan, he would have turned squarely to the left, and riding but a short distance, reached the Cooper tavern on the Cambridge road which led up the valley of Sucker brook to Lexington. From the top of Winter hill the Menotomy



road closely borders the Medford boundary, to near that old powder-house the royal forces had then recently raided.

While still in Charlestown, beyond Winter hill, Revere caught sight of some horsemen he thought to be British officers, and so did not continue in that direct route. To lessen his chances of capture he took the right-hand road, making a detour which a little farther on took him into "Medford town," but the bridge was a mile and a half away.

We of today know the road well, but a backward look at it as he rode over it and aroused another town, may be of interest. It was the "publique country road" of that day. There were but four branching from it. These were the roads to Cambridge, to Malden and two to Woburn. They are now known as Harvard, Salem, Woburn and Grove streets. It might better be considered as the earliest road to the north, by calling Woburn street its continuation, and High street (onward from Woburn (a branch, or road to Menotomy, then a part of Cambridge. All others were simply lanes, or ways to the scattered farmhouses of Medford, which was but a little town of less than a thousand inhabitants. And it was a *little* town, too, even with the addition (twenty years before) of the section of Charlestown which moved the boundary from the river to the present lines. Perhaps this may account for the poet's geographical error. But really, if the grouping of dwellings makes a village, we can excuse the poet's mistake, for there were comparatively few, for which there was good reason.

A careful scaling of the map of Medford (and the course of the road is the same today) places Winter brook and Tufts square at approximately a half mile from the boundary line which is near the top of the hill. A half mile further and Revere had passed the Cambridge road (at his left) and crossed Two-penny brook, both more consequential streams than now. Near the latter was a large farmhouse, which, fifty years ago, was



a part of the well known Mystic house. A quarter mile farther on, at the left, there loomed up in his sight, stately and grand, a three-storied house with its several out-buildings. It was in the midst of extensive grounds, and far "back from the village street." This will be easily recognized as the estate of Colonel Isaac Royall, and knowing of his Tory proclivities, it is unlikely that Revere stopped there but rode quickly by.

Another quarter mile brought him to Fish-house lane (the present South street), the old way to the fording place. A few houses were there, among them the Admiral Vernon tavern, and the river and bridge lay ahead. Another quarter and he had passed over it, by the Royal Oak tavern, and turning squarely to the left, he sped on. That quarter mile brought him through the densest settled part of Medford, to where we meet tonight; but it wasn't called Governors avenue then. If we can credit the poet's words about the hour, the good people of Medford were enjoying their midnight rest, when, having passed Colonel Isaac by, he, as he says in his deposition (or rather letter to Dr. Belknap), "in Medford, aroused the captain of the minute-men," in this case Captain Isaac, surnamed *Hall*.

Perhaps Captain Hall, in his night-cap, poked his head out the chamber window to know what the unseasonable racket was about, and he soon learned. It wasn't a time for much ceremony, military salutes or long stories, and the rider was soon on his way, having covered just half of his extra detour through Medford. In the next half mile he had passed the new meeting-house, whose old bell perhaps was already ringing, the old home of the venerable Parson Turell, who was still living, and a house older still beyond it, and probably next a smaller one, to which, ere another midnight hour, the dead and wounded would be brought—victims of the bloody work ahead. That brought him over the brook and up the hill to where the first meeting-house had been.

The roads divided a little further on at its top. He



kept to the left. We have no idea it was a silent ride. He doubtless shouted, "Wake up, turn out, the regulars are coming!" as he rode hastily along. Soon the lights twinkled in the windows and the guns were taken down (all probably in readiness) and the village was astir behind him. Another quarter mile and he had passed over Whitmore brook, and a little further, a place where we "stop, look and listen" now. He did not, nor did people, need to there till sixty years later. Another quarter and he passed Rev. Edward Brooks', and still another made three miles and a half through Medford; then over Wear bridge into Charlestown again. Another half-mile (about a quarter of it in Menotomy) brought him to the Cooper tavern. There, he turned to the right toward Lexington, into the course he deflected from at the top of Winter hill, but still ahead in the game.

The time we have referred to (1775) was midway between Medford's settling and today. Its population the following year was nine hundred and sixty-seven. As an immediate result of the alarm thus given, fifty-nine Medford men responded and were in the first of a struggle that lasted seven years. It was a time when people dated important papers as of the fifteenth year of his majesty's reign. The next year they ceased so to do. The public, or town, records show little change other than this. At the close of the Revolution Medford had fourteen less people than in '75, and in fifty years its growth was but slow, and changes in the body politic were slow. But how about the body physical? By this we mean the visible and material town, as seen in its land, its waters, its woods and streets, its dwellings and public buildings. How many dwellings along the way Revere rode remain today? How many in our territorial boundary? *Certainly* the Royall house, *possibly* one on the slope of Winter hill,—perhaps that which sheltered the Baroness Reidezel after Burgoyne's defeat at Saratoga,—a very few on Main street, toward Moore square, may also be.



Captain Hall's and the one adjoining, the brick house of Jonathan Wade, and the Magoun cottage, opposite First Parish church, are also authentic. A part of the modernized Home for the Aged, and perhaps its unpretentious neighbor across the brook, and perhaps another on the hill slope.

The Bradshaw house at Hastings lane and its three neighbors opposite, Dr. Wilkins' near Brooks street, and (may be) the Wyatt-Cheney cottage, opposite Warren, are all we can name. None of the several homes of the Brooks families are now in evidence; even the stately mansion (erected in 1802-6) disappeared eight years ago. Time, with its agents of neglect, decay and fire, has dealt harshly with all. How many Medford had that night we cannot say; perhaps a hundred is a liberal estimate. Of the outlying ones, the brick house of Captain Peter Tufts, that of Nathaniel Wade, the Rogers house on Cross street and the Richard Sprague house on old Ship street, we are sure of. There is also one at the end of Canal street, old when the canal was built, and possibly a few near Washington square, but with these we are not familiar. Here and there, an old cellar, nature is doing her best to obliterate, like that on High near Woburn street, are mute reminders of those days long gone.

But out of the homes that were there, whose occupants were aroused by Revere's midnight outcry, went fifty-nine determined men. From all directions they came—over the river and across the brooks, and up the hill they went, and across the river and the plain of Charlestown to old Menotomy, to follow and harass the invading host. Just where they made a stand and met the retreating foe, we cannot say. Perhaps they joined the Danvers company that made a forced march thither as it came through Medford. Who were they, do you ask? Listen! yes, give them the honor due the brave, but who can not, will nevermore, answer "*Here!*" Perhaps none here tonight bear these names, but let us stand while that old



Medford roll of honor is called:—

Captain Isaac Hall	Eleazer Putnam
Lieutenant Caleb Brooks	James Bucknam, Jr.
Ensign Stephen Hall	Aaron Crowell
Sergeant Thomas Pritchard	Jonathan Tufts
Sergeant Isaac Tufts	Benjamin Pierce
Sergeant Moses Hall	Thomas Wakefield
Corporal John Tufts	Jonathan Teel
Corporal Gershom Teel	Aaron Blanchard
Corporal Jonathan Greenleaf	Richard Cole
Drummer Timothy Hall	William Binford
Fifer William Farning	Thomas Bradshaw
Privates:—	Daniel Tufts
David Vinton	Peter Tufts, Jr.
John Bucknam	Ebenezer Tufts
Isaac Watson	Isaac Cooch
Jonathan Laurence	Daniel Conery
Jonathan Davis	David Hadley
Abel Richardson	Jacob Bedin
James Tufts, Jr.	Richard Paine
Samuel Tufts, 3d	William Polley
Andrew Floyd	Peter Conery
Benjamin Floyd	Joseph Clefton
Andrew Blanchard	Samuel Hadley, Jr.
Samuel Tufts	Moses Hadley
John Francis, Jr.	John Callender
Paul Dexter	John Clarke
John Smith	Andrew Bradshaw
Abel Butterfield	Thomas Savels
Josiah Cutter	Francis Hall
John Kemp	Benjamin Savils

On their return Madam Brooks (who had watched from her attic window as the red-coated host came back down the valley) had the big kettle swung over a fire out of doors and prepared chocolate for these Medford men's refreshing—the tea had gone into Boston harbor.

But one was mortally wounded, his comrades bore him home to die, he the "only son of his mother and she was a widow." Both youth and age was the toll taken from Medford that day. Of the latter, was a man of seventy who had one son among the Medford minute men, and another in the Danvers company. The latter, who bore



the father's name, was wounded and brought to Medford, whither his wife came to care for him until his recovery. But, killed at Menotomy, the father's lifeless body was brought to Medford, to the home from whence a few hours before he had gone to the fray. In his youth he had been in the expedition that captured the "Gibraltar of America," Louisburg. But (as Miss Wild says it) "though by age exempt, and having sons in the ranks, he showed his Putnam spunk and went with the rest." He had been for ten years a resident of Medford, his home probably in the valley opposite Medford's first schoolhouse.

Gold stars are placed on the service flags and on the memorials of today. Certainly they should be beside the names of these two, William Polley, Henry Putnam, who went out from their homes in Medford on that 19th of April, to their death, on the first Patriots' day.

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#### MEDFORD PULPIT CUSHION.

We were recently shown an old letter which we think interesting because of its subject and date. It is written on a single sheet of the old style and size letter paper, and bears the following superscription:

To the Selectmen  
of the Town of  
Medford

The sheet, carefully folded and lastly tucked in, was sealed with red wax about the size of a nickel. It reads as follows:

Medford, July 19, 1771.

Gentlemen —

Mr Thompson will deliver you a Velvet Cushion, which I imported from London for the Desk of y<sup>e</sup> Meeting House in this place, & which I beg may be accepted as a mark of y<sup>e</sup> high regard I shall ever retain for the Town of Medford

I am w<sup>th</sup> great respect

Gent<sup>a</sup>

Your most obed<sup>t</sup>

h'ble servt

W. Pepperell.



William Pepperell was of Kittery, Maine (then part of Massachusetts) and was son-in-law of Colonel Isaac Royall and had been father-in-law of Parson Turell for eleven years, the marriage of his daughter Jane to the Medford minister being her third matrimonial adventure. It seems that sixteen years before, Colonel Royall had given the town a Bible (folio) which proved an innovation. Received with thanks voted. Four years later a vote was passed for its public reading, and, as above seen, sixteen years later, and in a new and more stately meeting-house came the gift of the cushion of velvet on which to lay the Holy Book. Doubtless Pepperell's æsthetic tastes had been offended by the sight of the bare "desk" during his visits to Medford, and thus sought to better things.

Twenty-three years later the town purchased a "green velvet one," which after twenty years of use was replaced by another. This time in the general refurbishing, the pulpit itself changed color, and curtains were added. This was accomplished by the "women-folks," who took one man into their confidence, who donated a new pulpit Bible in two volumes.

And so for a century and a half innovations have come.

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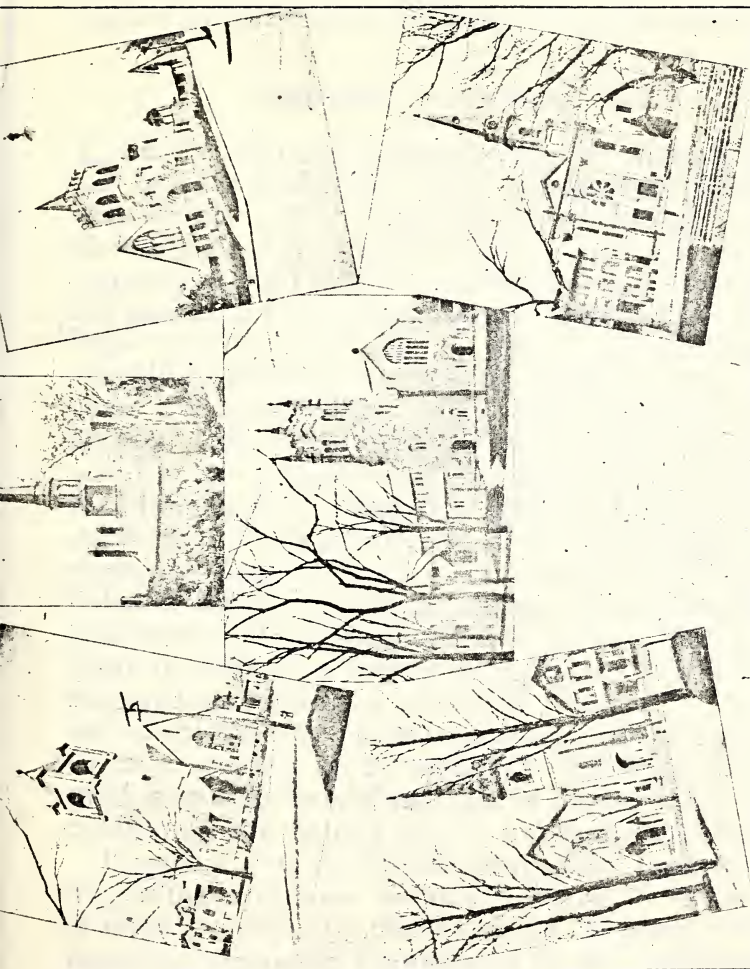
#### AN EDITOR'S TROUBLES.

We copy from an old diary of 1766:

Never let me write again to the Printers of Boston  
News Papers for they are all Knaves, Liars, Villains to  
serve their Int'rest & when they appear most Friendly  
have the most of the Devil in their Hearts.

*Moral*—Patronize home industry. The REGISTER is printed in Medford.





TRINITY CHURCH  
(METHODIST EPISCOPAL)  
West Medford

SPIRE OF OLD ST. JOSEPH'S  
(ROMAN CATHOLIC)  
Formerly First Trinitarian, as seen  
from rear of Andrew Hall House

FIRST PARISH CHURCH  
(UNITARIAN)

WEST MEDFORD CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH  
FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

WEST MEDFORD CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH



# The Medford Historical Register.

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## ANOTHER MEMORIAL DAY.

SIXTY years have passed since our nation's "foes of its own household" lifted treasonable hands for its destruction. Of the uprising for its defence we know. Ere a week had passed Medford men had rallied in response to the President's call and were on their way to the capital. They were in service first for three months, then "for three years or the war," and still others, for "rebellion widened into war on gigantic scale." Four years the contest raged; then came the day of Appomattox. The government of the people, by the people and for the people, though assured, was to experience the difficult and dangerous period of reconstruction. After four years of absence, the national flag was restored to Sumter's battlements; but two days later, the bullet of treason robbed the nation of its executive head and added to the gravity of the situation. Placed in the chair of state by a terrible tragedy, the new executive betrayed his high trust and made "treason . . . a crime before which all other crimes sink into insignificance," only "a difference of political opinion." Bleeding and sorely tried, after a war exceeding those of history, a new danger confronted the nation, that of unsound reconstruction.

In such a time the Grand Army of the Republic came into being and soon became national in extent. On August 21, 1868, the charter of the Medford Post was issued by the Grand Commander of the Department of Massachusetts. Its wording is, "To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting. Know ye, That, reposing full confidence in the fidelity and patriotism of Comrades: Godfrey Ryder, Jr., Samuel C. Lawrence,



Alfred Stephens, Henry H. D. Cushing, Silas F. Wild, Chris Plunkett, Elbridge B. Hartshorn, James A. Hervey, Samuel G. Jepson, John Hutchins, Thomas H. Gillard, J. H. Whitney, Charles H. Prentiss, Robert Ellis, Alvin R. Reed, they and their associates and successors are constituted a Post of the Grand Army of the Republic known as S. C. Lawrence Post, Number 66, and authorized to perform all acts necessary to the ends of the organization." Primarily a soldiers' fraternity, it at once became an institution of loyalty to the government and a school of patriotism, a mighty reserve force. Its name was well and fitly chosen, a *Grand Army*.

For fifty-three years Post 66, numbering in all upwards of four hundred, have here maintained the patriotic purpose of the organization. Fifty-two times their memorial services have been performed within the precincts of Oak Grove and the older burial places, and the comrades have reverently placed their country's flag and floral tribute over the sleeping dust of an ever increasing number. Retracing their steps through the shaded avenues and paths of the silent city, the last volley is fired. Its echoes ceased, "Taps" are sounded by the musicians, and as in benediction the cadences die away, the veterans resume the homeward march. Who, that has ever witnessed the scene, can wonder that though first called "Decoration Day," May 30 soon came to be "Memorial Day"? or that the veterans of the Civil War, along with many thoughtful and patriotic citizens, object to its secularization and light esteem? Though the language of their charter is conventional, none can say that the "confidence" was misplaced. Had occasion arisen, the Grand Army men would, to call, have answered "*Here!*"

After reaching its high tide of membership, it was inevitable that its numbers must decrease. It "has no recruiting office." During the past year, twelve — three in one recent week — have answered the last call, leaving but thirty-seven names on the roll. But one of these



appears on the charter, by coincidence, the last. Twenty-four, an equivalent of its resident membership, as follows,

Charles O. Burbank  
John L. Brockway  
James H. Burpee  
John E. Barrows  
A. D. Chickering  
Nason B. Cunningham  
G. A. Delesdernier  
Thos. F. Dwyer  
W. F. Elsbree  
Willard B. Emery  
Isaac H. Gardner  
Edgar A. Hall

Winslow Joyce  
Benjamin P. Lewis  
Charles W. Libby  
Albert Mason  
Albert Patch  
Alvin R. Reed  
Milton F. Roberts  
George K. Russell  
Albert A. Samson  
Edward F. Smith  
George L. Stokell  
Albert G. Webb

were in the ranks and followed the colors this year to honor those gone before. Though their ranks are thinning, their forms less erect and tread less firm, their loyalty to flag and country is true. That about a dozen is the average attendance at the fortnightly meeting is evidence of their interest, and though the flesh may be weak the spirit is still willing. Twenty-nine have served as commanders, and their enlarged portraits are arranged, in successive order, upon the wall of their assembly room, and a large collection of cabinet photos of members is there carefully arranged and preserved.

Much of interest to the patriotic citizen is there to be seen. The national colors, the flag of the Commonwealth, that of the Post have a conspicuous place. Post 66 has the service flag of the World War with one blue star, as one member has the distinction to have served in three wars.

In a brief visit we noticed the views of service in '61-5, and shuddered as we looked upon that of Andersonville and blushed for America's shame, for remember *that* was of our misguided brethren of the South, but still our brethren. Nearby a group of five who died in prison or on the march, one a boyish-looking face—some mothers' *boy*.

Behind the vice-commander's chair is a typical picture



of the private soldier of '61-5, that cannot fail to attract attention and command respect, the "Boy in Blue" in the long overcoat and small cap, with his musket at "Ready," and it bears this legend:

For what he did and dared, remember him today.

Two years ago the REGISTER gave the names of those who participated in the memorial service. It was their fiftieth and last *march*. Last year and this year and in the future Memorial Days there will be those who will deem it a privilege to convey them and vie with each other for the honor of doing so. This year, for the first time the return was by the Playstead road and High street, which was well. The city needs the object lesson.

In former years the exercises of the day were closed by a public gathering and patriotic address in the largest available auditorium. Who that heard it will ever forget that by Rev. E. C. Bridgham in 1905? The "comrades" formerly attended the regular morning service on preceding Sunday in some church by invitation, but their disabilities increasing by advancing years, the present arrangement has obtained. It speaks ill and looks badly for our boasted "civic pride," and worse for our patriotic spirit, that even reinforced by the affiliated organizations and the city government, the not overlarge Mystic church is far from being filled on the occasion. It should be crowded.

We remember the influence of this great Grand Army, and how in '98, South as well as North rallied under the *one* old flag for "Cuba libre," and again overseas for the world's safety, which includes our own national life and preservation. As reconstruction days followed our civil war, re-adjustment is following, all too slowly it may seem, the recent titanic struggle for world dominion. The danger is not past. What shall be the outcome? As in '61 the foe was of our own household, so today America has need to beware lest "the government of the people, by the people and for the people" be weakened and assailed by race prejudice, industrial unrest fostered



by selfish agitators, the oppressions of capital and hyphenated Americanisms of various names.

The Grand Army of the Republic has proved *true*.

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### BOGUS HISTORY.

The REGISTER has at various times alluded to *Medford Myths*, some of which, oft repeated, have been popularly and quite extensively accepted as veritable history.

We have hesitated a little in using the adjective of our caption, as its etymology is said, in the dictionary, to be "doubtful"; defined as "sham," "counterfeit," and applied to "anything spurious." One of these "myths," relating to a substantial brick house on old Ship street, was (so far as we know) unchallenged in Medford, and believed for forty years. Even though disputed and its fallacy clearly shown over twenty years ago, it is still in circulation, even repeated by our chief executive in public hearing of official character. More recently it appeared in a column of a Boston daily, which is a special feature of the paper. There, it did not pass unnoticed, as various letters to the "Nomad" proved. After reviewing several such in his column, he made this observation:

It is very easy to start a legend in any place concerning a point in its ancient and uncertain history. Make a pleasant and plausible assumption about a place, weave a little story about it, put it into print, and you have "history." Thus, apparently, Rev. Charles Brooks wrote the history of the "old Cradock house." Up to that time it had been locally known as "the old Fort," from its solid construction and the loop holes in the attic. It took only a few years to transform the "old Fort" into the "Cradock mansion." All subsequent writers, until the students of the Historical Society began to look into the matter, simply repeated Mr. Brooks' assertion. What are "historians" for, except to follow one another's tracks and repeat one another's errors? But there is no use in real historical research unless you tell the truth; and though the gentlemen of the Medford Historical Society greatly regretted to dispel a treasured local illusion, they had to do it.

In the above quotation, the "Nomad" asks a perti-



nent query, and his somewhat conditional reply is well illustrated by Mr. Brooks' successor, Mr. Usher, in his work of 1886, a practical reprint of the "History" of 1855.

But who were the gentlemen of the Historical Society, the iconoclasts who assailed the bogus history, and established beyond doubt the identity of the house in question? In reply we name three: Hon. William Cushing Wait, in his article on "Maps of Medford," Mr. Walter H. Cushing, in "The Cradock Farm," both read at Society meetings and published in the REGISTER. Then, Mr. John H. Hooper took up the "burden of proof," by a careful search in the Middlesex Registry. The result of his work, read before the Society, preserved on our pages (Vol. VII, pp. 49-64), fixes the erection of the so-called "Cradock house" as at about 1680 (not 1634) at the instance of Peter Tufts (commonly called Captain Peter), a leading citizen of Medford at that time. Both gentlemen before named agree that Mr. Hooper's work fully establishes as a fact what they only made as assertion regarding the house.

But the question may be asked, "Why do people still continue to call it the Cradock house?" We can only reply that because of long continued habit by the many, and because comparatively few, even after twenty years, know the facts before stated.

The REGISTER (which of course has a limited circulation) Vol. XVIII, p. 60, on "Tufts Family Residences," by the editor, deals with this subject, supplementing Mr. Hooper's work, referring to the same for authoritative statement, and showing the fallacy of some newspaper criticism of his work.

Recently the same author has in a local paper dealt with the same subject, which latter evidently is the cause of the article quoted from above, and in which it is stated that prior to the publication of the History of Medford in 1855, the name of Cradock was not attached to that house.

But since the publication of the above quoted extract,



we have found the following on page 144, Vol. 48, of *New England Historical-Genealogical Register* :

#### THE OLDEST HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY

Is there any proof, above mere conjecture, that the Cradock house, so-called, in Medford, Mass., is the oldest in the country—or indeed that it was built by Gov. Cradock? If so, what and where is it?

The above was in 1867, but there was no reply to it in any way that we know of, probably for the best of reasons, viz., *there was no proof to be produced* by any.

And so the "pleasant and plausible assumption" was repeated over and over until it became commonly accepted. We have no thought that the historian had the least intent of writing a misleading, incorrect or bogus history, nor is the present writing to detract anything from the historic interest of the substantial old house, which stands preserved today because of its reputed "history."

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#### HENRY PUTNAM OF MEDFORD.

Where in Medford did Henry Putnam live? Perhaps the following lines may partially answer this query: After his sale of his farm in Charlestown in 1765 (beyond the upper Mistick pond) Henry Putnam came to Medford and occupied a dwelling. He was then past the age of sixty years. In 1770 he purchased twenty-four acres of pasture land of William Bradshaw, the administrator of Jon<sup>s</sup> Bradshaw's estate. This pasture adjoined no road but was bounded "*east* on Jonathan Patten, *north* on Ebenezer Brooks, Jr., *northwest* on heirs of Samuel Brooks, Jr., and *west* by land lately of the Whitmores." The consideration named was £68<sup>s</sup>16. To reach it, the deed, dated in the tenth year of his majesty's reign, gave him "liberty of passing and repassing from the country road [probably Woburn street] to the premises in the usual way he or they shutting gates and bars." In the absence of plot or plan it is somewhat of a puzzle



to locate this pasture of Henry Putnam's. But a deed of April 20 next following, from the same Bradshaw to Ebenezer Turell, for the consideration of one hundred and fourteen pounds, conveyed twenty acres "upland and meadow *south* by a lane, *east* partly by a lane and partly by Timothy Newell, *north* partly by Jona. Patten and partly by Henry Putnam, *westerly* by lately Whitmores, *southwest* by country road or any other way reputed to be bounded." By comparison we conclude that this country road was Woburn street, and the Turell purchase lay just beyond the present Wyman street, in the angle of the old lane or wood road, still existing and bordered by elm trees extending to Winthrop, formerly Purchase street. The latter laid out and built nearly a century ago was filled to grade with material from Sugar Loaf hill. Noting the bounds of each conveyance, we come to the conclusion that Putnam's twenty-four-acre pasture lay between the present Sarah Fuller home and the grim old stone lion which lies crouched on the hill slope opposite the Sugar Loaf.

So much for his pasture, now for his dwelling. A deed from Samuel Brooks of Exeter, N. H., Gentleman Thomas Brooks of Medford, Gentleman and Edward Brooks of Medford, Clerk (for so the record reads),

for a proper and sufficient consideration have remised released and forever quitclaimed . . . unto Henry Putnam of Medford aforesaid Gentleman in the full and peaceable possession and seizen . . . all just right title and interest and demand whatsoever that we . . . ever had now have or ought to have by any means whatsoever in or to the estate hereafter mentioned namely the one half of a certain piece of land lying in Medford aforesaid and containing in the whole one acre and a half more or less together with the Dwelling House Barn Well &c thereon bounded *Southerly* by a highway *Easterly* on Jonathan Watson's land. *Northerly* on John Bishop's land. *Westerly* on land of Stephen Hall Esq<sup>r</sup>.

[Dated Oct. 8. 1770. acknowledged before Simon Tufts J. P. June 2. 1772. recorded Aug. 1774.]

There were but few "highways" in Medford a century and a half ago. For this "acre and a half," to be thus bounded by "a highway" and by land of persons named,



it would seem most probable to lie in the valley of Meetinghouse brook, near and on the same side of the road as the present "Home for the Aged." At that time there was no Winthrop street. Parson Turell had purchased his house fifty years before, which was between present Rural avenue and Winthrop street. The original portion of the Puffer house (formerly Swan, now the "Home") built in 1689, was till 1872 nearer the street and to the brook, which left a sufficient space between for an acre and a half of narrow frontage (as was also Turell's). It seems more probable, however, that it was farther west on the lower ground, which was well situated for a "potter's shop and works," mentioned in the mortgage to John Andros. It is a matter of record that there was clay in the land directly opposite, and the high bank now in evidence suggests a probable excavation beside it.

A conveyance (mortgage) of the same bounded land, "two acres more or less, Dwelling house, barn, and Potter's shop and works thereon standing," was made by Putnam to "John Andros of Marblehead, Shoreman, for his Proper Debt." At Henry Putnam's request, Andros had become bound with him to Ann Devereaux of Marblehead in the sum of forty pounds, August 24, 1774.

Another of twenty pounds upon the pasture land was given by Putnam to Ebenezer Turell (the Medford minister) whose "upland and meadow" adjoined.

In August, 1773, Putnam sold his pew, "number 36," in the third meeting-house to Jonathan Patten for six pounds, describing it as the "forty-sixth choice." He was then sixty-seven years old, and probably for eight years a resident of Medford, and had a son, Eleazer, among the Medford minute-men; and another (Henry, Jr.) in the Danvers company that marched through Medford to Lexington. From his home in Medford (wherever it was) the old veteran of Louisburg, then seventy years of age, followed them to take part in the fray, leaving behind the wife Hannah he so romantically acquired



forty-eight years before. He was killed at old Menotomy by the retreating British. His son, Henry, Jr., was wounded and brought to Medford. The Medford wounded man, William Polley (also brought home) died, but Henry Putnam, Jr., recovered.

But wherever the dwelling house, barn and potter's shop may have been in 1774, no trace of them is to be found today. Neither do we know who owned the other "moiety," or half of the property. Putnam was styled in the pasture deed a "yeoman" of Medford, in the other deeds "gentleman." As the "potter's shop" is *not* mentioned in the deed to him, which was so carefully drawn as to include the well, and *is* in his mortgage to Andros, it would seem that it had been added during his tenure of the property, perhaps by the funds obtained by the mortgages above mentioned. In 1789 the executor of Turell noted among unpaid bonds that of Putnam for twenty pounds. Whether the son Eleazer was a potter by trade is unknown; possibly he was, and that in his declining years his father thus made effort to assist him. If this was the case, and our inference as to location of the Putnam home in Medford is correct, here is another line of business to add to central section of Medford in the Revolution.

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### THE "TAMA-HOURE-LAUNE."

In our most recent exchange, the *Washington Quarterly*, are copies of letters of Capt. Eliah Grimes of the brig *Owhyhee* written to Sprague & Marshall, Boston, merchants in the Pacific coast trade of a century ago. After mentioning much sickness and the death of several men, the captain names one man he "had decided to send back to the islands," one who came out in the *Tama-houre-laune*, and also says,

they have cold pains in breast and head, which I think is owing in great measure to the brig being so fully salted; she is damp from one end to the other.



We do not find any reference to the brig *Owhyee* (former spelling of Hawaii) in the list of Medford-built vessels, and cannot be certain which "brig" was "so fully salted," but we find the names of two brigs built in 1820 in Medford by Thatcher Magoun for Josiah Marshall. One was the *Tama-houre-laune*, 162.63 tons, the other the *Jones*, 163.36 tons, the seventy-seventh and seventy-eighth in the notable list. A foot-note says:

These brigs were put together : then taken to pieces and sent to the Sandwich Islands on board the *Thaddeus* commanded by Captain A. Blanchard of Medford.

By the very slight difference in their tonnage, it is evident the ordinary-named *Jones* was a duplicate of the long-named *Tama-houre-laune*, and even if built "knock-down," must have been a full freight for the *Thaadeus*, scarcely leaving room for that traditional cargo of "Missionaries and Medford rum." As only these two are mentioned as thus constructed, there must be some foundation of fact in the foot-note, the details of which we wish could be explained ; the probability is that only the "frames" of these two brigs were here set up, properly fitted and duly marked before "taken to pieces." Arrived at the Sandwich islands, these Medford-built "frames," i.e., the timber skeletons, were reassembled, and the outer and inner skin or sheathing of planks of native wood, put on by the islanders, under the direction of ship-carpenters from Medford or Boston.

As ship building has been a "lost art" in Medford nearly a half century, a few words relative to the "salting" and "watering" of ships is opportune. After a vessel's framework was sheathed without and within with heavy planks, the space between the timbers was filled with water, which tested the joints, already caulked with oakum. This, in the later days of the Medford business, was done by a fire engine. When the town procured new engines, one of the old "hand tubs," the *J. Q. Adams*, was kept for "watering ships," as stated in the town report. Below the "bilge" (or curvature of the frames), a



block of wood was closely fitted in each intervening space. This was called a "salt stop," and prevented the salt (which was poured into the spaces between) passing into the bottom of the vessel, where it was not needed for the preservation of the wood, as it was in the sides above the varying "water line." Captain Grimes complained of the over-salting of his brig, which would indicate a lack of care taken.

We are told by an expert attendant at the old State House that the brig *Owhyee* was of 166.52 tons, built by John Wade at Boston in 1821. John Wade was previously master boat-builder at the Navy Yard. The Boston Directory of that year says his shipyard was at "Bullard & Hart's shipways, Lynn street," near Charles river bridge; and in 1822 he was, with his brother Francis, in the same location. The succeeding directories mention John Wade, who very likely was of Medford ancestry, as "boat-builder." Perhaps the *Owhyee*, a small brig, of similar size of the two built the previous year (knock-down as the modern term is) at Medford, was his first venture in a larger line of constructive work.

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#### ANOTHER MOVING SCENE.

In a former issue the REGISTER alluded to "some unusual moving scenes," one, that of an old meeting-house through the town. We are now *moved* to note another, of historic interest:

More than a century ago a market-house resembling Faneuil Hall was built in Boston, at corner of Washington and Boylston streets, and called by the latter name. Its architect was the noted Charles Bulfinch. A two-storied steeple surmounted its roof: the first contained a one-dial clock, the second (open) a bell. We are told this was not built at the market's first erection but a little later. After about sixty years, to more fully utilize the valuable land, the structure was moved somewhat, and of course, the steeple with it. This was its



first moving experience, and in those days to move a brick building was considered a marvel. In 1888 increased land value caused its demolition, but taking another journey across Boston, the old steeple, clock and bell found a resting place on the Van Nostrand brewery near Sullivan square, until the spring of 1921. Then came its third removal, witnessed by people along the route through Somerville and Medford. The way to Arlington was along the "line of least resistance," longer but more level and also "crooked." Each story was carried separately by a six-horse team, crossing the river by Auburn street and Usher bridges to the new edifice of Calvary church (Methodist Episcopal) on Massachusetts avenue. There by means of a big spar derrick it was reassembled upon the church tower. This new structure, although of wood, in form and outline resembles King's Chapel of Boston. The latter, erected before Bulfinch's time, never had any surmounting turret or spire. But it is said that Bulfinch designed one for it, and also the colonnade around the tower which was later added thereto. A colonnade is a feature of the new Calvary church. At somebody's suggestion, the owners of the brewery, interested in its preservation, presented it to the church society, and according to the architect's plan it now forms a part of a pleasing and harmonious design. It is said that a suitable tablet giving its history is to be placed on the new structure. There should be one. An "old saw" reads something like this:

All things come to them that wait.

Arlington (centre) has waited long for a church, *i.e.*, meeting-house, of this particular denomination. Fifty years ago its adherents made a beginning, holding services in the town hall, continuing such for six years. (The writer has distinct remembrance of preparing plans of a somewhat smaller structure than the present in 1875.) The effort was unsuccessful and the society disbanded two years later.



Forty years later the effort was renewed and success made possible by a co-operation not existent in the older days. Then "every tub had to stand on its own bottom," and in this case cited, the bottom insecure.

Today the "Methodist Centenary" and "City Missionary and Church Extension Society" are helpful factors not to be lightly esteemed. Eight thousand, two hundred and fifty dollars is quite an assistance in a church building enterprise—we have the authorized figures before us.

Incidentally we note the recent material growth of the section where this church is located. Beyond and below it, twenty years ago, was an area badly affected by malaria. The building of Cradock dam across the Mystic at Medford changed all that, yet there are still those that grumble about the state tax.

The world moves, but it is uncommon for church steeples to do so three times as has this.

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### "THE DEVIL'S FIDDLE."

The year 1921 marks the fiftieth anniversary of the introduction of the "devil's fiddle" in Medford, and, in fact, in neighboring towns, for its discordant tones were everywhere heard.

"Never heard of it," does some one say? But any that *heard* it did not soon forget it. It was not a remarkably melodious instrument, any more than was the "horse fiddle" used in certain "Calithumpian serenades" that were an opprobrious feature of other days.

What bright or mischievous boy invented it (and where) cannot be told, but one April day Medford awoke to its realization; it couldn't do otherwise. Its construction was simple and its manufacture increased rapidly, as few materials were required. Given a tin can (such as spices or baking powder are sold in), or mother's pantry shelf afforded, a half-yard of string and a pinch of rosin, there were but few boys that couldn't make one.



A hole punched in the bottom (*geometrical* centre not necessary), a knot at one end of the string, which was inserted in said hole from within, and the instrument was complete. The urchins' fingers formed the bow by which it was played. They "rosined the bow" and made application *lengthwise the string*, and oh, the result! The sacred writer of ancient days wrote, "Make a joyful noise"—"Play skilfully on an instrument of ten strings"; but in this case the *one string* made noise anything but joyful, and increased by numbers and diverse in quality, no wonder that people attributed it to his Satanic majesty. The dignified editor of the *Medford Journal*, in his "valuable paper," made editorial comment of its appearance, saying that the next concert of the "Mustard Pot Band" would be on Saturday afternoon. It *may* have been, and again it may not. The craze soon died out. The manipulation of the string was too much for the cuticle and epidermis of the artists, and the sore fingers that resulted required the application of grandmother's salve and time to cure. So the devil's fiddle's discordant sounds soon ceased to distract people's ears. But there were those that *thought* about it, and found that two similar tins attached by one taut string would answer each other without injury to any finger tips—and four years later came the telephone.

But who amid the nerve distracting sounds of 1871 would have dared to prophecy what is fact in 1921, and here in Medford? "It has taken the telephone fifty years to reach its present state of perfection. Wireless telegraphy has been known only half as long, and the wireless telephone but a few years." Who would then have dared to predict that fifty years later the following bit of history would be found in public print?

Radiophone concerts are given regularly every Wednesday evening at 8.30 . . . at Medford Hillside. Thousands of amateurs, within a hundred miles radius of Boston, are able to "listen in" on these wireless concerts.—*Boston Transcript*, June 11, 1921.

It is a far cry from the concert of the "Mustard Pot



Band," noted by Editor Usher, in which "devil's fiddles," big and little, screeched and squealed, to such as are noted above.

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#### OUR ILLUSTRATION.

By an oversight the frontispiece of this issue was omitted in our last, as illustrative of the "*Towers of Medford*," and is now presented as "better late than never." The plate from which imprint is made is the property of the Historical Society, but has never before appeared on our pages. It will be observed that, with one exception, the views were secured when the trees were bare of foliage, thus showing more clearly the distinctive features. It was, however, impracticable to eliminate the unsightly poles and wires.

A few words relative to each may be of interest. The upper central cut preserves a view of the spire and steeple only of the earliest built of the group. As photography doesn't lie very much, it is evident that it was secured *subsequent* to the time of the brief dialogue referred to in our recent issue. The bare dials, closed louvers and Roman cross attest that fact. Built in 1860 (to replace the one burned in the same year) it was first that of the First Trinitarian Congregational Society, and later that of St. Joseph's (Roman Catholic) church. To the eye of the camera the building itself was eclipsed by the two upper stories of the Andrew Hall house, the elevated rear garden of which is in marked contrast to present conditions. While this spire is now gone, the building itself remains, the business home of Page & Curtin. This view also preserves for our sight a substantial feature of old-time dwelling construction, of which but few (including this) remain.

The lower right hand is that of the First Baptist, and was the next erected, in 1872, by its designer (also a member), John Brown. Its spire was built complete within the tower and raised to its position; and the open archway at its base forms a carriage porch.



The next oldest is that in the lower left, the Mystic Congregational, erected in 1876, the result of the merging of two churches. The building itself (of 1846) was so enlarged and remodeled that the original appearance is entirely absent in the present view. This was taken *subsequent* to some repair below the belfry and *after* the invasion of the foliated capitals of the columns by the English sparrows. To protect the worshipers from defilement these are enclosed in wire netting which detracts from their original beauty. The old Withington house (now gone) is seen at the right, and part of "Doctor's Row" (formerly "Rotten Row") at the left in this view.

Next in order of construction (upper left) was that of the First Parish (Unitarian) in 1894. When this group of views was made (for the purpose of illustration of some special Sunday services) the photographer mistook it for the Universalist church, which was the one desired. It, however, serves our purpose well. The main building is of stone, and by later thought the belfry was also so built. The small ventilating towers at the side are a special and pleasing feature, and the vines clinging to its walls add to its beauty. A large memorial window in its front is especially noticeable.

In the upper left is Trinity church (Methodist Episcopal), built in 1896 on the site selected in 1873. In April just prior to its erection, the former house of worship, erected in 1873 (the first in West Medford), was sold and removed. Its corner-stone, bearing the second date of 1896, was placed beneath this. Its early removal was a necessity, and preserved the trees on Holton street, to which a bit of history attaches: In the early '50's Mr. T. P. Smith (then owner) set out a row of elms on a proposed street (Minot by name) which was to follow the course of the canal just abandoned. At the construction of Boston avenue in '73, four of these, then on the land of Mr. Horace A. Breed, were dug out and thrown aside on his premises. Mr. B. said, "Mr. M., if



you'll set those trees out, you may have them." "Thank you very much, we will," was the reply. A worthy German citizen, a new comer, Mr. Charles Meyer, attended to the work — and well, too. Though four inches in size and several days out of ground, the transplanting was successful. *Just when* he did it we may not say, for at eight o'clock on Saturday evening they were lying by the capacious holes, but on Sunday morning when the worshippers came to the new church they were in place and sidewalk swept clean.

Mr. Smith passed away nearly seventy years ago, Mr. Breed and Mr. Meyer nearly forty, but we walk under the grateful shade of these trees today. But one shows in the view. The second, after twenty years, was affected by some pest, requiring its removal, and through the vacant space the sunlight streams through the great window, a memorial to others worthy but now gone.

The lower central view is that of the latest built (1904), the West Medford Congregational. It is of Weymouth seam-faced granite and its chapel is stucco.

Two dwellings erected in the '50's were moved backward to make place for it, and the granite steps at the sidewalk are those of the former house of worship.

In 1907 a tree, the second at left, probably planted in the '50's, was uprooted in a gale and fell against the smaller tower, but was fortunately removed without injury.

It must be understood the presentation of the above enumerated is not of the REGISTER's selection, but the utilization of a selection made by others and for another purpose. It would be our pleasure to present the dozen or more others that are in Medford, and doubtless many interesting bits of history might be therewith preserved.

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#### ENTERTAINMENT.

We closed our last issue with a "filler" containing a quotation from the diary of Dr. Ames, the almanac maker of Dedham. Under conditions of today, we fear



he might use even stronger language relative to vexatious delay. The *Register* has only good to speak of its "printer."

The diary alluded to was written on the blank interleaving of the almanacs he prepared and published for many years, and is reproduced in the publication of the Dedham Historical Society, one of our exchanges, which we regret to say, ceased issue with its fourteenth volume. Now after a century and a half, the doctor's entries and observations are of much interest, and informing. Note this one, made on October 14, 1767:—

Made an husking Entertainment. Possibly this leafe may last a Century & fall into the hands of some inquisitive Person for whos<sup>e</sup> Entertainm<sup>t</sup> I will inform him that now There is a Custom amongst us of making an Entertainment a<sup>t</sup> husking of Indian Corn whereto all the neighboring Swains are invited & after the Corn is finished they like the Hottentots give three Cheers or huzza's but cannot carry in the husks without a Rhum bottle they feign great Exertion but do nothing till Rhum enlivens them when all is done in a trice, then after a hearty Meal about 10 at night they go to their pastimes

Evidently the diarist foresaw that in a century customs might change, and also the use of words. So he added more to his original entry, also using the word entertainment as satisfaction of curiosity and information to the inquisitive. Entertainment has come to be a many-sided word. In later days than those, such occasions were known as "bees," perhaps because of the *swarms* of people that came and their *busy* work. There were on occasion raising, stone, paring or apple, and quilting bees.

To eke out the parson's salary a donation bee was the precursor of the modern pound party; while the spelling bee lacked the co-operative work feature.

But such gatherings were a sort of "give and take" affair. Dr. Ames invited "all the neighboring swains" to make a short job of stripping the husks from his gathered corn; but (in the quaint saying of another), "didn't get any more out of a dry well than was put in," as is



proven by the "Rhum-bottle" and "hearty Meal," both of his furnishing.

Then came another feature of the occasion, "their pastimes," the playing of games and the country dance, and seeing the girls safely home. It was all a part of the "Entertainment."

#### THE DOCTOR'S VISIT.

This same Dr. Ames expressed himself in quite caustic terms regarding some practitioners. But on July 20 (1767) he made a call on one, thus noted:

Went Dr. Gardner's at Milton drank excellent Wine made of Cherries thus 50 lb. of good Cherries stoned, 37 lb of Sugar and Water enough to make the whole into the Quantity of half a Barrell.

N. B. you put in the whole Cherries except the Stones

The above must have been Milton "*home brew*" (equally common in Medford) and seemed to have impressed him favorably. What he might say today is another matter.

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#### 1621—TERCENTENARY NOTE—1921.

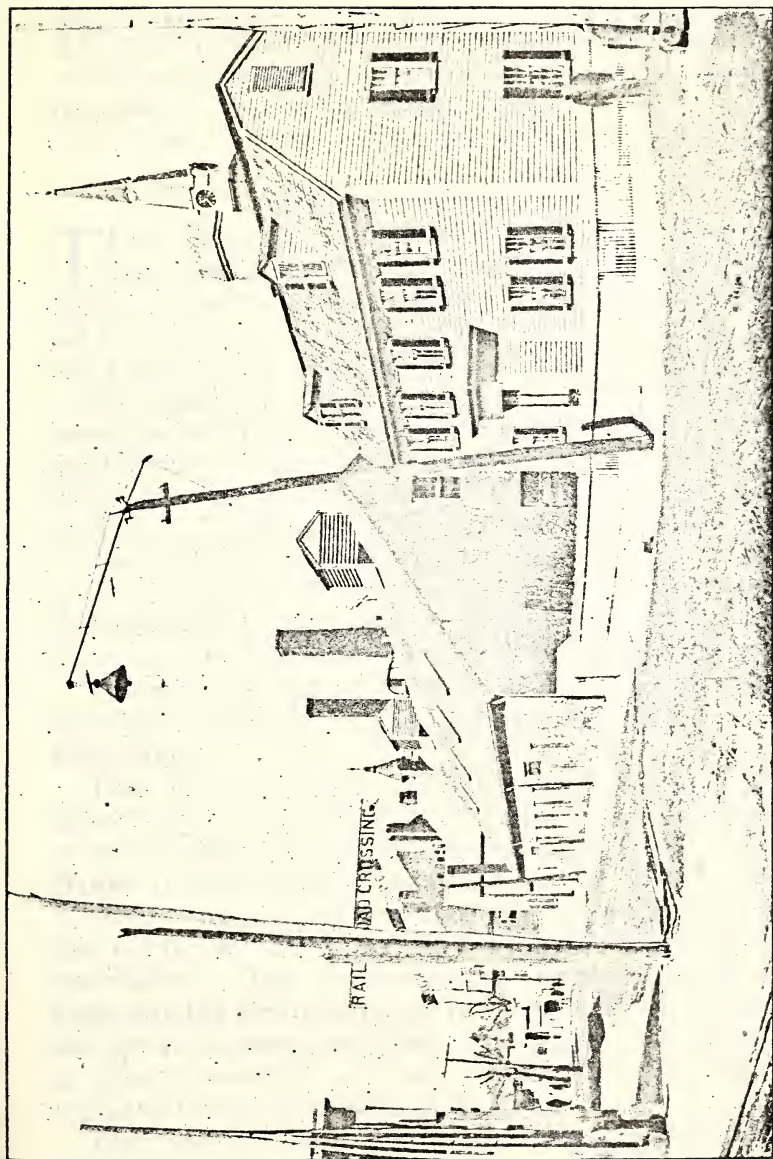
As this REGISTER comes to hand a tercentenary pageant is on at Plymouth. Our Historical Society will note a Medford tercentenary in September next—that of first exploration of our territory by white men, an event of which scant notice has been taken in the past.

#### "THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH"

will be the subject of the evening. Beside the original story, several papers relative thereto will be read, and the doughty warrior will be shown at the head "of his valorous army."

With all the groundwork of a pageant, we must content ourselves with the above observance, but let it be an interesting one.





CONSTABLE RICHARD SPRAGUE'S HOUSE. BUILT 1729



# The Medford Historical Register.

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## OUR AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

THE Medford Historical Society has for twenty-five years been engaged in the preservation and dissemination of the history of Medford. It has seemed advisable to devote some space in this issue of its REGISTER to its own history, and call public attention thereto.

On April 16, 1896, a printed circular bearing the names of seventeen Medford citizens was sent out, inviting people to a gathering in the old Simpson tavern on April 22. In response fifty-four attended, and the desirability of organizing a historical society was discussed.

Another meeting was held on May 8, and steps taken to incorporate. On May 22 its charter was issued by the secretary of the commonwealth, and on May 23 the first stated meeting was held in the Unitarian vestry.

The next meeting (of record) was on November 18, and was held in the old Francis house, numbered two Ashland street.

That the new Society began with enthusiasm is evidenced by the fact that during the week of October 14 to 20 a "Historic Festival" or pageant, called "On the Banks of the Mystic," was held in the Opera House. The idea was a novel one and was favorably received by the public, as shown by its liberal patronage and large attendance. The committee in charge, though for a time startled by its temerity in its production because of the great expense involved, was happy at its close, and at that November meeting turned into the Society's treasury the net proceeds of \$1,018.21.

The Society hired the Francis house, which had a little historic interest, having been the home of Convers



Francis, the originator of the Medford cracker, and also the birthplace of his talented daughter and authoress, Lydia Maria Child. It also made some repair and refitted it for Society use, and furnished the same.

In 1902 the property was placed in the market for sale and was then purchased by the Society for \$4,000.00. Of this amount \$1,000 was paid in cash, and the remainder provided for by a mortgage and the favorable interest rate of four per cent.

But prior to this purchase the various expenses had absorbed the proceeds of the historic festival already alluded to, and several efforts of lesser magnitude had been unremunerative.

The cash payment was the result, mostly, of donations for that specific purpose, secured mainly through the efforts of President David Henry Brown.

The meetings of the Society have been on the third Monday in the months from October to May inclusive, and for several years a Saturday evening course of addresses was added to the regular meetings. At nearly all meetings, other than the annual, addresses have been given and papers read relating to Medford, its history, institutions and people. Many of these have been reproduced in the Society's quarterly publication, the *HISTORICAL REGISTER*. Its issue was begun in 1897 for that express purpose, and its twenty-four volumes represent a labor of love on the part of its editors and contributors, and contain information of Medford found nowhere else. By its exchange list with other societies it is constantly adding their publications to the Society's library, thus making available sources of information.

The existence of the Society started the effort for the preservation of the Royall house, and also Medford's two hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary celebration, so successfully observed. At that time former President Hooper prepared a brief history of Medford, which was published by the city's committee (composed of members of the Society), together with a full report of the exercises of the week.



The questions may be asked, "How is the Society's work appreciated by the community it serves, and how is it sustained, either financially or otherwise?"

We reply, its only revenue is its annual dues of \$1.00 from each member. It reached its high-tide of membership in 1902, about two hundred and fifty, and now numbers one hundred and fifty-one. It has no endowment whatever, and in all its twenty-five years has never had any *bequest* of funds, and contrary to a prevailing notion, has never had a penny of municipal assistance. Thus it will be seen that its efforts have been heroic and "a labor of love." Its current and publication expenses for several years exceeded the annual income, and the deficit was covered by donations of interested members. In 1914 the latter were insufficient, and a new administration found itself with a debt of over one hundred dollars and the problem of much-needed repairs on the building. The latter seeming impractical, the property was sold and temporary quarters secured.

The enterprise of securing a new and permanent home was begun in the summer of 1916, and is so recent as to require little mention in detail. Land was purchased of the city of Medford (at the assessors' valuation, which was \$629.00), and paid for out of the net amount received from the sale of the old property, the balance, \$371.00 (with accrued interest) being turned into the building fund. Thus was conserved the amount originally invested in its former home.

None too soon was this enterprise begun, as circumstances proved. It would be a pleasure to record that the people of Medford responded liberally and extended a helping hand, but the fact remains that scarcely more than a dozen people outside the Society's membership responded to its appeal. Then came the war time, and during the numerous "drives" for funds the Society had no chance. At the earliest possible moment, without waiting for the building's completion, the Society moved in, ceasing its outlay for rent and reducing its expenses



to a minimum. To the casual observer it appears complete, but in the stress of war time and over-topping prices there remain some essential fixtures yet to be secured. It has been suggested several times to get a mortgage to do these things, but the Directors have wisely refrained therefrom, remembering that interest payments come with inconvenient frequency.

The new home on Governors avenue *never* has had such ornament (?) and whatever problems of administration the Society may have, arise not from any debt upon its home, but rather from the lack of public interest in its important work.

To the meetings of the Society every member is entitled to bring friends, with the thought that such may become interested and become members. A few have thus in the past. Like other similar societies, many of its members rarely attend the meetings, but are prompt in remitting their annual dues to the Treasurer. This is, of course, a help, but the burden of sustaining the interest in the stated meetings and the management of affairs falls upon the few. To secure a larger membership and interested working force is an ever-pressing need to enable it to *better* prosecute its work.

One of our number on reading the foregoing pages remarked, "It is not an appeal to save a sinking ship, *but for a working crew.*"

Given a larger membership means better support, added interest and better service in coming years.

Medford has changed much in the recent years. Remembering Abraham Lincoln's famous remark, we are confident the good sense of its people will, in time, assert itself. History is in the making. Will the Medford people, especially those to whom this REGISTER specially comes, join us in our effort?



## AN OPEN LETTER.

DEAR SIR OR MADAM:—

The Medford Historical Society wishes you to become acquainted with its work and with its publication. To this end extra numbers of this issue have been printed, and one sent you. Please accept the same, examine it carefully, tell your friends about it, and otherwise give it publicity.

Not all the Society's members are subscribers. Should you chance to be a non-subscribing member, we trust you will consider it favorably and add your name to its list.

Perhaps you may not have heard of or seen the REGISTER before, so to you it makes its best bow and hopes to create a favorable impression. In its sending, the Publication Committee puts you under no obligation, but will be pleased to count your name among its patrons to whom it makes its quarterly visits, now nearly one hundred.

Excepting that some space in this number is devoted to Society needs and news, the present issue may be taken as a sample. Its managers are gratified because of its rank among its compeers, and that it is distinctively a Medford (from sanctum to press) production of Medford's history. Its twenty-three completed volumes total two thousand four hundred and twenty pages, exclusive of illustrations, title pages, index and advertisements. With a few exceptions (for which courtesy is acknowledged) the illustrations were made expressly for its use, and the half-tone cuts are the property of the Society. Some issues are now out of print and thus very rare. The Society has but a few *complete sets* for sale. These cannot be broken, but with the few exceptions back numbers to some extent can be procured.

The REGISTER contains reliable accounts of Medford people, its institutions, churches, schools, industries and events, compiled from *authentic* sources. This has been



done by Medford people in a labor of love for their old home town. To accomplish this has been a work of years, slow and painstaking.

Many of the contributors to the REGISTER's pages have now passed on, but their work remains. Others are relaxing their effort. Perhaps among those to whom this special issue comes there may be some who may take their places by sending to the Editor some personal observation of their home city.

There should be many, however, to show their appreciation of the work of others in the past, and enable the Society, by their support, to maintain its publication. During all the stress of advanced costs its price has not been raised, and at times deficits in its expense account have been met by interested friends, but we can no longer count on these, hence the liberty we take in thus calling your attention to our

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

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### TROUBLES OF A MEDFORD CHURCHMAN.

In these recent tercentenary days much has been said of the Puritan sacrifice and struggle for religious liberty. Some of the speakers have seemed to forget that there was a difference between the Pilgrims of Plymouth and the Puritans of Boston in their ideas of toleration. The one had been tolerated in Holland, the other would tolerate none dissenting from their views, and early became dominant in New England.

How fared it with the Baptists, the Quakers, or those who held to the liturgical worship of the Church of England? In the colony's history what they endured is unpleasant to read. In Medford's history little is written or known. Mr. Brooks made no specific local mention thereof, but Mr. Usher alludes to one case of clash between a Medford churchman and an officer of the law. His story is quoted quite fully by Mr. Hollis, the chronicler of Grace Church (REGISTER, Vol. V, p. 25). Of this



case we have never seen any other account in American print, and are left in doubt as to its final outcome. The Medford records (Vol. 2, p. 314, 315, 316) contain a list of one hundred and twelve names, rated (*i.e.*, assessed) the sum of "One hundred Pounds being <sup>ye</sup> Ministers Rate for <sup>ye</sup> year 1732." This list was committed to the constable the third of July for collection and payment by him to the treasurer by the fifteenth of October next ensuing.

Richard Sprague, who two years before had erected a substantial house just out from the market-place, "on the way to Blanchard's,"\* was the constable, and the minister whose salary he was thus to collect was Ebenezer Turell. But there was *one* man in Medford that refused to pay his rate because he was of the English Church.

The tax list of that time is divided into three classifications. Space forbids its entire reproduction, but here are four of its names:—

	HEADS	REAL	PERSONAL ESTATE & FACULTY
Thomas Brooks	0-11-0	—	—
Peter Seccomb	1-13-0	1-0-3	1-0-8
Richard Sprague	1-13-0	0-7-6	0-3-5
Matthew Ellis	—	1-15-3	0-4-9

We do not quite understand how the first (above named) was only assessed a "head" or poll tax, or how the latter, a resident, nothing for his head. But he had some "faculty," as Constable Sprague found when he presented that Medford tax bill so long ago. Upon persistent refusal to pay toward the salary of Parson Turell, the said Matthew Ellis was by Constable Sprague speedily lodged "in His Majesty's gaol." How long he remained in durance vile we may not say, but on paying the tax and added costs he was released.

Then he took up the battle for religious freedom by bringing an action in court against Sprague "for assaulting, beating, wounding and imprisoning him, and detaining him in prison till he paid Sprague a fine of

\*See Frontispiece.



£3-1s." At a subsequent town meeting Andrew Hall was chosen constable, and the record says (page 328) "payed for not serving five pounds," and Joseph Thompson was chosen and qualified. On the twenty-eighth of November, 1733, the selectmen directed him to warn a town meeting to be held on December 4, 1733, at 1 P.M.

To know what method they will take with respect to sute in the Law Commenced against Richard Sprague the last years Constable by Matthew Ellis of Medford.

It appears (by the Massachusetts Archives) that Ellis lost his case in the Inferior Court on December 11, and appealed to the Superior Court. The town meeting alluded to had adjourned to December 18 at 12 o'clock. It was then

Put to Vote, whether the Town will reamburft Richard Sprague his Reasonable charges in managing the Law Sute commenced against him by Matthew Ellis, he bringing in a just account to the Town thereof. Voted in the affirmative. Benj. Willis Town Clk.

Thus it appears that the fight was on, and reinforcements were coming to the aid of Sprague, erstwhile constable of Medford. The fame of the case spread, and in other towns men elected constables were shy of accepting office because of Sprague's experience.

At the Superior Court, on January 29 and July 30, 1734, Ellis fared no better, but "was cast," *i.e.*, judgment was against him. But he had good fighting qualities, and appealed to the king for a hearing.

The Medford selectmen hearing of this called a meeting

to know the mind of the town . . . and chuse some sutable to assist in that affair . . . or see what the town shall see meet to do.

Seven persons were chosen, but farther than that we find nothing in Medford records.

The conflict was next in the Provincial legislature, but there was "a long-name society" across the water which evidently had a part in it, as it continued for several years.



From "Historical Papers," page 317 (New England Historical and Genealogical Society, Boston) we reproduce —

MATTHEW ELLIS TO THE SOCIETY.

*To the Honourable the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. The humble Petition of Matthew Ellis of New England, Husbandman, a Member of the Church of England, as by Law Established*

SHEWETH

That your Petitioner being informed that this Honorable Society was desirous to have the power of the Independents in New England, which they used to oblige the Members of the Church of England to contribute to the maintenance of dissenting teachers or preachers lawfully examined into it, being apprehended to the contrary to the intent of the New England Charter, your petitioner upon whom a small sum of 40<sup>s</sup> N. England money was levied for the maintenance of a dissenting teacher, did bring his action in N. England, against one Sprague who levied such sum in order to try the right and having no benefit by that Action in New England, your pet<sup>rs</sup> there demanded an Appeal to his Majesty in Council, but was there refused it.

That an Application being made on your Petitioner's behalf to this Honourable Society some time since, that you would be pleased to take the said case under your care as the same might procure a judicial determination & tend to settle that great point.

The Society as your Petitioner is informed verbally declares taking the same upon you in the situation it then was, or until application to his Majesty, an Appeal should be actually allowed here so that the mere point of right might come in question

But declared as your Petitioner humbly apprehends that when your Petitr<sup>r</sup> should have obtained liberty to appeal your Petitr<sup>r</sup> might then hope for assistance of this Society.

That thereupon your Petitioner hath at considerable expense to himself (far more than his own particular right is concerned) obtained Liberty to appeal to his Majesty in Council, but is unable to bear the further expense of prosecuting the same, and the rather so since the Province of the Massachusetts Bay have made the Cause of the Respondent Sprague their own and have undertaken the defence thereof for him portending to be a matter of high concern to their Province

Your Petitioner therefore submits his Case to this Honorable Society, and humbly prays such relief to himself and therein to the Members of the Church of England in general as this Society shall think proper

And as in Duty bound shall Pray.



We quote also the following from the Massachusetts Archives: —

FROM PROVINCE LAWS, p. 210, CHAP. 194 (FIRST SESSION).

A petition of Richard Sprague, late constable of Medford in county of Middlesex. Showing that in the year 1733 Mathew Ellis of that Town was assessed Forty shillings as a part of a Tax for the support of the Minister there which the said Ellis Refusing to pay, the Memorialist, Agreeably to his Warrant, Committed him to his Majesty's Goal in said County; whereupon the said Ellis brought his Action of assault Against the Memorialist, charging his damage at three hundred pounds Sterling; in which Action he was Cast in the Inf<sup>r</sup> and Superiour Court; Upon which he Claimed his Appeal to his Majesty in Council, which the judges thought him not Entitled to; But upon their denyal the said Ellis, Applying to his Majesty, Obtained his Order in Council for the hearing of his Appeal; and the Memorialist is Accordingly Notified to Answer it; And for as much as the Memorialist has done nothing in this Affair but in obedience to the Laws of this Province: Therefore praying that he may be freed from any further Trouble and Charge in the Affair or otherwise Relieved.

the Com<sup>tee</sup> on the petition of Richard Sprague Reported the draught of a letter to Mr Agent Wilks on that Subject which was read and accepted in both Houses and signed by the Governour. [Passed Jan. 3, 1736.]

PAGE 526 (SECOND SESSION).

A petition of Richard Sprague: Praying for some allowance from this Court for his expence occasioned by a complaint of Matthew Ellis to the King and Council for the Petitioners destraying on him for his Tax, as he was Constable of Medford

Read and in answer to the Petition

*Voted*, that the sum of Fifteen pounds nineteen shillings and two pence be granted and allowed to be paid out of the publick Treasury of the new Tenour Bills to the Petitioner Richard Sprague in full satisfaction of and to reimburse him for his time trouble and expence in defence of the affair within mentioned [Passed Dec. 21, 1738-9.]

In Council Read and Concurred

Consented to J. BELCHER

We are informed that "the [original] petition of Richard Sprague is not found in the Archives," and that on July 1, 1737,



Order on the recommendation of the Committee that the appeal be admitted on the usual security, and that Ellis be allowed copies of the proceeding under the Seal of the Province, on paying the usual fees.

July 30, 1737. Ellis's petition for an early hearing referred to the Committee for Appeals.

Aug. 14, 1737. Committee appointed Feb. 25 to hear the appeal.

As on May 16, 1737, Ellis is styled as "late of Medford, husbandman," it is presumable that he had then removed. Though he was taxed for real estate, we have been unable to find where in Medford he resided. We find that in 1733-34

John Whitmore, Jonathan Hall and Jon<sup>a</sup> Bradshaw be Depeud [deputed?] to vew the Highways by Matthew Ellises and make Report to the Town what they Judg Mr. Ellis should have allowed him for moving Som Large Rocks in the Country Road nearby his house in sd. Town and Report be made at the adjournment of this meeting.

The meeting was adjourned to seven o'clock of that evening at the house of John Bradshaw. We look in vain for the committee's report, and greatly fear the pious deacons on the committee allowed their distate for their churchman's non-conformity to warp their judgment in the large rocks matter. They might at least have reported.

We have been unable to find trace of Ellis at the Registry of Deeds, and thus to fix his location, nor do we know how long he lived in Medford. From the meagre data we conclude that he did two good things—improvement of the highway, and (in the courage of his convictions) helped along the coming of the enjoyment of religious liberty in Medford.



## LOCAL HISTORY IN A BARBER'S SHOP.

"In hell there are no barber's shops." Such is a remark attributed by historian Brooks to the Medford minister of a century ago. We fancy the assertion to be the result of a course of reasoning as to "human depravity," rather than of any personal search, by Doctor Osgood. *Per contra*, it would be of interest had the good doctor made note of the number of such shops then in Medford. As the town's minister for fifty years, he had been something of an autocrat, and was not particularly noted for soft speeches. We wonder a little what would have happened had he been in his prime when Rev. Josiah Bracket came up from Charlestown to preach to some people, not of "the standing order," in a building called "the college." Considering his sermon against the Malden Baptists, we fear it would have been "Let him be anathema, and the house that they shall build come to naught." Meeting in various places for over five years, those people succeeded, in 1828, in erecting a house of worship on the "lane leading from Malden road to the ship yard." In 1922 their successors, the First Methodist Episcopal Church, will observe its centennial and in its *fourth* house of worship, while the *first* still remains — a dwelling-house, and now contains a "barber's shop." Changes made to fit it for such use revealed features of construction, and started search into its history. Prior to this, the only allusions to it we have seen in print are in the REGISTER, Vol. XII, p. 2, and an *occasional* paper (1878) called *The Half Century*. Neither of these contain any account of the dedication, though the same was unique in its features and a novelty in Medford.

People are wont to think of the predecessor of the Mystic Church as the Second Church of Medford. It was the Second *Congregational*, but the First Methodist Episcopal is the *second church in Medford*, its beginning was fifteen months the earlier. To the edifice built by Galen James and his associates, Second (or First Trinitarian) Congregational, must be accorded the record of



the first *dedication* on September 1, 1824 — about three and one-half years prior to that of the Methodist structure.

In the library of the New England Conference Historical Society, in *Christian Advocate*, February 22, 1828, we find —

On Thursday, Feb. 7, the first Methodist Episcopal Church in Medford, Mass., was dedicated to the worship of God. The order of exercises commenced with select music; which was followed by the introductory prayer by the Rev. Enoch Mudge. Select scriptures were read by the Rev. Bishop Hedding — Dedicatory Poem — The dedicatory prayer was made by the Rev. Bishop. The dedicatory sermon was by the Rev. J. [ohn] N. [ewland] Maffit. Two original hymns written for the occasion by the Rev. J. N. Maffit, were sung with great propriety and musical effect, one previous to the address and the other following — Concluding prayer by the Rev. T. C. Pierce and benediction by the Rev. Mr. Bracket.

The concourse of people was too great to find accommodation in the new church: and after the above services had been attended in it, the Congregational church of which the Rev. Mr. Warner is pastor, in a spirit of Christian fellowship politely offered the accommodation of their meetinghouse in which the Rev. Mr. Maffit delivered the sermon that had been prepared as the dedication sermon. The text was in Haggai II, 7. "And I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of hosts." The services were solemn, appropriate and affecting. Union of feeling and heavenly charity mingled in the notes of prayer, and animated the skilful and harmonious strains of praise.

The following is one of the original hymns:—

The gorgeous temples, Lord, are thine,  
That bow beneath a thousand years;  
Whose walls dark ivy wreaths entwine —  
Whose aisles are worn with mourners' tears.

And there are towers that rise to thee  
Beyond the sapphire arch of heaven —  
The temples of eternity  
To thy redeemed children given.

Yet from the starry halls of light  
Thy spirit wings its viewless way,  
And comes in power and glory bright  
To fill these humble walls today.

Today as if in heaven we sing  
And raise the song of sacred praise  
Until his hallowed court shall ring  
With our triumphant grateful lays.



We praise thee, Jesus, that thy name  
Hath waked a feeble echo here,  
And kindled in our souls a flame  
To burn through heaven's eternal years.

Oh, triumph in the Holy One,  
Whose hand hath led us safe along,  
Until these temple walls were done,  
Oh, raise to heaven a glorious song.

It certainly was an event worth recording, though "a day of small things" in the beginning of Medford Methodism, but the fine courtesy of that long-ago day is pleasant to read. John Newland Maffit was the Boston minister, and a wonderful pulpit orator and poet of no mean ability. Enoch Mudge was also a prominent preacher, and T. C. Pierce was presiding elder.

But what a contrast there must have been in the appearance of the two houses of worship. Stately and grand, with imposing colonnade and steeple, the equal of any for miles around, was the one by the river's side; the other, twenty by forty feet and fourteen feet high, utterly devoid of any ornamental finish, with no roof cornice, its walls, as well as roof, shingled, with two tiers of small windows for light and ventilation, and one door for entrance in the end.

It was probably innocent of paint, also. The interior was just one bare room, and may have been plastered. If it was heated at all (remember there never was any stove in a Medford meeting-house till 1820 or 1821) the stove was in the corner near the door, and fifty feet of necessary funnel hung under the ceiling entered a little chimney in the rear end of the roof. The seats were plain wooden benches extending from the aisle to either wall. The pulpit, very plain, with perhaps a hinged shelf in front for communion table, was on a low platform, around the sides of which was a rail, at which the communicants knelt, this last an innovation in Medford. It was one of the "ten idols" the standing order of theocratic New England had been combating for two centuries. Two others were church government by bishops



and dedication of churches. Here was Medford invaded by three, the advance guard of the ten. Historian Brooks is careful to state that the house of the Congregationalist was dedicated "to Father, Son and Holy Ghost." They seemed to thus have admitted the "seventh idol," but the others they had no use for.

But the historian makes no mention whatever of this old church building of 1828, and would have the reader think there was no Methodist church in Medford until 1843. Just how long this building was used we cannot say, nor yet with certainty when it was moved to its present site, but let us see what the barber's shop alteration reveals.

Made into a "double house," the entrance doors were in the sides, with a large room in either corner. In the recent change the front and floor of one front room was removed. This revealed the fact that the building had been cut in two lengthwise, one half moved aside, and *twelve feet built in*, making its present width thirty-two feet. Like the old-time framing, the side sills are ten inches square, the cross timbers (about four feet apart) are nine inches square and all of hewed pine timber. These support the floor joists of oak, and all sound and good for another century. (Those just removed were replaced at a lower level, that of the addition in front forming the barber's shop.) A second floor was put into the building when enlarged, also two chimneys, three by four feet, containing fireplaces. The old windows of eight by ten glass were all utilized, but in the change from church to dwelling the front was covered with clapboards. To an observant builder there was much of interest in its examination, but one thing was especially noticeable. The frame of the original building, so far as could be seen (and perhaps the boards), was of lumber that had been used in some *earlier* construction. We have mentioned its plainness and lack of ornament. The Methodists of that day had not "money to burn," and this once-used material is proof of it. Those old timbers



told us something of the efforts of those few men and women of a century ago, and the privations they endured and sacrifices they made to obtain the same liberty that the fathers sought two hundred years before. We learned something in the prospective barber shop on Salem Street near Washington Square.

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#### ANOTHER TERCENTENARY NOTE.

A certain interest attaches to the exploration and to settlement of immigrants in a new country. In recent days multitudes have visited Plymouth to see the historic rock where the Pilgrims landed, and to tread ground on which they found a home. An interesting pageant was enacted, with historical lessons that must have made a deep impression on the minds of many of the visitors. And just now as we write, an enduring reminder has been dedicated,—the bronze figure of Massasoit, the Indian king, who regarded his treaty as more than “a scrap of paper.”

We doubt, however, if in all the exercises there was any allusion to an episode that occurred in the Pilgrim adventure and was partly enacted on our own Medford soil. We have seen fit to call it “The March of Miles Standish.”

In 1905 Medford had a festival week in recognition of its two hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary of settlement. It was about *two years behind time*, but a very successful and interesting one. But how about the *discovery* of Medford territory by white men, which preceded the actual settlement? And what of the race that then inhabited it, and had *ab-origine* from the beginning? Rightly named were they — aborigines.

Nearly a century ago a Boston orator (whose effort was so popular that six editions of the oration were printed in rapid succession) on Independence Day said

Here lived and loved another race of beings Beneath the same sun that rolls over your head, the Indian hunter pursued the pant-



ing deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate. . . . And all of this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native

At the time Charles Sprague uttered those words (probably in Faneuil Hall), Medford was a little town of fifteen hundred people, but had furnished a governor of the commonwealth for seven years. Now a cosmopolitan city of over forty thousand, with "civic pride" little in evidence, and an ever increasing tax-rate, it may be that the seeds of death the orator mentioned are ripening to harvest.

Medford had a wonderful opportunity to celebrate a tercentenary, for those seeds (of both kinds) were strewn on what is now its soil, on *September twenty-first, 1621*, by "Standish the stalwart and eight of his valorous army, led by Indian guide."

Little note has been made of this historic fact in recent years and it has been well-nigh forgotten. But there is the testimony of Bradford, also of the author of "Mourt's Relation," both written within a few years of the time, and fortunately preserved.

What a pageant might be enacted in the streets of Medford of that march "in Armes up in the Countrey," and how realistic and educational might be a representation of the scenes of that day of discovery, seven years before Medford's settlement.

It is the purpose of the Historical Society, as hinted at in the REGISTER's last issue, to make note of this event at its coming meeting, and perhaps in a later issue may be some account thereof.

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#### LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

All hail to your determination to celebrate another tercentenary, this time Medford's own affair, commemorating its first view by the white men, and Pilgrims at that!



Responding to your question as to what I know or think about the visit of Miles Standish to these parts in September, 1621 — well, I didn't know much, but your request set me to reading, as I suppose you expected it to do. And I began to appreciate something of the amount of special skill and patch-work labor necessary to enable you even to ask the question. But our interest in Medford makes it quite worth while to follow out your leads as to the first white men on the site of our city, and how they came to be there.

In the first place, none of the chroniclers of the day says directly that Standish was on the expedition anyway. Governor Bradford says they dispatched on September 18, ten men with Squanto for their guide. He names no one else. The author of "Mourt's Relation" gives no other names. But the latter does speak of the "Captaine," and we are well persuaded that no such expedition would have sallied forth during his lifetime without the leadership of that doughty little pepperpot. Furthermore, as the writer of the "Relation" speaks always of "our" doings in the expedition, I suppose that we may conclude that Winslow was of the party — of course, assuming that the future governor wrote this portion of the history.

Apparently it is from the "Relation," mainly, that we must get particulars of the journey: how that, setting forth in the shallop on the eighteenth, they found the way longer than they expected (being as they estimated it close to twenty leagues), so that they did not arrive within the bay until late on the nineteenth; how they landed on the twentieth on one side of the bay, where they made a treaty with Obbatinewat, after which they sailed across the bay, and there anchoring, slept once more aboard ship; then on the twenty-first, how they made afoot their memorable journey which particularly interests us, to the hill where Nanepashemit had lived, thence to the fort in the bottom lands, and a mile further on to fort *on* the hill where Nanepashemit was killed.



As to my own reflections thereon, two or three items stand prominently forth. How came the Pilgrims to be here at this time? Bradford says the party was sent to spy out and report upon the country of the Massachusetts, and to make a peace treaty with that tribe, by whom they had been more or less disturbed, and to whom Squanto gave a bad name. Incidentally, never forgetting the main chance, they were to do such trading as they found practicable with the natives.

Our Pilgrim forbears seem to have displayed towards their Indian neighbors no thought of conquest or of hostility of any kind, seeking, as it appears, rather a peaceful co-operation and friendliness, wherein they certainly showed as much wisdom as philanthropy.

And if they lost no opportunity for a bargain, nevertheless their commercial operations seem to have been conducted with the most scrupulous conscientiousness. My own feeling is that this quality had as great a military as moral value.

Secondly, it appears their Indian neighbors were possessed of a wholesome respect, at least, for the visitors, which we are told arose partly from their terrors of the white man's gunpowder, and partly from a suspicion that he was able to let loose upon them anew the plague from which they had aforetime suffered so severely.

As to the report made by the expedition on the territory they visited we shall heartily agree with their conclusions. In this connection there is plenty of room for sober reflection. Beyond all doubt the place for a great settlement is Boston and not Plymouth, and the adventurers were shrewd enough to recognize that fact immediately. For in spite of their prime object of isolation from foreign entanglements, they never had any idea of giving up communication with the home country. *That* they desired to make as easy as possible, and that meant, of course, a harbor.

They missed Boston harbor for various reasons, perhaps chiefly because they had never heard of it; and



you will remember Professor Brigham's hint that only a blinding snowstorm hid Barnstable harbor from the adventurers on that memorable expedition from Provincetown which finally found and selected Plymouth. Barnstable as a harbor would appear far more attractive than Plymouth. What if it had not snowed on that boisterous December day?

But here again, those of us who stand by providential dispensation will find a text. Plymouth was practically a deserted village site cleared for settlement and in some part made ready for their habitation. Could they have survived anywhere else on this coast that first terrible winter? The later colonists who had had a chance to hear of it, and better opportunities to settle about it, were quick enough to find the bay with its "hundred islands," and its two navigable inlets which the "Relation" says "we" heard of from the Indians but did not enter.

If I have not properly answered your question let me know unless, indeed, you prefer the ills you know to the possibilities you can only guess at.

Very truly yours,

WILSON FISKE.

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#### OUR ILLUSTRATION.

A Medford dwelling that has stood in the heart of the old town for more than two-thirds of its history and still is (without modern restoration) a comfortable residence, is worthy of notice. Built in 1729, it was of the substantial type of its period, such as are seen all through New England. The front half only of the house is seen in the view, the part originally built, as it was subsequently enlarged by adding as much in depth to the rear, which newer part extended five feet by the front at either end. Since thus enlarged, very many years ago, it has housed two families, but the front door and enclosed entry is of perhaps sixty years ago.



The street it faces is now known as Riverside avenue, because, in one of its improvement spasms, Medford deemed the good old name of Ship street hardly dignified enough. In earliest times it was called "the way to Blanchard's," because it was such. Early in the eighteenth century, a business was established near by, which added the fame of "Old Medford." It is said that a remarkably good spring of water there existed, which induced John Hall to there erect his "distil-house," and so the "way" came to be called "Distil-house lane."

It will be seen that the house stands on a corner lot. The other "way" is probably as short a street as there is in Medford—River street. Extending to Salem street, it adjoins (even covers a part of) the earliest burial place, and was long known as Dead-man's alley.

This old house had been erected sixty-eight years when its brick neighbor was built. Its owner was a man of some note in Medford, and constable of the town in 1733. Mention is made of him elsewhere in this issue of the REGISTER. From out this comfortable mansion, Constable Richard Sprague sallied forth one day, perhaps with his staff of office, but clothed with the majesty of the law, and backed by the warrant of the selectmen, to lay hold on the body of one Matthew Ellis, a delinquent tax payer, and trouble of years' duration began.

But to return to the view, which, though made twenty-five years ago, and with a few changes, holds good today.

The railroad crossing and its gates, the Mystic Church spire, the electric light, were things unknown in Richard Sprague's time, and not very old when some old Medford man posed for his picture in Dead-man's alley. Who was he? Were he to return today and walk up to the square *he* might curiously look at the contents of the old brick distil-house, now a garage. One tall chimney and ventilators through which rum fumes escaped are gone. Instead, those of oil and gasoline prevail. And what would Constable Sprague say to the display of automobiles now seen across the street from his old house?



## SEASON OF 1920-1921.

The Historical Society has held its stated meetings on the third Monday evenings of October to May (inclusive). On October 18 Rev. Thomas C. Richards of the Mystic Church, and secretary of the John Brown Association, favored us with an interesting address on John Brown, recounting many events of the years before the Civil War. The attendance was not such as to encourage the committee to invite other speakers to address us, so the remaining have been sustained by our own membership.

In November it was fitting that the subject should be "The Pilgrims at Provincetown." Mr. Wilson Fiske led off in a talk on the timely subject and was followed by several others, and the meeting was one of much interest.

At the December meeting, special consideration, this being the Plymouth Day. Mr. Remele read historic selections, Miss Atherton told the story of Elder Brewster's life in England and Holland, and Mr. Mann read a short paper on the time and causes of the Pilgrim movement. This meeting was of much interest and more largely attended.

The annual meeting in January was on one of the coldest evenings of the winter, and there was but a small attendance, but the reports were made, and officers elected for the ensuing year.

The February meeting was "An Evening with Parson Turell." Mr. Remele read selections from Brooks' History relating to him. Mr. Mann read the will of the old minister, having made copy of the same at the Probate office. At the "Item—I give to little Turell Tufts . . . that my shadow may remain" the portrait of Ebenezer Turell thus bequeathed was displayed by Mr. Fiske, who had procured it from the First Parish Church for the occasion. At the "item, I give to Simon Tufts my watch" a silver watch with chain and seal was passed around for inspection. This watch (doubtless similar to Mr. Turell's) had just been given to the Society, and was that of Dr. Daniel Osgood, brother of Rev. David Osgood, Mr. Turell's colleague and successor. Miss Atherton read Dr. Holmes' poem "The Parson's Legacy," relating to "the president's chair" at Harvard College, said to have been given by Mr. Turell. Mr. Fiske exhibited a copy of the letter written by the parson calling for a "fast day," to select a colleague to assist him in his latest years. Light refreshments were served and a social half-hour closed an enjoyable and interesting meeting.

In response to the query, "What do we celebrate in March?" the Boston Massacre and the Siege and Evacuation of Boston were discussed, the members participating quite freely and with interest.

The April meeting was similarly conducted, and falling on the eighteenth, very naturally the Battle of Lexington claimed atten-



tion, as well as the modern observance of "Patriot's Day." Various poems and selections were read by Miss Atherton, Miss Durgin and Miss Carty, commemorating the historic rides of William Dawes and Paul Revere, and the hanging of the signal lanterns. Mr. Mann read a paper on "The Route of Revere," which appears in the REGISTER.

President Ackerman called attention to the events of the winter of sixty years ago, culminating with the bombardment of Fort Sumter. The stirring scenes in Medford, next following, were recalled, including the departure of the Light Guard for Washington; the surrender at Appomattox, the restoration of the old flag to Sumter, and the terrible tragedy of the death of Lincoln were all recalled by remarks by several members, which showed April to be a month of notable memory.

On Patriot's Day the Society's home was open to the public from noon till five o'clock. Somewhere about two hundred people came to see our quarters and collection. But a portion of these left their names in our registry book. We had too small a company to meet them adequately and explain and answer their questions, and the few we had were taxed to extent of patience by the few ill-mannered boys who found their way thither. But in the main the demeanor of the younger element was very commendable.

The May meeting marked the completion of the twenty-fifth year of the Society's corporate existence, and in response to the notice sent by mail to each and every member, we had twenty-five present. Letters were read from several, regretting absence, and of congratulation and good will. Brief addresses were made, after the President's welcome, by former Presidents Wait and Eddy, by Dr. Green, president of the Royall House Association, and Miss Wild, former Editor of the REGISTER. Former Presidents Hooper and Mann were present to enjoy the occasion, which was one of real interest. The adjournment was "to meet at the call of the President," and a social half-hour, with refreshments, followed.

During the year the Society has been represented at meetings of the Bay State League at Boston, Methuen, Concord and Arlington by President Ackerman and Mr. and Mrs. Mann.

The Society regrets that, because of limited means, it has been unable to open its rooms to visitors at regular intervals. At various times, however, some of its officers have by special appointment met visitors there to save them from disappointment. It is hoped that sometime there may be a printed catalog of its library and collection which is ever increasing and of much interest.



## MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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### Officers for the Year 1921.

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HERBERT N. ACKERMAN.

Telephone, Mystic 1827-W.

10 Adams Street, Medford Hillside.

#### Vice-Presidents.

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#### Financial Secretary and Treasurer.

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138 Boston Avenue, West Medford.

#### Directors.

WILLIAM LEAVENS.

JOHN A. C. EMERSON.

MELVIN W. PIERCE.

The above constitute the Board of Directors which meets at the call of the President.

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#### The Society's Honorary Members are

WALTER H. CUSHING.

BENJAMIN P. HOLLIS.

GEORGE S. DELANO.

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Isabelle Ackerman.	Norman R. Catherin.
John Albree.	N. R. Catherin, Mrs.
Lily B. Atherton.	Willard Dalrymple.
Ernest W. Anderson.	Julia W. Dalrymple.
Abner H. Barker.	Charles T. Daly.
Charles S. Baxter.*	Annie P. Danforth.
Frederick N. Beals.	Louise G. DeLong.
E. Earl Blakeley.	Edward B. Dennison.
Edward P. Boynton.*	Jessie M. Dinsmore.
C. W. M. Blanchard.	Henry B. Doland.
Jennie S. Brigham.	Frederick H. Dole.
Clifford M. Brewer.	Lucy E. Draper.
Edmund Bridge.	Charles B. Dunham.
Shepherd Brooks.*	Annie E. Durgin.
Frederick Brooks.	John A. C. Emerson.
Abby D. Brown.	Will C. Eddy.
Howard D. Brown.	Wilton B. Fay.
Edward B. Brown.	Wilson Fiske.
William H. Brown, Mrs.	George O. Foster.
Ella L. Burbank.	Blanche Foster.
Herman L. Buss.*	Viola D. Fuller.
Charles B. Buss.	George S. T. Fuller.
J. Herbert Barker.	Ella J. Fuller.
Frank B. Blodgett.	Frederick W. Fosdick.
Elizabeth R. Carty.	Eliza M. Gill.
N. F. Chandler, Dr.	Adeline B. Gill.
Elizabeth A. Chaney.	Frank S. Gilkey.
Sarah L. Clark.	Sidney Gleason.
Mary S. Clark.	Hall Gleason.
Charles A. Clark.	J. H. Googins, Mrs.
Albert H. Cowin.	T. P. Gooding, Mrs.
Andrew F. Curtin.*	Charles M. Green, Dr.
Walter F. Cushing.*	J. N. Gunn.
Carrie E. Cushing.	

\* Life Member.

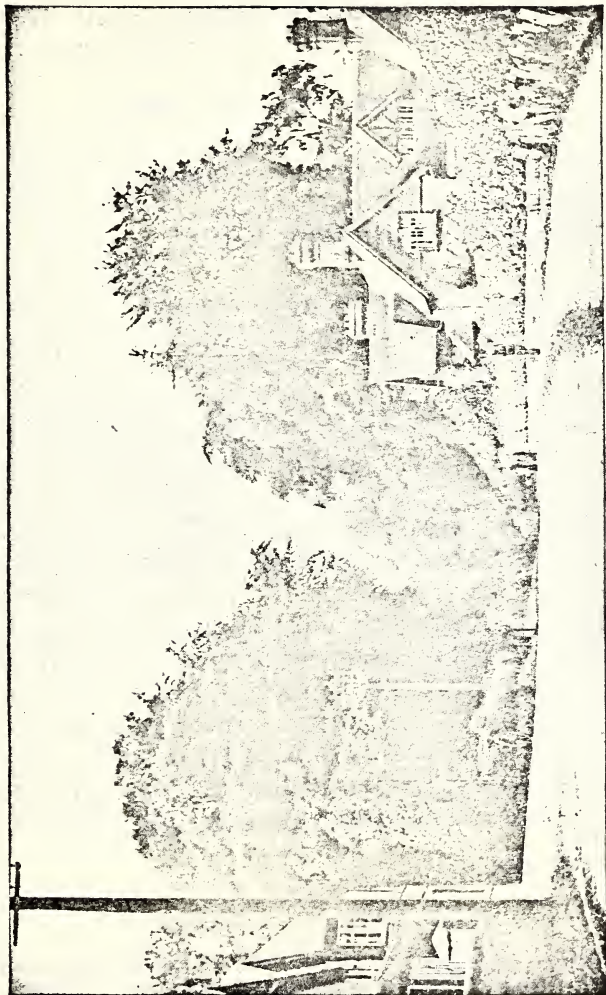


Charlotte B. Hallowell.  
Velma L. Hamlin.  
Catherine E. Harlow.\*  
David R. Harvey.  
Samuel C. L. Haskell.  
George S. Hatch.  
Charles M. Hayden.  
Martha E. Hayes.  
John H. Hooper.  
E. V. Hooper.  
Elizabeth W. Howe.  
D. Webster Johnson.  
Philip A. Jerguson.  
Charles S. Jacobs, Mrs.  
Frances E. Jackson.  
George H. Lane.  
Carolyn R. Lawrence.\*  
Rosewell B. Lawrence.\*  
William B. Lawrence.\*  
William Leavens.  
Emma D. Leavens.  
Agnes W. Lincoln.\*  
Charles H. Loomis.  
Lewis H. Lovering.\*  
Frank W. Lovering.  
Clara C. Lovering.  
Moses W. Mann.  
Elizabeth J. C. Mann.  
Leonard J. Manning.  
Martha J. Martin.  
George B. Means.  
J. C. Miller, Jr.  
Ernest B. Moore.  
Grace M. Moore.  
Warren T. Morse.  
Frances W. McGill.  
Frank L. Mason.  
Thomas H. Norton.  
Winthrop I. Nottage.

Joseph E. Ober.  
George W. Parsons.  
Joseph W. Phinney.\*  
Priscilla C. Phinney.  
Melvin W. Pierce.  
S. U. Prescott.\*  
Edward S. Randall.  
George H. Remele.  
Thomas C. Richards, Rev.  
Percy W. Richardson.  
Harriet J. Russell.  
William J. Reilly.  
Mary E. Reilly.  
Walter E. Richardson.  
Elisha J. Sampson.  
George T. Sampson.  
Henry E. Scott.  
Harriet A. C. Scott.  
Herbert F. Staples.  
Henry P. Stanwood.  
Emeline M. Stearns.  
Katherine H. Stone.  
Amelia M. Symmes.  
Charles S. Taylor.  
Lizzie E. Taylor.  
Abby E. Teel.  
Charles H. Tinkham.  
Leonard Tufts.\*  
Frank G. Volpe.  
Hendrik Vossema, Rev.  
William Cushing Wait.\*  
Mary L. Washburn.  
Helen T. Wild.  
E. Josephine Wilcox.  
J. D. P. Wingate.  
Helen Wingate.  
William H. Winkley.  
Irwin O. Wright.\*  
Christine Warner.

\* Life Member.





MEAFORD, STAFFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND

Medford, Massachusetts, was named for this small hamlet, where was the country  
home of Governor Matthew Cradock



# The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XXIV.

DECEMBER, 1921.

No. 4.

## THE ENGLISH MEDFORD.

THREE years ago we were asked by a business manager if Medford derived its name from any English locality. Without hesitation we replied affirmatively. In Vol. XXII, p. 21, our conclusions and reasons therefor may be found.

During the present year there has been published "Towns of New England, Old England, Ireland and Scotland" by the State Street Trust Company of Boston. Its two parts form a book of four hundred and fifty pages, with numerous excellent illustrations. "Medford, Massachusetts," may be found on pages 123 to 125 of the second part, accompanied by the attractive view shown in our frontispiece. This was secured from Ian Forbes, Esq., of Robertson, England, and we reproduce it by courtesy of the Trust Company.

Following its good example thus set, the REGISTER has sought information from overseas, relative to Medford, Staffordshire. We applied at the British Consulate in Boston and were told "It must be a small place, as there is no post office of that name in our list," and were advised to write to "Staffordshire County Council." Doing so, we were in due time in receipt of the following:—

27th October, 1921.

DEAR SIR,

MEAFORD — STAFFORDSHIRE.

I have your letter of the 10th instant desiring information with regard to the above. I do not think I can do better than send you the enclosed extract from Kelly's Directory of this County. The enclosed three pictures may also be of interest to you.

Yours faithfully,

EUSTACE JOY, M.A.



## MEAFORD.

Meaford is a very small village and hamlet near the river Trent, about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles north-north-west from Stone station, on the Colwich and Stoke section of the North Staffordshire railway, in the Kibblestone quarter of Stone parish, Stone division of the county, South Pirehill hundred, Stone union, petty sessional division and county court district, on the road from Stone to Newcastle. Divine service is held every Sunday afternoon in the school by the vicar of Christ Church, Stone. Meaford Hall, on the east side of the Trent, is the seat of Lieut.-Col. William Swinfen W. Parker-Jervis, D. S. O., and has been in the possession of the Jervis family for several generations; here was born, 19th January, 1735, John Jervis, the famous admiral, created Earl St. Vincent, 23rd June, 1797, in recognition of the splendid victory he achieved in that year over the Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent. Lieut.-Col. William Swinfen W. Parker-Jervis, D. S. O., is the principal landowner. The soil is gravel; subsoil, sandstone. The land is chiefly in pasture. The area is 1,376 acres. The population is included in Stone parish.

Letters through Stone, by messenger, and Stone is the nearest money order and telegraph office.

The children of this place attend the school at Stone.

We regret that we cannot in this issue present the beautiful views mentioned, but hope to in the near future.

By the above it will be seen that the English Medford, now called Meaford (pronounced *Mefford*), is not a municipality, but is an outlying "village or hamlet" adjoining the town (or city) of Stone, being counted in its census return and served by its post office. In reading the above, and also a "Kelly's Directory" of earlier date (in Boston), we are reminded of the acreage and extent of the Brooks estate in West Medford, and also of that little village and its facilities as we found it in 1870, and also of the relation it bore to the Medford of that time. We have replied with thanks to Clerk Joy, sending some illustrated literature relating to our Medford, and trust that thus reaching our "hands across the sea," we may get in closer touch with old Medford, we mean the *older* Medford, *i.e.*, present Meaford, where three centuries ago Governor Cradock had his country home.



## THE INDIANS OF THE MYSTIC VALLEY AND THE LITIGATION OVER THEIR LAND.

BY HALL GLEASON, FOLLOWING THE RESEARCH OF THE LATE  
DANIEL A. GLEASON.

The renowned sachem of the Pawtuckets was Nanepashemit, who removed from Lynn in 1615, and took up his abode on Mystic river where he was killed in 1619. During his short and eventful residence in Medford his house was placed on Rock hill, where he could best watch canoes in the river. So says Medford's historian.

Other histories show him as living in Medford not far from the river or from the pond and on the tops of hills. This eminent grand sachem was the father of Sagamore John of Mystic, Sagamore James of Lynn and Sagamore George of Salem. George finally became sachem of the Pawtuckets. Their chief enemies were the Tarratines on the Penobscot, who at harvest would come in their canoes and reap the fields in this neighborhood. One hundred of them attacked Sagamores John and James August 8, 1631, by night and wounded them and killed seven men. Sagamores John and James died of the smallpox in 1633.

After the death of Nanepashemit, his wife as queen and squa sachem reigned. She married Webcowit, the physician of the tribe, "its powow, priest, witch, sorcerer, and chirurgeon," but as is asserted, setting a precedent which Queen Victoria followed, he became prince-consort but not prince-regnant. In 1636 a deed is recorded granting a tract of land to Jotham Gibbons of Boston as follows:

### MIDDLESEX DEEDS, B. 1, P. 174

This testifies that I the Sachem which have right & possession of the ground which I reserved from Charlestowne and Cambridge which lyes against the ponds at Misticke; with the said ponds I do give freely to Jotham Gibbons his Heyres Executors and Assignes forever not willing to have him or his disturbed, in the said gift after my death. And this I do without seeking too of him or any of his, though thay have been put upon it many times, but I



receiving many kindnesses of them am willing to acknowledge their many kindnesses by this smal gift to their sonne Jotham Gibons

Witness my hand the 10th of the 11. month. 1636

The Squa Sachem X mark

Webicowits O mark

Witness

Edmund Quinsey

Entered and Recorded 23 (8) 1656 by Thomas Danforth

Recorder

This deed implies the transfer of a tract of land to Charlestown and Cambridge of which there is no record.

In 1639 she deeded a tract to Charlestown:

MIDDX. DEEDS B. 1, P. 175 APR. 15, 1639

The 15th of the 2d. mo. 1639 We Web Cowit & Squaw Sachem do sell unto the Inhabitants of the Towne of Charlestowne, all the land within the lines granted them by the Court excepting the farmes and the ground on the west of the two great Ponds called Misticke ponds, from the south side of Mr. Nowell's lott neere the upper end of the ponds unto the little runnet\* that cometh from Capt. Cooke's mill which the Squaw reserveth to their use for her life for the Indians to plant and hunt upon and the weare† above the Ponds they also reserve for the Indians to fish at whiles the Squaw liveth, and after the death of Squaw Sachem shee doth leave all her lands from Mr Mayhues house‡ to near Salem to the present Governor Mr. John Winthrop Senr. Mr. Increase Nowell Mr. John Wilson Mr Edward Gibons to dispose of, and all Indians to depart and for sattisfaction from Charlestowne, wee acknowledge to have received in full sattisfaction twenty and one coates nineteen fathoms of wampum & three bushels of corne In Witness Whereof we have hereunto sett our hands the day and year above named

the mark of Squa Sachem X

the mark of Web Cowet O

Subscribed in the presence off

Jno. Humphery

Robert Feake

This is to testifie that the aforementioned purchase was made at the

\*Sucker brook in Arlington.

†At the mouth of the Aberjona. This point was overflowed by the dam at the partings in 1865.

‡Cradock's farm house at Medford Square.



charges of the Inhabitants of Charlestowne and to their use, and for so much as lyeth within their limitts we do accordingly resign and yield up all our interest therein to the use of the said town according to the trust reposed in us.

Dec. 18, 1639 10th. mo. 18th. 1639

Jno. Winthrop Govnr

Increase Nowell

Jno. Wilson

Oct. 23, 1656 Entered & Recorded 23th 8 mo. 1656  
by Thos. Danforth Recorder.

The last clause of this deed is more fully explained in this affidavit of John Wilson in 1662:

MIDDLESEX CO. CT. FILES 1662 GLEASON V. NORTON & AL

These may serve to certify whomsoever they may concern that whereas I undeawritten together with the Honord Mr Jno. Winthrop & Mr Increase Nowell both deceased have sett my hand unto a certain writing wherein wee resigned up all our interest that wee had in a certaine tract of land comitted to or trust by Squaw Sachem as may more amply appeare in the said instrument reference thereunto being had unto the Towne of Charlestowne I do hereby declare that in that Act of mine I did not nor now doe yield up any part of that Tract of Land that was given unto Jotham Gibbons by the Squaw Sachem, neither doe I think that it was any part of the meaning or intention of either of those Gentlemen that sett their hands to it.

This is the truth as witness my hand this 15th. of December 1662.

John Wilson Sen.

This is owned in Court 17. 10. 62 as signed by Mr Wilson.

The bound for the commencement of the Indian grant was "from Mr. Mayhews house to neere Salem" Affidavits of Edmund Converse, Benjamin Crisp and Joseph Hills used in Gleason v. Norton & al. in 1662 say that Davison lived in "Meadford house" in 1633, and Richard Beers, Benjamin Crisp and Garret Church say that Mayhew lived there in 1636.

On the thirteenth of November, 1639, the squa sachem gave another deed to Jotham Gibbons for the same tract of land as follows:

MIDDX. DEEDS B. 1, p. 176

Be it known unto all men by these presents that we Webcowites and the Squa Sachem of Misticke wife of the said Webcowites calling to mind and well considering the many kindnesses and







west shore of Mystic ponds, reaching along the shore of both ponds, from the stream\* that runs into the pond from the old Fowle and grain mills, north to the point just above the upper pond where the Middlesex canal formerly crossed to the long point (now a part of the Metropolitan park reservation) which reaches out between the upper pond and what is now known as Bacon's.

The squa sachem described that boundary as the south end of Mr. Nowell's land. A witness, in the suit to be mentioned, described the [southern] as "the little brook that runneth from Capt. Cook's mill to Mystic pond."

Col. George Cooke had early built a mill a little above the present site of the old Fowle grain mill and was a man of repute. He returned to England on the breaking out of the Civil War, was made a colonel under Cromwell and was killed in Ireland in 1652. Administration of his estate in this country was granted to Henry Dunster, first president of Harvard, and Colonel Cooke's older brother Joseph in 1653. Some three hundred feet or so above the present dam just where a street [Water street] comes down to the west side of the pond [mill pond] are projections reaching out from each side of the pond towards a small island in the center [part of the old dam] and Judge Parmenter pointed this out as the remains of the original dam to Colonel Cooke's mill.

The reservation extended back from the pond about five-eighths of a mile well up to the crest of the hill (or further) at the north end and narrowed down to the west side of the road at the south end some twenty rods north of the bridge [over Sucker brook].

In 1658 by indenture dated December 3 but signed December 9 Thomas Gleason leased of Capt. Samuel Scarlett acting for his wife "the messuage etc. lying and being within the bounds of Charlestowne—commonly known and called by the name of the Major Gibbons farme" for ten years at a rental of eight pounds a year.

\*Sucker brook.



This lease and attendant litigation is briefly as follows:

In 1650 the Squa died, according to the deposition of Richard Church in *Scarlett v. Gardiner*, and Edward Gibbons took possession of the land in behalf of his son. In 1655, 9th of 5 mo. (July 9) Jotham, describing himself as of Bermuda, appointed Thomas Lake and Josh: Scottow general attorneys for many purposes, and among other things to recover possession "of the parcell of land belonging unto me sometimes called by the name of Squa Sachem's hill." It was mortgaged to Scottow, redeemed by Scarlett in the right of his wife, leased by him to Thomas Gleason who entered under the lease and soon had his hands full of work and trouble.

In the summer of 1659 men employed by Henry Dunster as executor of Colonel Cooke began to mow the grass in the meadow below the mill. Thomas Gleason, assisted doubtless by his brawny sons, set upon the men, drove them off and carried off the hay.

In the County Court held at Cambridge April 3, 1660, Thomas Gleason in behalf of Capt. Samuel Scarlett sues "Ri: Gardiner in an accord of ye case for laying claim to a parcell of land belonging to ye farme that was sometimes Maj. Edw. Gibbons of Boston, etc." April 23, 1660, the jury found for the plaintiff. In the files belonging to this case are several very interesting documents, and especially the original indenture of lease signed by Scarlett.

But the Charlestown people returned again to the charge: At the County Court held in Cambridge April 1, 1662, Capt. Francis Norton and Mr. Nicholas Davison in the behalf of the Inhabitants of Charlestowne plffs. brought action against Thomas Gleison deft. in an action of the case for withholding their interest in a parcel of land formerly in the possession of Web Cowitt and Squa Sachem with due damages, etc. Upon trial the jury brought in their verdict for the plaintiff an interest in and to three parts of the land in controversie on the west side of mistike ponds and the other part thereof to



the defendant as land belonging to Jotham Gibbons and for the defendant costs six shillings and two pence.

At the County Court held in Charlestowne Dec. 16, 1662, Thomas Gleason as plaintiff brought action against Capt. Francis Norton and Mr. Nicholas Davison in an action of review of judgment granted against him as above. But the verdict was against the plaintiff, affirming the former decision. The plaintiff appealed to the Court of Assistants. It may be noted that in the writ in this case we get the name spelled "Gleison."

#### DATA SECURED BY W. H. GLEASON

See County Court Records, Vol. 1, page 245:

The attachment was dated March 24, served March 25, 1662.

County Court was held apr 1, 1662 Norton & Davison vs Gleason, verdict gave plaintiff 3 parts defendant one part

In Dec 1662—Gleason brought suit to have the verdict reviewed

See County Court Records, Vol. 1, page 270:

Jury brought in verdict for Deft.: Confirmation of Judgement in April [This was a verdict with costs. W. H. G.]

The Plaintiff—Gleason appealed to ye next Court of Assistants to be held in Boston March Next And in October had a verdict in his favor.

See Volume 4, page 427, Records of General Court:

Second Session of the General Court, Boston, October 20, 1663.

Court Judgement in the Case between Capt Norton for Charlestown and Thos Gleason for Capt Scarlett

In the case now depending between Capt Francis Norton and and Mr Nicholas Davison plaintiffs in the behalf of Charlestown aforesaid and Thomas Gleason aforesaid defendant in refference to a certain parcel of land now in the possession of said Gleason given by Squa Sachem to Jotham Gibbons

The Court in a hearing of the Case and All persons concerned doe finde for the defendant.

Cost of Court forty-four shillings and four pence.

#### THE JOHNSON AFFIDAVIT

Edwd Johnson aged 60 yrs. witnesseth that about one or two & twenty years ago This deponent being at the Wigwam of Squa Sachem, there was present Mr Increase Nowell Major Edward Gibbons Ralph Sprague & Edward Converse & some others of Charlestown at which time according to the interpretation of her and her husbands meaning by the above named Major Edward



Gibbons they did grant and sell unto Charlestown all their land within the limits of Charlestown, except that on the west side of the ponds called Mystic where their wigwam then stood which they reserved for term of her life & after her decease they did then declare it should come & remain to Jno Winthrop Esqr. Mr Increase Nowell Mr Jno. Wilson & the above named Major Edw. Gibbons & the persons & [illegible] this deponent on his return home did enter into his day book for remembrance thereof This is the whole truth remembered so saith

EDWARD JOHNSON

Sworn in court 4. (2) 1660

This Indian deed to Winthrop and others was a most unlucky piece of conveyancing. Paige (*History of Cambridge*) evidently thinks there was another deed from the Indians releasing the lands within the bounds of Watertown, Cambridge and Boston. If so, it is apparently hopelessly lost. From the expression in the first deed to Jotham Gibbons in 1636, "which I reserved from Charlestowne and Cambridge" it seems there must have been an earlier conveyance, probably in 1635, perhaps by the symbolical delivery of turf and twig upon the ground itself. But the decision to give one-quarter only of the reservation to Jotham Gibbons, grantee, is absolutely incomprehensible. The deed is so clumsily expressed as to require explanation. This we get from the Indians in their two deeds to Jotham, and from Governor Winthrop in the Council certificate attached to the second deed to Jotham. Winthrop probably drew this himself and it was only four years after the Charlestowne release. At this time Jotham was only ten years old (baptized October 27, 1633). His power to Lake and Scottow is dated July 9, 1655, soon after he became of age. Edward Gibbons did not sign the memorandum on the Charlestown release, and his acceptance of the gift to his son shows his view of the matter. At the time of making the lease to Thomas Gleason all four trustees except John Wilson were dead, and his affidavit tells what he understood, and shows that the gift to the Gibbons family was well known.



## THE TURNPIKE HIGHWAYMAN'S FATE.

In "History of Medford," the chapter on *Crimes and Punishments* deals only with those of Colonial and Provincial days. It has been suggested that there were some happenings in Medford (from murder downward) in later (not to say latest) days, which a faithful chronicler might mention. But is it known to people generally, that a century ago Massachusetts had just enacted a law making highway robbery, when accompanied with threat, violence and exposure of a deadly weapon, a capital offence? Such was the fact, and there are those who, on account of recent increase in crime, and the facilities of escape offered by the automobile, think it would be well if such penalty was restored. The recent hold-up of Boston bank messengers in Chelsea is cited as an example.

One, nearly related to Medford, is mentioned in the REGISTER, Vol. XXIII, p. 9, which must have caused much excitement in our old town just one hundred years ago. The *Columbian Centinel* of August 15, 1821, thus tells the story:—

Wednesday, August 15, 1821.

*Daring Robbery.* On Monday evening, before nightfall, as Major John Bray of this town, was returning from Medford in a chaise with his lady, he was stopped on the turnpike near the Ten Hills Farm, by a robber who, after commanding the chaise to stop, presented a pistol to the Major's breast and demanded his money. Major B. saw that the pistol was cocked, and took out his pocket book and gave the robber a sum of money. The latter then demanded the Major's watch, which was also given him and he rode off towards Medford. A gentleman returning from Medford met a person on horseback who answered the description of the robber who was of dark complexion, dressed in dark clothes, mounted on a dark bay horse, with a portmanteau. When first seen by Mr & Mrs Bray the robber was on foot standing by his horse and observed by them very sharply as they passed. He must have immediately mounted followed the chaise and committed the robbery. He offered no insult to Mrs. B. and remarked *that he robbed none but gentlemen.* The pursuit set on foot by Major B. succeeded so far as recovering the horse, which the robber rode, but the highwayman is not yet taken.



It was said that on that evening "Governor Brooks gave an assembly" at his mansion on High street, which afforded the highwayman the opportunity of waylaying the returning guests, who were of the class most likely to be victims of plunder.

It was told that after the robber's escape from pursuit up High street, he found refuge in a cave in the woods at West Cambridge (now Arlington). From thence he went to Springfield, where, a week later, he was arrested and brought to the jail at East Cambridge.

The *Centinel* of August 22 said

*The highwayman taken.* Yesterday *Michael Martin* was examined at Cambridge on charge of being the person who robbed MAJOR BRAY on the Medford Turnpike. He was fully committed to take his trial in October next.\*

The *Centinel*, October 20, said,

The sentence of Michael Martin, convicted of highway robbery has not been passed upon him. His counsel have moved an arrest of judgment for misdirection of court matters of law and the court has assigned a future day for hearing arguments on the motion

It seems that the "future day" was not long deferred, for on October 22 —

the Chief-justice after a most dignified and pathetic address to him pronounced the awful sentence of the law.

There must have been much excitement over the case, as this was the first sentence under the law before alluded to. His counsel made every effort in his power, but to no purpose. The *Centinel* of December 5 said,

No doubt that Martin would be executed.

But with the fatal day drawing near, "Mike Martin" undertook to do something for himself. On the morning of the eighth of December, as the keeper entered his cell bringing his breakfast, Martin gave him a stunning blow, rushed through the doorway and throwing himself against the gate, forced it open and escaped into the open field,

\* The file of the *Centinel* consulted is incomplete, but from another source we learn that he was convicted on October 9.



where he was soon recaptured. It was found that he had some time before secreted the knife accompanying his food, nicked its back, thus making a crude hack-saw with which he had severed the links of his chain. The cuts thus made were filled with a mixture of grease and dust, making them unnoticeable until broken in his "desperate attempt." He told the sheriff that "he prayed to God twice on his knees, that the blow he was about to inflict on the keeper might not prove fatal." Twelve days later (Thursday, December 20) the sentence of death was executed. A vast concourse of people assembled at "Lechmere Point" to witness it. East Cambridge was not then a network of railway tracks and closely built factories, and the scaffold was in plain view of the state prison at Charlestown, and of Boston across the Charles river.

The *Centinel* of the 22d gave a graphic account of the same, mentioning the appeal of the sheriff to the assembly to maintain respectful silence and order "while the last offices of religion were performed to the unhappy man" by the attending priest, stating

The request was complied with and the regularity and decorum with which [the execution] was conducted must have made a deep impression upon the great body of spectators which witnessed it, and inspired them with a suitable awe for the energy and majesty of the laws.

We of today may wonder a little that this execution took place *outside* the security of the jail enclosure, and that the sheriff should have had so small a number of guards present. But a century ago executions were public for the purpose of enforcing a respect of law and order. Martin was described as a young man of twenty-seven years, in perfect health, and perhaps the coolest and most collected of the company that stood upon the elevated stage which supported the scaffold. He remarked that it was well that he should thus suffer, for had he succeeded in escaping he would probably have gone back to his former life.



In the foregoing it will be observed that the quotations are from the *Centinel*, a leading semi-weekly of the time. It was then the custom to print (in pamphlet form) reports of capital and noted trials, sometimes illustrated by wood-cuts of the criminals and their execution. In the archives of the Massachusetts Historical Society is the story (third edition) of this case (70 pages) by F. W. Waldo published by Russell & Gardner, 1822. This contains the story of his life as confided to that writer by Martin, whose real name was not "Mike" but John.

There is also a smaller pamphlet by Mr. Waldo which is a detailed report of the court proceedings as reported by him, and by the same publishers, in 1821.

Still another, probably elicited by the first named, deals with the publicity given to the reputed penitence of criminals, and is a careful exposition and defence of the then existing law.

A later publication of forty-eight pages, in 1845,— "Mike Martin, or the last of the highwaymen. A Tale of Reality"—was by F. A. Durivage, the editor of the *Olive Branch*, and frequent contributor to the columns of the famous *Gleason's Pictorial* of the '50s. As *his* work was twenty-four years later, it is evident that whatever *reality of the tale* there was, he derived from the earlier one of Waldo. With his vivid imagination and ability in *embellishment*, "there was a woman in the case," and Durivage's work, like many others, is very readable, but not altogether reliable. His book was illustrated by a wood-cut, showing Martin upon a horse, overtaking his victim in a chaise (its top turned down), lashing the horse, and directly opposite the Ten-hills mansion.\*

As the indictment charged the robbery in *Medford*, this is comparable to the old weapon found in the river at the building of Cradock Bridge and brought to the Historical Society, and said to have "been Mike Martin's," but which *was a revolver*.

\*This was in Charlestown, now Somerville, though a part of the estate extended into Medford.



Another writer, perhaps with some reason, gives the "Devil's Den" in Menotomy Rocks park at Arlington as his hiding place, giving a minute and interesting account of its features. The date of this latter cannot be fixed but, as before stated, perhaps was 1886.

Another haunt of Martin's is said to have been on the slope of Central hill, where was (and still is) the spring, just northward from the railroad station known as Winter hill. But neither Martin nor any one else ever dreamed of a railroad then.

The sheriff doubtless had *then* and there good reason to ask of the assembly respect of the rites of religion, but it is a sad commentary on some phases of modern civilization that, after the lapse of a century, the chief executive of the commonwealth has found it needful to appeal to our citizenry for respect of law and order, or that younger men than Mike Martin can commit more daring crimes in daylight and succeed in a quick getaway.

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#### A RECENT DISCOVERY.

The Curator was somewhat startled recently, on entering the Society's building, to find what appeared to be a cannon, mounted in the entrance hall. As it was aimed in the opposite direction he approached and carefully examined it. He found no trunnions projecting from it for support, but instead, not far from the muzzle, was a rod apparently passing through it vertically and terminating in three surrounding points. "Queer kind of a gun, this," he thought, when his eye fell on an attached paper with this legend, "Vane from Centre schoolhouse." Then he remembered that, in the electrical storm of July 8th last, the lightning struck the cupola of the "old high school house" (as old residents still style it), doing some damage. He remembered another thing, that in June, 1870, he took his first walk down High street and noticed this *cannon* mounted aloft on the cupola, but mistook it for a baseball bat, as have others. But we



are credibly informed that it was intended to represent a *telescope*. Its largest diameter is four inches, and its extreme length four feet and two inches.

The building, originally erected in 1843 by William B. Thomas and Charles Caldwell, at a cost of \$7,568.00, was remodelled by Mr. Thomas in 1866. At that time the cupola was added, with the surmounting vane. War-time prices then prevailed, as may be noted in the outlay of \$21,055.00. Since then, the building has been enlarged to double its original size. Some facetious ones have styled it "The Siamese Twins," but failed to designate whether "Chang" or "Eng" bore the cupola.

Fifty-five years ago, baseball had just come into prominence as a national game, but it was not so prominent in school affairs or in the public print as today. As an emblem to be displayed on Medford's chief temple of learning, the invention of Galileo was certainly more appropriate.

Why it was not regilded and replaced after the repairs were completed we cannot say. Perhaps, with a modern bungalow schoolhouse (\$150,000.00 *plus*), and other costly luxuries, Medford finds herself too poor.

---

#### ANOTHER TOWER ERECTED.

Directly after the REGISTER's publication of the *Towers of Medford*, another lofty structure was erected which, though not standing on Medford ground, is the central figure in the group of buildings of the American Woolen Company.

The last erected is of the substantial construction of reinforced concrete, five stories, and occupies the site of the wooden "paper mill building" destroyed by fire October 18, 1920. The old power-house and iron smoke-stack were removed, and in their places are a larger plant and a circular chimney rising to a height of one hundred fifty-one feet. It is twelve feet eight inches in diameter at the base, tapering gracefully to eight feet six inches at



its top. Being built of tile blocks instead of ordinary sized bricks, its erection was accomplished in seventeen days, the entire work being done from within, with no outside scaffolding. The tile are of a light straw color, and for the last twenty feet are interspersed with black tile, in circular bands and pleasing design. At its completion two lightning conductors were placed opposite each other upon it, the workmen using the familiar method of the "bos'ns chair" to traverse its height. It really stands in Somerville territory, near the end, and but a few feet from the edge, of that *appendix* of old Charlestown created by legislative enactment in 1754.

Its foundation is of concrete, eighteen feet square and nineteen feet deep upon the underlying bed rock. How thick this rock strata is just *there* we may not say, but twenty-six years ago an artesian well was drilled, but a few rods away, for nearly two hundred feet in the rock, ere a water-bearing stratum was reached.

It is a noticeable object, as seen from any direction. Equally so are the two water tanks, elevated about one hundred feet and not ungraceful in shape, that surmount the "Riverina Mills." Somehow, as we write, we imagine that Captain Sullivan who, in August, 1818, navigated his steamboat *just where* this towering chimney now stands, would, were he to come back today, think something had happened in the lapse of one hundred and three years.

---

#### THEN AND NOW.

In 1821 there were in Medford 152½ houses and about 1,500 people. There were 121 barns that sheltered 105 horses, 78 oxen and 237 cows.

In 1921 the population is over 40,000, the oxen are a minus quantity, the horses 161, the cows 150.

It is evident that the milk supply is from outside, but what of the transporting force? There were no railroads, either steam, horse or electric, a century ago anywhere in the country, none in Medford till 1835.



For the 161 horses to draw, in 1921, there are 156 "vehicles," but there are 2,329 automobiles, including 59 trucks, enough to make a solid line nearly seven miles long. Such a line would reach through the city from Wear to Wellington bridges, with a branch down Main street from the square to Somerville line. No wonder, with "everybody on wheels," that the pedestrian has little chance or safety on the street.

Twenty years ago the auto was scarcely known. Nothing in mechanical history ever increased so rapidly. Nothing ever so fostered a spirit of extravagance in American people. Thoughtful people are inquiring as to results, near or remote. Good servants sometimes prove bad masters, and not every employer is wise.

The population a century ago averaged ten to a house; probably quite a few of the one hundred and fifty and a half housed two families, perhaps another few, more. Families were larger in those days.

Medford had its town meeting in its *town meeting house*; and there its coming citizens, the boys, early learned wholesome lessons, of which the youth of 1921 are lamentably ignorant. And on one day in seven the townspeople gathered twice in this same *town-house*, (meetinghouse they called it) for the public worship of God, and that, too, in all seasons. Never before 1820 or 21 was there a stove or fire there.

A glimpse of the town meeting of 1821 is worth while. The "committee on treasurer's accounts" reported

the same all fair and correct . . . a balance in the treasury \$742.25 . . . expenses paid by the town last year \$3801.64, as on file; which having been all considered by the town, *Voted*—to raise the sum of \$4500, the present year, to defray the necessary expenses of Public worship, Public school, Poor, Highways and all other necessary incidentals & the surplus, if any, to be appropriated toward reducing the town debt.

That this was "good business," is seen by the report, a year later, of \$1,256.89 in treasury. The town debt mentioned was \$2,350. One item of this was paid, by using the recently acquired "Secomb Fund," the re-



maining \$1,650 the treasurer advanced and took up the town's note held by the other creditor. As there was due from the collector \$285 at the end of the fiscal year, there remained less than \$100 to be provided for. The "Secomb Fund" is intact today, and Medford's finances of that day show up well.

Medford, in 1821, polled just two hundred votes, giving her favorite son, Governor Brooks, one hundred and seventy-six. Fourteen amendments by the constitutional convention were carefully considered and all but one ratified by eighty-two voters.

Abner Bartlett was unanimously re-elected as representative but "begged to decline because of his business and professional avocations." The choice of his successor was a different story. Forty-six votes were cast, requiring twenty-four for choice. Two had one each, Dudley Hall eighteen, and Turell Tufts twenty-six. In 1821 the qualifications of a "voter in town affairs" were

To have been resident a year, to have a free-hold estate of the annual income of ten dollars, or any estate of the value of two hundred dollars

In 1821 the town clerk was paid \$30, and "the overseers of the poor \$30 for the same period." One dollar and a half paid the constable for warning the town meeting and \$1.75 per day the assessors. "A man for work on the highway had \$1.50, a man and team, \$2.50; *every day to be ten hours.*" Holding no brief for union of church and state, we call attention to the fact that in 1821, "public worship" had the *first place* in the annual civic financial budget. That ended in 1824. Today Medford's area is smaller, but its population has increased twenty-seven times—*its expenses seven hundred times*. No reasonable person desires a return to outward conditions and surroundings of a century ago, the days of our grandfathers, yet with our heavily mortgaged future in view, which those coming after most surely will have to experience, we are led to *think* and say, "*It is high time to awake.*"



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---

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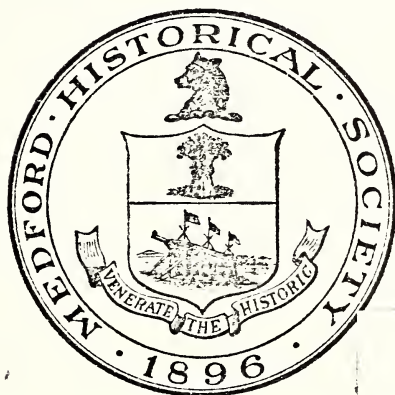






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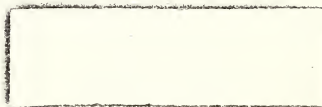
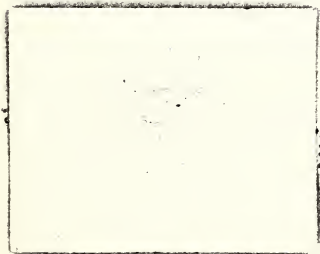


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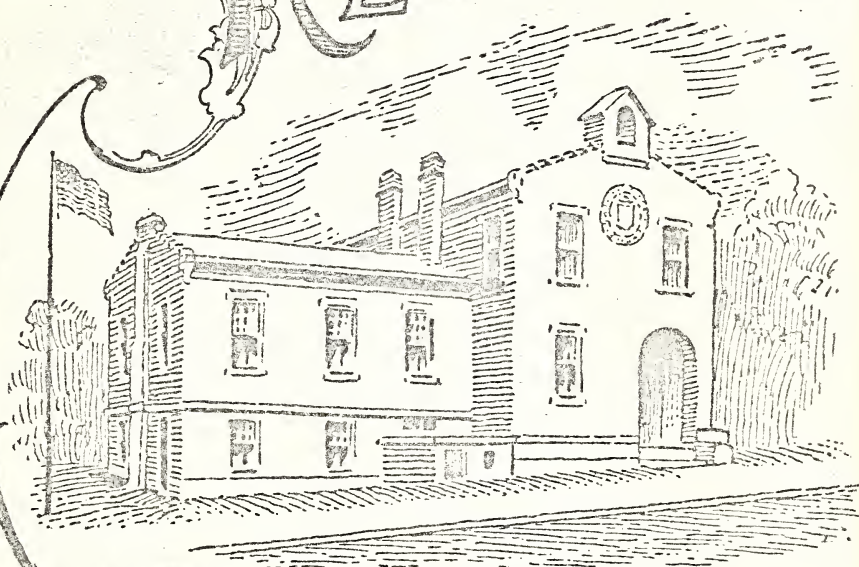
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Editor, MOSES W. MANN.

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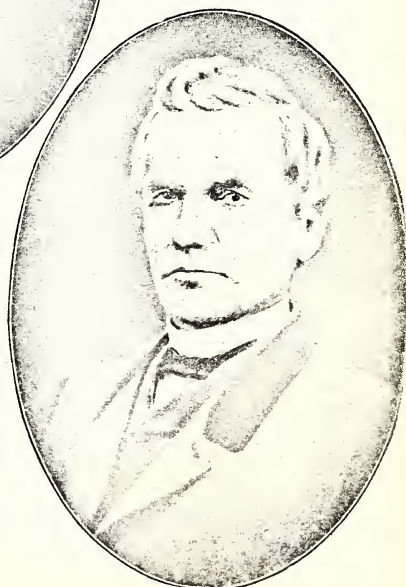
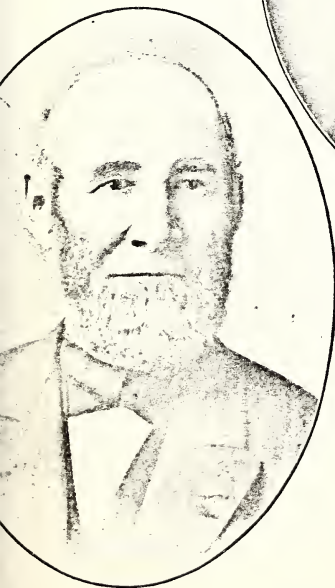
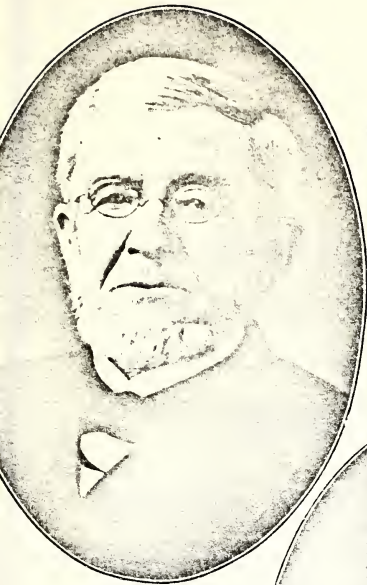
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MEDFORD SHIP-BUILDERS

JOSHUA T. FOSTER

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FOSTER WATERMAN

JAMES O. CURTIS

WILLIAM M. CUDWORTH



# The Medford Historical Register.

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VOL. XXV.

MARCH, 1922.

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## STORY OF A MEDFORD PIANO.

BY MOSES W. MANN.

WERE we to enumerate those of today it would appear like wholesale business. The one under present consideration was in Medford in 1800-04, and possibly the first of its kind in our old town. At that time it was comparatively new. It is still not far away (as will be shown) but is voiceless, and "in age and feebleness extreme." It is only recently that the writer learned of it and of its present resting place, and set about tracing its history.

In Vol. VII, No. 2, may be found the excellent story of Susanna Rowson and her famous school for young ladies, prepared by the late Mary Sargent, and read by her before the Historical Society, October, 1903. To that the reader is referred for the setting and location of this piano while in Medford (though no allusion is there made to it), the present writer only remarking that Mrs. Rowson's school was housed in a building on High street, removed just prior to the erection of Grace Church and the Tufts residence.

Mrs. Rowson's biographer (Rev. Elias Nason) states "Mrs. Rowson introduced a piano into her schoolroom in the spring of 1799, and young ladies from different parts of the country availed themselves of the opportunity of learning to play this instrument that had taken the place of the spinet and harpsichord."

Mr. Nason, however, tells nothing of its history. Our interest in it was aroused by the following, very recently



published ("History of Haverhill, N.H.," W. F. Whitcher, p. 378); —

### FIRST PIANO.

The first piano in Haverhill was owned by Gen. John Montgomery and was brought to Haverhill some time prior to 1820. This instrument had an interesting history. It was made in London by Christopher Gaverand and had been the property of Princess Amelia, daughter of George III. She gave it to a chaplain of the royal family, whose daughter married an American by the name of Odionne. They brought it to Boston, later it was taken to Medford and used in a school kept by Miss Susan Ranson. It was later still purchased by General Montgomery and brought to Haverhill, where it was in use for some years, and was then taken to New Ipswich, where its real historical importance was seen in the life work of Jonas Chickering, who was at the age of twenty a cabinet maker in that town.

The piano was out of repair and he was given the task of placing it in condition, and though he had never seen such an instrument before, he made a careful study and successfully accomplished his task, and determined to become a piano manufacturer. He went to Boston in 1818, and entered the employ of John Osborne the only piano maker in that city. He mastered every detail of the work, made many improvements, and in 1823 began business for himself in April, and in June of that year finished and sold his first piano. This is now in the collection of early musical instruments of various types belonging to the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston.

John Montgomery had three daughters in Mrs. Rowson's school. He was not "General" till the war of 1812. Recalling the interesting episode in Medford's old meeting-house (related by Miss Sargent) when Mr. Rowson and Mr. Montgomery sang "a powerful duo" in the absence of Medford's recalcitrant choir during a visit to the school, we looked into the genealogies in the Haverhill history and find them given as —

- 1 Mary. b Mar 5, 1790
- 2 Ann or Nancy b Apr 8. 1792
- 3 Mary\* b. Oct 1, 1794 d. Apr 14. 1817

\* Evidently an error, as Montgomery had a daughter *Myra* at the school with Mary.



The above first-mentioned Mary would have been twelve years of age at her father's visit to Medford in 1802, and was under Mrs. Rowson's tuition in 1805 after the removal of the school to Newton (1804). She married, August 26, 1810, Samuel Bachelder (who was six years her senior, and who outlived her ten years). He came to New Ipswich, N. H., in 1808, and was engaged in cotton manufacture there several years.

Having digressed a little to show connection with the above, let us return to our piano subject again. For information we visited the Medford Public Library and were shown the beautiful little portrait of Mrs. Rowson, from which those in the REGISTER and "Medford Past and Present" are reproduced. This was given to Miss Sargent by a granddaughter of Mrs. Bachelder, the Mary Montgomery who attended Mrs. Rowson's school and there (and in her early married life in New Ipswich) used this old piano.

We also took from the library, for a careful reading, the "Memoir of Mrs. Rowson," above alluded to. It was with some surprise that we found that though written by a Medford author, and published in 1870, it was not acquired by our library until March, 1901, and in the twenty years since then had been taken out but once (March, 1914).

Attached to page 99 is the following typewritten statement:—

In 1884 there was given to the New England Conservatory of Music an old piano—made in London in 1782. This instrument originally belonged to the Princess Amelia, the youngest daughter of George III, and she gave it to the Chaplain of the royal family, whose daughter married a Mr. Odiorne, an American. She brought the piano to Boston. It was bought by General John Montgomery and taken to Medford, where it was used, by his daughter, at the school for young ladies kept by Mrs. Susanna Rowson.

This was probably inserted by Miss Sargent (then the librarian) at about the time of her preparation of the



article for the HISTORICAL REGISTER. Its opening sentence confirmed our thought, that possibly the last sentence of the Haverhill history extract might be ambiguous. A visit to the Conservatory was next in order. We were there shown an upright piano, diminutive in size as compared with present styles. It was enclosed in a case of inlaid wood of most elaborate workmanship. It is said to be the first "upright" made, and the most valuable in the collection. We thought we had succeeded in our quest, but a second visit revealed that we had more to learn. By the courtesy of the manager's office we were shown the real instrument in question and presented with an elaborate *Catalogue of the Exhibition, Horticultural Hall, January 11-26, 1902*. This exhibition was under the auspices of Chickering & Sons, and totalled 1,346 distinct enumerations, mainly of musical instruments, ancient and modern. The catalogue filled seventy-eight pages, and among its illustrations (facing page 18) is a view of the piano of which we write, and which was numbered 1 (one) in the exhibit and catalogue from which we quote: —

#### I. SQUARE PIANO.

Made in London by Christopher Ganer for Princess Amelia, youngest daughter of George III. She gave it to the chaplain of the royal family, whose daughter married a Mr. Odiorne, an American, and he brought it to Boston. It was sold in this city to Gen. John Montgomery and taken to Medford, Mass., where it was used at the school for young ladies kept by Mrs. Susan Rawson, author of "Charlotte Temple." The piano some time afterward was sent to Haverhill, N. H., where it was in use many years. Later it was taken to New Ipswich, N. H., where its real historic importance in connection with the firm of Chickering and Sons begins. Mr. Jonas Chickering, founder of the house, was in the last year of his apprenticeship, at the age of nineteen, with a cabinet-maker named John Gould, when this old instrument was brought to them to be tuned and repaired. The young apprentice, though he had never seen a piano, and, of course, was wholly unacquainted with its complicated structure, successfully undertook the task of restoring it to usefulness. The piano is five octaves, the keyboard extending two-thirds the length of the instrument.



At a later date organ pipes and bellows were added to the piano and placed in the body of the instrument under the strings.

There at last, after one hundred and forty years, is the piano of Princess Amelia which was in Medford in the closing year of the eighteenth and three opening years of the nineteenth centuries. Could it but talk, what a story it might tell of its first home, the royal palace of England. It might also tell that in the very year of its making, King George was reluctantly acknowledging the independence of his rebellious subjects overseas, some of them on old High street in Medford.

It might tell how the royal chaplain's daughter joined the erstwhile rebels, becoming an American citizen by her marriage; and of its journey across the Atlantic with her. We may not know of her fortunes, or how the piano came to be sold. John Montgomery was a Scotch-Irish farmer and leading citizen of that new town in the north county of Cowass, or Coös, called from the Massachusetts town on the Merrimack, Haverhill, and probably its wealthiest man. George III had fifteen children, Montgomery had thirteen, but it was his eldest, instead of the king's youngest, who was to be at last the mistress of the London piano. That she was such, after her school days at Medford and Newton and in her early married life, is shown by its northern journey to Haverhill and its southern to New Ipswich. No wonder that, with its use in school and family, and its various cartings about, it needed "tuning and repair" in 1817, when it fell into the hands of Jonas Chickering. Referring to the history of New Ipswich we find of him —

When about nineteen years of age, a piano-forte, (the only one in town) became useless for want of some person to tune it and make some slight repairs; and although it was the first instrument of the kind he had ever seen, yet, prompted by curiosity and his interest in musical instruments he undertook the task and after much labor succeeded in restoring it to usefulness.

This apparently trifling matter, no doubt, had an important bearing on [his] after life, and he soon after, unaided and alone,



commenced the building of a small organ without any instruction, drawings, or hardly any idea of what such an instrument should be. He persevered for a while, but could hardly be said to have succeeded, and it is only now referred to, to show his bent of mind.

In reading this latter paragraph (written in 1852) we are led to compare it with the preceding extract quoted, and query if both refer to one and the same thing.

A brief description may be in order. The piano itself, *i.e.*, the frame, strings and keyboard, is enclosed in a rectangular box about twenty-one by sixty inches, about eight inches deep. The cover is in two parts, with a flap in front, hinged to it, *i.e.*, a two-third section along the keyboard. This box has metallic drop handles at each end, such as are used on tool-boxes for carrying. This box or case of veneered wood rests upon a frame slightly larger. This frame consists of four boards about ten inches wide tenoned into the square legs at each corner, the front faces of which are fluted. From these flutings downward to the brass casters they are elaborately turned, and the principal member of the pattern reeded. The front-board of this frame is cut in the form of an elliptic arch, and behind it is placed another, plain and straight, and back of this is the bellows above referred to.

This *frame* is evidently no part of the original construction by Christopher Ganer, but must have been the work of some American artisan of later years.

The reader will note that it is now twenty years since its exhibition by the Chickering, since which time it has been in a *class-room* at the Conservatory of Music. In some other rooms there, are other of those exhibits, and the managers regret the lack of a suitable hall for their grouping in general display for examination. Our inspection of this old instrument was with some disadvantage, as the rooms are almost continuously in use by students, but here is what, by lying on our backs on the floor and gazing upward, we found: —

Occupying about one-third the space enclosed in the newer construction, is the bellows, and the remaining



space is closely packed with *three* tiers of "stopped" organ pipes, all of wood, one for each key, and in some way connected therewith. Some of these pipes are made at right angles (instead of straight) because of the limited space, and all are placed *horizontally*, instead of the usual vertical position. Four of these are gone from their place, but with the disjointed blow-pedal are stored away in the *old* piano case, under the cover. Two of them are broken apart at the angle; the other two are intact and responded to our breath. One of the music teachers expressed his surprise thus, "Why, this isn't a piano at all, it's an organ!" But the exhibit card of 1902 still lies inside the old case, PRINCESS AMELIA PIANO. Here the query arises, — when did it cease to be a piano? as it certainly did when the strings were removed. So, in search of information, we went to the Chickering's.

We were there shown an excellent photograph of a Christopher Ganer piano (cover raised showing interior), such as this must have originally been, with six legs and one pedal. Endorsed on its back was this legend: —

First Piano-forte ever seen by Jonas Chickering, once the property of Princess Amelia, daughter of George III., now owned by Miss Ellen Day Hale, daughter of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Feb., 1916.

We began to think of the tomb of Columbus, and to wonder, "What next?"

The *next* was, that we were also there furnished with the following, from the editorial page of the *Boston Evening Transcript* of August 30, 1867: —

#### AN HISTORICAL PIANO.

We are indebted to a correspondent for the following account of an Organized Piano, being the first Pianoforte which the late Mr. Jonas Chickering ever saw, which is now in the possession of Mrs. Samuel Batchelder of Old Cambridge.

This instrument is remarkable, aside from the circumstances above stated, as having belonged to the Princess Amelia, daughter of George III. She presented it to her Chaplain. George Odiorne



of Boston married the Chaplain's daughter in London. The Chaplain gave the instrument to his daughter when she left her native land for her home in America.

The late General J. Montgomery purchased the Piano of Mr. Odiorne for his daughter, then a young girl in Mrs. Rawson's school in Boston, and afterwards gave it to her when she went to reside in New Ipswich, New Hampshire.

There, accidentally, the cover was broken. A Cabinetmaker was sent for to make a new lid, and Jonas Chickering, then an apprentice, was sent to examine the Piano for a removal to the shop. His look of astonishment and wonder at this revelation of a hitherto unknown (to him) musical instrument, can be better imagined than described. He seemed utterly unconscious of observation while he peered about it, removing and displacing to examine the construction, and in it he first saw an Organ, with its various pipes and bellows. The Pianoforte and Organ could be used together, and were tuned in unison, or they could be played separately.

Mr. Chickering, a few years since, advised the owner to have a new and larger bellows put in, and play the organ by itself, as the tones were very sweet and suited to a chamber. His advice was followed. Mr. Chickering expressed much pleasure from time to time in selecting his best instruments for the lady to whom he was indebted for his first study of a Pianoforte.

This true account will correct the statements of the writer in the July number of *The Atlantic Monthly* on "The Piano in the United States," in which he states that the first Piano Jonas Chickering ever saw was in a battered condition, and that he put it in good repair, whereas, the one he first saw was in constant use and is a handsome instrument at the present moment, inlaid with satin-wood and wreaths of colored wood surrounding the name of

CHRISTOPHER GANER  
Londoni Fecit  
1782  
Broad Street  
SOHO.

On reading the above (typed copy kindly furnished us, and from which our compositor sets it) we were more at sea than ever. We were reminded of the saying of some eminent writer, "Language is given us to conceal our thoughts." Evidently its first paragraph is editorially written, the remainder by the "correspondent" therein mentioned. But who was he? Does the word



"writer" (in the closing paragraph) refer to James Parton, author of the *Atlantic Monthly* article, or to the writer of the above *Transcript* article, or were both one and the same? The "Mrs. Samuel Batchelder of Old Cambridge" was the Mary Montgomery of Mrs. Rowson's Medford school. This *Transcript* story tallies with others till we read the fourth paragraph, which makes it appear that the piano of Princess Amelia had been "organized" prior to Jonas Chickering's first sight of it, 1817, in New Ipswich. How correct it may be we cannot say. It was written fifty years after Chickering's first sight. No other writer mentions the *organizing* save the brief mention in the Chickering catalogue of 1902, which assigns a *later date* than 1817.

Neither Dr. Hale nor Louis Elson, who were speakers at the eightieth anniversary exercises of the Chickering Company, alluded to anything of the kind as existing at that early time. We are inclined to the idea that the "look of astonishment and wonder" attributed to the young apprentice is purely an *embellishment* by the newspaper writer. As to the next paragraph and Mr. Chickering's advice, we will say this: From several examinations we have made, we conclude that at some time *subsequent* to its *organizing* "his advice was followed," and "a larger bellows put in." But in so doing the *original* piano was utterly *disorganized*. We found a section of the bottom of the original instrument had been cut out to make room into which the "larger bellows" could rise when inflated, and which cut shows the peculiar composition of a thickness of two and a half inches. That action must have *ruined the piano* as such. Perhaps the strings were then removed, or later when found useless. How long the owners continued to "play the organ by itself" as recommended we cannot say, nor yet whether it was thus usable when exhibited in 1902. It certainly is not at this present writing, as the keys are almost immovable.

Regarding the other piano, said to have been Princess



Amelia's, the following communication is self-explanatory:

CHICKERING & SONS

Div. American Piano Company  
BOSTON, MASS.

BOSTON, December 13, 1921.

MY DEAR MR. MANN: —

At last I have heard from my "authorities" with the result that the pretty little story about the Princess Amelia's Piano being in the possession of Miss Hale appears to be completely disproved. I am rather sorry for our part, but am pleased for your sake, for this simplifies your problems in connection with the Christopher Ganer Piano at the Conservatory.

I wrote to the man who had charge of the Historical Musical Exhibition, held in Horticultural Hall in 1902, under the auspices of Chickering & Sons, and all that he could tell me of the previous history of the Christopher Ganer Piano, supposed to have been the property of Princess Amelia, is contained in the little catalogue, copy of which you have.

I also communicated with another one of our former officials, and he, too, is of the opinion that the Piano of the Princess Amelia is either in the Conservatory or in the Art Museum, and feels quite sure that no credence should be placed in the statement made to me (and passed on to you) that Miss Hale had anything to do with the instrument in question. He did, however, say that we restored an antique Piano of foreign make for Miss Hale, but there was no connection between it and the Piano of the Princess.

In regard to the somewhat ambiguous statement in the *Transcript* article, copy of which you have, I am as much at sea as you, for we have nothing other than a copy of the article, exactly like the one which I gave to you. I am sorry that the information I am able to give you is so meagre, but I feel somewhat relieved to be in position to set you right on the question of Miss Hale's ownership of the Princess' Piano.

Wishing you success with your work, I am,

Very truly yours,

MARGARET E. CONNELL, *Secretary*.

At the Centennial Celebration at New Ipswich (1850)  
the orator said: —

Thirty years ago, few ears had been delighted with the sound even of the tinkling pianos of that day. . . . A great and happy change has been wrought in social life. And to whom is it owing?



Is it not to one of our own citizens? Do we not remember him as he quietly plied the saw, the plane and the lathe by yonder hill? It is Chickering.

Mr. Chickering was there present, having then constructed eleven thousand pianos since his restoration in 1817 of this London-made piano, which was the incentive to his life's work.

And here we leave the old instrument that was once a *Medford* piano, with the suggestion that some one follow up *our* investigation and get from this old "organized piano" more of its history, which is really something unique and of remarkable interest.

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### AT MEDFORD'S OLD CIVIC CENTER.

BY ELIZA M. GILL.

Old Medford has passed away and a new one stands in her place. We see the change in many ways. Once a town with a small unmixed population, now a city with rapidly increasing numbers of many peoples. The quiet that prevailed after the decline of ship building has given way to the rush and scream of the electrics and auto machines, and the dignified demeanor of former citizens is replaced by the bustling nervous energy fostered by modern conditions. Houses of historic association on the old highways have been demolished and hundreds of homes for our new citizens are being built in places formerly never dreamed of as residential districts.

Even the physical aspect of the place has become altered. The river above Cradock bridge has been changed and some of the marshes are disappearing. Spot pond has a different look, and the forests around it, where were once wood-cutters' paths, are now the Middlesex Fells pierced by roads for pleasure driving. Hills have been levelled and great boulevards laid out on all sides that offer wonderfully fine views at all seasons, by day or night. In this direction we can honestly confess we see the march of improvement.



For those who have known former generations the following facts are presented concerning a few houses and those who lived in them.

Much about the Watson house, that was taken down a number of years ago, has appeared in the REGISTER, still there are a few items we can give our readers before we write *finis* to the story of this old house.

Although it was of unpretentious appearance, it had an air of solidity, security and comfort — very desirable qualities in a place for home making and living — and it never seemed to lack tenants. We seldom find one tenant occupying the whole house, the east and west half were generally let to different families.

It was pre-eminent among the old houses of Medford for the varied and interesting personality of those who lived there.

Perhaps all will remember that the most distinguished person who made it his roof-tree was John Brooks, and that he entertained Washington there. When he left, Joseph Barrel, Jr., and his wife made their home for several years in the east part, the part the former had occupied.

The name Barrel immediately attracts our attention, and we wonder why a scion of that well-known family should have made this unpretentious house his dwelling place. The records of the following marriages in a way afford an answer as to why he was drawn thither, and we have elsewhere concluded that Medford in a much earlier time had many attractions to draw here those who were looking for a home.

Timothy Fitch, merchant of Nantucket and Boston, and one-time owner of the Watson house, and Abigail Donnahew of Medford were married by the Rev. Ebenezer Turell, August 19, 1746. There were several daughters by this marriage, and Hannah married Joseph Barrel of Boston, November 26, 1771.

John Brown Fitch of Boston and Hepziah Hall of Medford were married by Rev. David Osgood, Janu-



ary. 27, 1785. In this marriage triangle of the Barrel, Fitch and Hall families we understand why Joseph Barrel, Jr., became a resident of our town. He married Electa Bingham of Boston, also given as of Stockbridge, the Rev. S. West performing the ceremony July 5, 1795. (REGISTER, Vol. XIX, p. 11.)

Hannah Barrel, sister of Joseph, Jr., was married by the Rev. Jedediah Morse of Charlestown, February 8, 1798, to Benjamin Joy, a well-known physician of Boston.

The senior Barrel was a well-known wealthy Boston merchant who had a fine house and an elegant garden on Summer street, when it was a residential section of the city, where there were many fine places. The estate was well laid out, the garden embellished with fish ponds, and when, toward the end of the eighteenth century, he sold this place and moved to Cobble Hill, Charlestown (Somerville was not set apart from Charlestown till 1842), he built for himself a fine brick mansion, a creation of Bulfinch, and duplicated in some ways the garden of the Summer street residence.

The glass in the house is said to have been from the first works erected in Boston. This beautiful place was called Poplar Grove. Benjamin Joy sold the estate in 1816 to the Massachusetts General Hospital for the McLean Asylum for the Insane. The mansion was used as quarters for the officers of the institution, and additions were built each side of the central portion. All traces of the estate and even the hill no longer exist. For an interesting item concerning the Barrel family, and one concerning Medford, our readers are referred to Francis Hill Bigelow's "Historic Silver of the Colonies and Its Makers," pp. 302, 303, 363.

After this digression, which we trust is pardonable, believing it to be correlative and not irrelevant to this sketch, we are back in Medford in the old Watson house again and find John Usher of our town preceding Barrell, Jr., as a tenant.

The old meeting-house had seen under its shadow,



living in this house, a Revolutionary soldier who was a friend of Washington, and as a counter-balance, also was a Loyalist, who as one, was an enemy of Washington, living here at an earlier date, and now, about 1800, was to be neighbor to another of the latter class. (REGISTER, Vol. XV, p. 97).

Our incomparable chronicler\* noted that Mr. Green took the whole house and for a while let the west part to the Wyley family from Georgia. Mrs. Green removed to Boston at the death of her husband, 1809, and the Misses Abby and Mary Hall, sisters of Nathaniel Hall, who lived in the Secomb house, rented the east part. A little later these ladies exchanged their quarters with the Swans, who about this time became owners of the property.

About 1815 the west half was occupied by the wife of Captain Trevet of the revenue service. She was a daughter of Major Warner of Medford. A Mr. Warner lived on the Bishop lot where later the first Thatcher Magoun erected the building now the home of the Public Library. Were these Warners identical?

Two years later Mrs. Green returned to the west half, remaining until 1822, when, with the Gilchrist family, she moved to Charlestown, N. H.

This part then became the home of widowed sisters from Georgia, Mrs. Howard and Mrs. Wallace, who were cousins of Mrs. William R. Gray of Boston. (REGISTER, Vol. XXI, p. 28.)

The old meeting-house next had for its neighbor one whose religious tenets were quite unlike those of the people who worshipped within its walls. A French Canadian, a music teacher whose name was Noreau, had a child born to whom the name was given of Jean Baptiste Napoleon Noreau. What a thrill must have run through the frame of the Puritan building when it became aware that the child had been christened by a Roman Catholic priest!

\* Caleb Swan.



In 1825 Abner Bartlett and his family were the next tenants, and lived here many years.

The history of this family is too well known for us to make further mention of it, and we only wish to add that Sarah Bartlett, widow of Abner, during the period of our Civil War, knit for the soldier boys three hundred and seven pairs of woolen socks, a feat not surpassed by the busy knitters of recent days. Mrs. Bartlett was then several years beyond four score.

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### HOW A MEDFORD SHIP WAS BUILT.

A half century has nearly passed since the *Pilgrim*, the last Medford-built ship, was launched from Captain Foster's ship yard. To speak of ship building in Medford today is to tell of a lost art, and of the many craft here built, none are now known to be afloat. But reminders of them come to us occasionally.

The specifications of one, built seventy-five years ago, we reproduce in print, regretting that it could not be a facsimile of the elegant quill script of the original. It is the only "specification" we have ever seen, or that we know to exist, of a Medford-built ship. We present it entire, as worthy of a place in the historic literature of Medford. Representative of a vanished industry, it is a witness of the careful and thorough work done on the banks of the Mystic in days ago.

We call attention to the group of Medford ship builders shown in our frontispiece, especially Mr. Cudworth, the builder of the *Horsburgh*.

### DESCRIPTION OF SHIP "HORSBURGH."

All the frame white oak and Hackmetack, Hackmetack used for all the [k]night-heads, except one next to Stem and some timbers in bow cants and top timbers & upper deck knees and hanging knees between decks.



Timbers on the keel moulded 15 inches — at gunwale 6 inches — rooms 24 inches — floor & navel timbers sided 11 & 11½ inches & timbers sided at gunwale from 9 to 10½ inches.

Size of Keelson 15 x 15½ inches — a copper bolt in every other floor timber through floor timber & keel before keelson was put on — ½ of 1 inch & ½ of ¾ths and then a copper bolt thro' every floor timber whole length of Ship, thro' keelson, floor timber and Keel.

One bolt of 1½ inch through every scarp of keel and keelson — all the rest of 1½ inch — Stern knee and false stem fastened with 1½ & 1½ inch copper as high as copper fastenings goes.

Rider 13 x 13½ inches fastened with iron bolts of 1½ inch, 24 inches apart.

Ceiling on the floor 3½ inches thick of white oak — a spike in every other timber & a treenail in every other timber — treenails drove from inside, two thick streaks to go over floor timber joints 7 inches thick of white oak & doubled forward & aft so as to make about same thickness forward & aft as amidships: fastened with an iron bolt drove from inside thro' every other timber of ¾ & a copper bolt thro' every other timber of ¾ inch and then a locust treenail thro' every other timber drove from inside making two fastenings thro' every other timber & then three six inch yellow pine streaks above the 7 inch and then 5 inch yellow pine to go to the clamps & four six inch yellow pine clamps carried round the bow & aft doubled. the six inch streaks fastened; a spike in every other timber & a locust treenail in every other timber drove from the outside & thro' ceiling, wedged outside and inside & a ¾th copper bolt in every third timber — the 5 inch streaks fastened; a spike in every other timber and a locust treenail in every other timber drove from outside & thro' ceiling same as the 6 inch — one treenail thro' every other timber & a ¾ copper bolt in every third timber — the 4 lower deck clamps are fastened: a spike in every timber and an iron bolt in every timber; one half the bolts ¾ & ½ of ¾ inch.

Hanging Knees sided 7½ & 8 inches of white oak fastened with ½ of 1½ inch & ½ of inch iron, 9 bolts in a knee

Lower deck beams sided from 14½ to 17 inches & moulded 14 to 14½ inches in centre & 10 to 11 inches at the ends all of yellow pine.

Lower deck knees sided 7 inches & fastened with 1½ & 1 inch iron — fastenings drove from outside through bends &c

Lower deck Waterways, yellow pine, 14 inches deep and moulded on underside 14 inches thick.

Streak next to waterway on lower deck 9 inches thick on inside, fastened; a bolt through every other timber drove from outside & clinched on the inside & a bolt thro' every other timber drove from bends outside & clinched on the inside of waterway — making the fastenings of waterway in two streaks of bends



One thick streak above lower deck waterway 8 inches thick and a blunt bolt in every other timber drove from the inside of  $\frac{3}{4}$ ths & a bolt in every other timber drove from outside & clinched on the inside of  $\frac{3}{4}$ ths

The 8 inch streak is bolted edgewise, down thro' waterway and bolts about 3 feet apart.

Upper deck clamp, 5 inches thick and tapered to 4 inches to top of thick streak above waterway

The upper deck clamp and next streak below have a spike in every timber and a  $\frac{3}{4}$  iron bolt in every timber where there is no chain bolt.

Upper deck beams are sided from 14 to 16 inches and moulded from 8 to  $8\frac{1}{2}$  inches in centre and from  $7\frac{1}{2}$  to 8 inches at ends.

Upper deck plank of soft pine  $5\frac{1}{4}$  inches wide &  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches thick fastened with composition spikes

Quarter deck 3 inches thick  $5\frac{1}{4}$  inches wide fastened with composition spikes

Upper deck knees of hackmetack, sided 6 inches, fastened with 1 inch iron

Hanging knees under upper deck beams sided 8 to 9 inches with 9 one inch bolts in each knee

Plankshier 5 inches thick well fastened down with iron & a  $\frac{3}{4}$  copper bolt thro' every stanchion

Rail 5 inches thick

Bottom plank  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches thick to the round of the bilge and then 4 inch white oak except 6 streaks of yellow pine 4 in. thick, 3 of the 6 yellow pine streaks under wales to flush out. The 5 lower wales & the upper wale, making six, white oak — the rest yellow pine 7 inches wide.

Upper streks  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide &  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches thick each butt fastened with a copper spike

Ship *Horsburgh* built by Hayden & Cudworth at Medford for Danl. C. Bacon of Boston, Mass. launched May 1 1847, Carpenters tonnage  $577\frac{7}{8}$  Tons

Government tonnage about 550 Tons.

#### DIMENSIONS CARPENTER'S MEASUREMENT

Length on deck	142 feet
Breadth of beam — Carpenters' measure	29 „ $8\frac{1}{2}$ in
Whole depth	20 „ 9 „

Built with a half poop cabin, about 18 feet long with a house running six feet forward of poop, with a state room on one side & entry on the other side, next to gangway.

Has American Rigging made by Mr Sewall —

Cotton duck for heavy sails & twine duck for light sails



## DIMENSIONS SHIP HORSBURGH'S SPARS

Main Mast	71 ft.	Head 11-6.	—	Main Yard	62 ft.	arms 2-6
„ Topmast	38 „	„ „	6-6	„ Topsail	„ 49 „	„ 3-9
„ Top. gt. „	19-6 & 9 Pole			„ Top. Gt.:	34 „	„ 2-
Fore Mast	65-6	Head 10-6		Fore Yard	56 „	„ 2-4
„ Topmast	36- „	„ 6-		„ Top Gt.	43-6 „	„ 3-6
„ T. Gt. „	18-6	12-2 & 7-6 Pole		„ T. Gt.	31 „	„ 1-9
Mizen Mast	63	Head 8-6		Cross jack	44 „	„ 3-
„ Topmast	28 „	„ 4-9		M <sup>z</sup> T. Gt.:	34 „	„ 2-8
„ „ G. mast	14-6	9-6 & 5 Pole		„ „ „	23 „	„ 1-6
Bowsprit out board	26.	Royal Yds	23 „	21 & 16 arms	1-4, 1-2, & 1	
Jib Boom	36	Head 2-6				
Flying Jib boom	39.	Head 3-6				
Spanker Boom	38	Gaff 28 & 4-6 end.				

## AN OLD MEDFORD AGREEMENT.

A recent accession to the Historical Society's library is a record of early conveyances of land and buildings, carefully copied from the books of the Middlesex Registry by the late John H. Hooper. It comprises one hundred and four pages (eight and one-half by eleven and one-half inches), fifty-three lines on each, as the ruling is but three-sixteenths of an inch apart.

It was certainly "some job" Mr. Hooper did. Any who doubt will be quickly convinced by an examination of the ancient record books, with their quaint spelling and queer chirography, now carefully preserved under silk tissue.

The reading of those old deeds certainly refutes some of the statements in the History of Medford, especially that of "the lands of Medford were apportioned to the first settlers by decision of the Court of May, 1629." The librarian here calls attention to page 24, Vol. XVII, REGISTER, where, in "Notes About Town," certain bounds and marking points were mentioned, and would be pleased to have some expert now locate them after a careful reading of the following from Mr. Hooper's transcript:—

It is also agreed that there shall be a common landing place upon Stephen Willis' land, in his second division, by the River, free to



all the proprietors of the farm, and a convenient way to it, for which landing place and highway there shall be allowed in his lot 100 poles. Also a highway to lie in common from the Country road to Joshua Brooks' land.

24-10-1680. Agreement between Caleb Brooks on the one part, and John Hall, Thomas & Stephen Willis, John Whitmore, Stephen & John Francis, on the second part, that the line that has been for a long time in controversy between the abovesaid Brooks' land and the land purchased of Edward Collins by the parties aforesaid, is now agreed upon by both parties, bounded and marked out as follows: — From a great tree standing at the S. W. corner of an orchard lately planted by John Whitmore being in the line between the abovesaid Brooks & Whitmore and so upon another great black Oak tree being in said line as is above mentioned between said Brooks and Whitmore, and from that in a straight line to a stake standing up in the line between said Brooks and Stephen & John Francis' 2 a. of Clay land, then from said stake to a little black oak, and from that to an old shed within a rod of said Brooks' Meadow, then from said shed to a little black Oak bush by the River, upon a straight line, said Shed is the S. or S. W. corner of the 2 a. of Clay land above-mentioned, where the line is now staked out and agreed upon. Upon the condition of placing the line as above-mentioned, it is agreed that the said Brooks is to have a landing place of four cords of wood front upon the River, beg. at or near the bush close to the River which is the line on the E. or S. E. between said Brooks and Francis. This landing place is upon the land of Stephen & John Francis. Also it is agreed that Stephen & John Francis shall have a convenient highway through Thomas Willis' land, into the said 2 a. of Clay land, the said highway to come into Thomas Willis' land to be upon the S. E. corner of John Whitmore's field, from a highway that goes from a landing place at or near Thomas Willis' pasture, and it is agreed that for the highway above-mentioned, Thomas Willis is to have a landing place at or near his own pasture.

Here appears an amicable settlement of a boundary dispute in which seven early residents of (West) Medford were concerned, and which resulted in the establishment of the way now known as Canal street, a hundred and ten years before the canal was even thought of.

The map of early Medford, also made by Mr. Hooper from the data he thus secured, is invaluable, showing as it does the earliest division of the Cradock farm (which



was the earliest Medford), and also the location of the dwellings of those early townsmen, seven of whom are above named. As in some of the deeds plans are mentioned, it is a source of regret that none have been preserved to show the bounds thus agreed upon. The "old shed" that was "within a rod of said Brooks' meadow but *on the corner of the Francis' two acres of clayland*" has long ago disappeared. But the "clayland" is there today, and a few years since, when the river was dredged, a "black-oak bush" was torn out of the bank, which by the river's wearing had changed a little. A ten-inch piece of it lies upon the table before the writer. It squares to two inches, and is perfectly sound. It may be the same that Joshua Brooks measured his "four cords of wood landing place" from, thus gaining thirty-two feet more frontage on the river.

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#### A REVOLUTIONARY PAROLE.

British officers promise to remain in the quarters assigned, within the limits:—

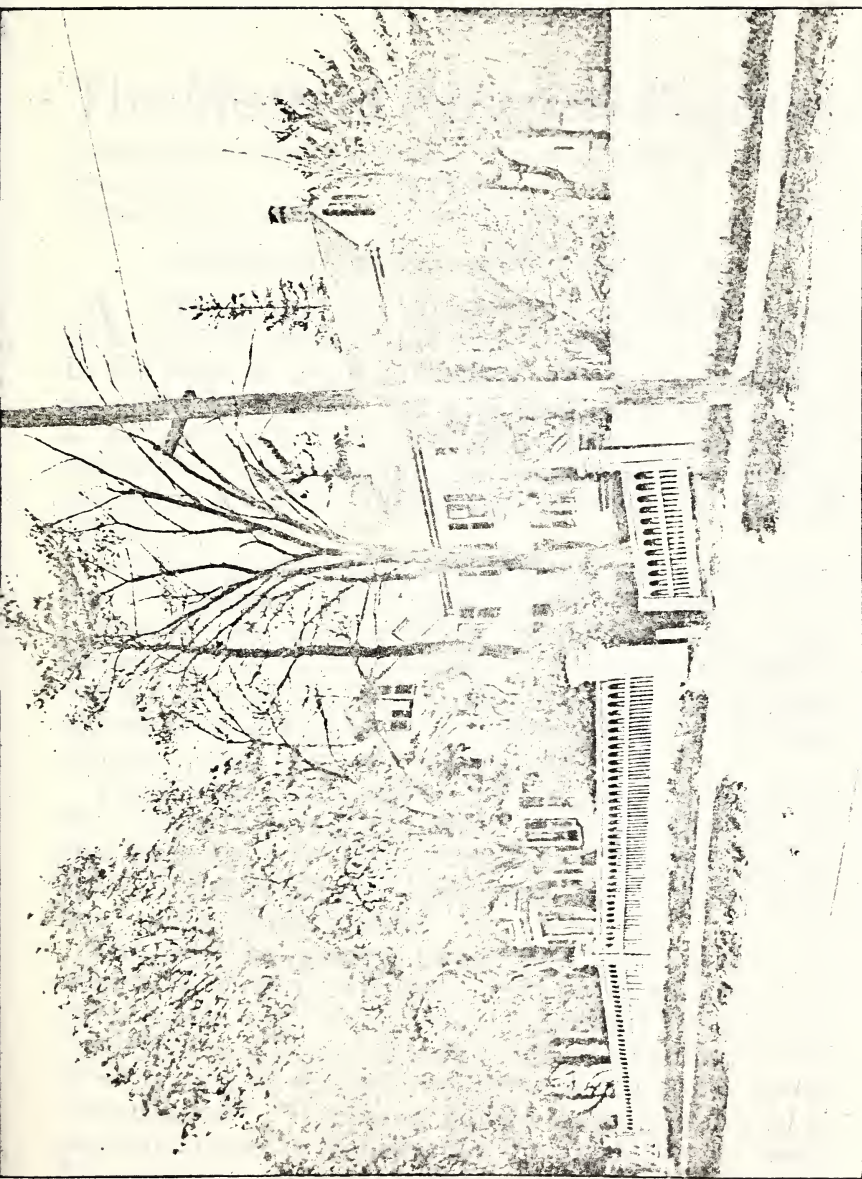
Beginning at Swan's shop on Charlestown Neck, the Cambridge road up to the crossway to Fort No. 3, and from Learned's tavern the Cambridge road on to the common to the Menotomy road, up said road to Cooper's tavern, taking in the Menotomy pond, but not to pass the beach on the south, west, or north sides thereof, from Cooper's tavern down to the east end of Benjamin Tuft's house in Medford, and from Medford bridge the Boston road to Swan's shop, the first-mentioned bound. The intermediate roads are within the parole, and the back yards of the respective quarters to the distance of eighty yards from them.

Dated December 13, 1777.

Original in Boston Public Library. O'Callaghan, *Burgoyne's Orderly Book*, 176.

L. M. HASTINGS.





RESIDENCE OF REV. CHARLES BROOKS  
Father of the Normal School and Historian of Medford  
High Street West Medford



# The Medford Historical Register.

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## MEDFORD RADIO—THE FOURTH R.

A YEAR ago the REGISTER (Vol. XXIV, p. 38) made mention of the "devil's fiddle" craze spread by the boys of fifty years before, which was the precursor of the telephone. We were then constrained to add a few words about the *wireless* telephone, quoting from the *Boston Transcript* (June 11) concerning the "wireless concerts" given on Wednesday evenings at Medford Hillside.

Mention also was made (Vol. XVIII, p. 77) of the erection of "Medford's sky-scraper," the radio tower.

Events follow each other in rapid succession and make history quickly in modern days. The little laboratory erected in 1916 has been twice enlarged, and a larger factory of most modern construction erected on College Avenue, where once was "Pansy park."

There is something doing every evening on the northern slope of old Walnut-tree hill, some years called College hill, but now widely known as "Amrad Station WGI of the American Radio and Research Corporation" at Medford Hillside.

The daily newspapers devote several columns to the subject of wireless telephoning, which has come to be styled *radio*, and which has a vocabulary of its own. For instance, the transmission of the words spoken into a receiver are from the top of the three-hundred-foot tower "broadcasted." Receiving outfits may be purchased at moderate price, or constructed by ingenious amateurs. All about the city we see evidences of these in the "an-



tennae" strung from convenient chimney-tops, and the occupants of the dwelling "listen in."

The programs given for each evening in our local papers show a diversity of subjects from "Bed-time Stories" for children to "Today's Economic Situation" and "Good Government," while each evening has its musical selections, vocal and instrumental.

On Sunday evenings some clergyman there thus speaks to a larger audience than any church edifice could hold. As a matter of fact (March 12) the pastor of First M. E. Church, Medford, Rev. D. Harold Hickey, having preached on "The Jewel and Its Case" in the church, went with a portion of the choir and repeated the same. The requisite apparatus being installed in the church auditorium, the congregation taxing its capacity there heard sermon and music a second time. It was a fitting climax in that church's history of a hundred years.

But who of those whose educational advantages were limited to the three Rs, or lived before the advent of "Old Prob" (otherwise the Weather Bureau) could understand the following?—

Amrad is broadcasting official weather reports from WGI. The broadcasting is on 485 meters, as required by the regulations and is preceded by music to enable listeners to tune in.

It is evident there is now a *fourth* R, brought largely about by a student of Tufts College. But it is a branch of education that Mr. Tufts, the owner of the old bleak hill, who said he would "put a light on it," little dreamed of.

We do not recall that any sermon by any Medford clergyman (or other) has been reproduced in our pages. Having listened to that of Memorial Sunday in Trinity Church, which was repeated that evening and broadcasted at WGI, the REGISTER is preserving it for the future, trusting that it will be read at the preacher's boyhood home in Old England, and by others in future days when those who on May 28 "listened in" may have forgotten.



### MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS—BROADCASTED.

Substance of address by Maurice Luke Bullock, Minister of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, West Medford, broadcasted from the Amrad Station WGI of the American Radio and Research Corporation, Medford Hillside, Mass., Sunday evening, May 28, 1922.

#### A NATION'S MEMORIAL DAY.

We are recognizing Memorial Day this year as being more significant than ever before. It is different from the other national holidays. No noise of guns and exciting fireworks, no demand for a safe and sane Memorial Day, but the emphasis is on reverence, honor and respect. The men and boys of the sixties have been honored through all the years on this day. And in recent years tens of thousands of new dead have been added to the lists, making the day more meaningful than ever.

We have new reasons for observing Memorial Day. The old veterans, to whom the day has always meant so much, have been passing away rapidly. The day was being given over increasingly to sports and diversions. But the new sacrifices on the fields of battle for the country have brought our people to a rededication of the day. No longer do we leave the loving task to the brave survivors of the Civil War. We still follow the Grand Army in the work of decorating the graves of our dead. But we see it now as a common privilege. This present generation with honor and reverence remembers those who have perished honorably for the sake of America.

The day with its duties is essentially patriotic. A higher appreciation of country must follow a fitting remembrance of the price paid in blood. Such a remembrance is vital for us who remain to carry on. The heart of the nation is softened, and sympathy and unselfishness are promoted. In such a spirit we can be thoughtful in our observance. We cannot think of it as a day of revelry and frolic in those thousands of homes where



there are vacant places. Nor can we believe that those who survived the tempests of battle will be anxious for mere pleasure on that day. It is a Holy Day, when we keep green the memory of those "whose tents on fame's eternal camping ground are spread," when we try to get into fellowship with the spirit that made those men and women heroes and patriots. Our civil liberty will never be safe if we forget them.

Memorial Day has a forward look. We cannot consider those who stood and fought victoriously without considering their successors through the years. The immortal Gettysburg speech voices this thought. There is an unfinished work, to which we must dedicate ourselves, and "from these honored dead we must take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion." That is the spirit in which we should observe Memorial Day. Proud as we are of our huge populations, our increasing wealth, our magnificent cities, our intellectual and scientific achievements, we must remember that if the nation is not bound together with a sincere piety she will perish. Memorial Day appeals to us for the development of all that is pure and good.

On Tuesday next we are challenged to prove ourselves as patriots who are worthy of the huge sacrifices made. We venture to say that the dead would, if they could, tell us that they died for a great cause. They did not die that we might permit liberty to degenerate into license, that we might indulge in class hatred, racial hatred, and forget the surging passion for American unity which impelled them to meet death. They did not die that we might live in riotous extravagance and mad pleasure, neglectful of the multitudes in sorrow and want at our doors. They did not die that we might develop laziness in our industries, neglect of worship, irreverence for the flag, and various red orgies of disloyalty. If on Memorial Day we stand reverently before the tomb of him who died at Saratoga or St. Mihiel, or



Gettysburg or in the Argonne, and in humility think of the sacrifice and ask why it was made, the answer will write itself on our hearts. We want to commemorate the day, so that its message of present duty, its call to homage, its promise of immortality, may lead us into a higher type of patriotism for the sake of God and country.

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### AT MEDFORD'S OLD CIVIC CENTER (Continued).

BY ELIZA M. GILL.

Referring to the former article in last REGISTER, relating to the Watson house, John Usher should have been the *successor* of Joseph Barrel, Jr. The first word in third line of page 14 should have been omitted, making the reading thus — “as a counterbalance, also a Loyalist,” etc. The Mrs. Wallace mentioned should be Mrs. *Savage*.

With these corrections we will leave the Watson house, with its notable memories, and speak of the house on Rural avenue, the residence of the late General Samuel C. Lawrence, who was Medford's first mayor. It was of more recent construction than others we have noted, and was built by Samuel Train for his daughter Rebecca, who married George Lemist.

While the Lemist family was there, the house was noted as being the social center for Medford's best families, and the writer recalls the complaint of one who said, “When the Lemists left Medford there was no society.” Many fine parties were given in that house, and one has only to look over the pages of Blanchard the stable keeper's ledger to see how gay and select our old town was at one time. You will read there the names of well-known people who gave parties, those who attended them, and learn that Mr. Blanchard's patrons went in good style, in hacks or sleighs, as the seasons permitted. You will also learn who hired hacks to go to Boston to attend the theatre. There is wonderful reading between the lines of old diaries and account books.



Mr. Lemist sold to Mr. Flint, who afterward, residing there awhile, moved with his family to California.

The next owner and occupant was a bachelor who was *non compos mentis* and of peculiar ways. This Mr. May was a man of wealth, who never was seen in public unattended. He went regularly with his coachman to the services of the First Trinitarian Congregational Church. The young people, with more thought of fun than pity for his misfortune, called him "Smiling May," for he was accustomed to talk to himself, and indulged in facial contortions.

The age of the writer encompasses the time of the two latter occupants of this house.

The story of the house in our day called the Train house has been fully told in the REGISTER. Samuel Train was very fond of telling the story how one day he sat on the sidewalk of the Bigelow property, looked across the street and wished he might own the house he was gazing at. In 1828 his youthful wish was realized when he purchased the estate, and it was the home of the good deacon for forty-six years.

The house of Benjamin Hall, Sr., was inherited by his daughter Hepzibah, Mrs. Fitch, who sold it in 1833 to Dr. Daniel Swan for \$5,000, "House, garden, orchard and a small piece of land in front by the river." The people of that period were careful, if they did not live in a ten-acre lot, to have a good view around them and ample space.

This house and one west from it, both now gone, were of the five Hall houses which faced the road to Woburn in the same sociable, neighborly way as three of them do today below Governors avenue.

The home of Dr. Swan, the beloved and benevolent physician, is remembered by many today. I attended the auction sale of the doctor's household goods with my mother, and noticing a very fine set of china, asked her to buy it, and was much disappointed that she did not. It was purchased by George Barr, who also bought



the Royall house, intending to make it his home, but gave up the project as it was not favored by his wife.

Our family had been patrons of Dr. Swan, and my mother was given a case containing many small glass vials filled with what seemed to be tiny sugar plums to us children. As they were not medicated no harm resulted to us by playing with them.

Nathaniel Hall, who lived in the Secomb house, had a later residence on his farm in the house now the farmhouse on the Lawrence estate. He was son of Willis Hall, and married Joanna Cotton Brooks. Their son, Peter Chardon Hall, married Ann Rose, daughter of Joseph and Ann Rose Swan, and lived on the old place.

My memory of this old house goes back to the time when I went there to visit my school friend, gentle Jennie Hall, who moved from Medford, and died early of consumption. There were several other daughters in this family. Little did I think then, as a young school girl, what interesting facts concerning this place were to come to me in later years. (REGISTER, Vol. XVI, p. 18.)

One house on the other side of the river we will give a little notice. The George L. Stearns house on the east side of Walnut-tree hill was, previous to 1827, the residence of James Hall. It was bought by Capt. John King who, about 1840, sold the place to Mr. Rae, whose daughter was a pupil at Miss Bradbury's private school. Mr. King's family moved to Touro avenue, and in this house, now standing, lived many years. There his daughter, Harriet Winslow King, was born, who married Dudley Cotton Hall.

Mr. Rae sold his property to his son, who in turn sold it to George L. Stearns. This latter owner developed it into a fine place, and it has been known as the Evergreens in recent years. Through its hospitable doors have passed many distinguished people, and we may count it as a place of high thinking. (REGISTER, Vol. XVI, p. 21.)



## MEDFORD MUNICIPAL PUBLICATIONS.

The earliest of such to be printed that comes under our notice is "Receipts and Expenditures" of the town for the year ending February 1, 1835, *i.e.*, for the preceding fiscal year. It was a thin pamphlet of twenty-four pages, including the list of tax payers, resident and non-resident being listed separately.

In later years were added brief reports of the various town officers, and recommendations made by them. At intervals the valuation list made by the assessors was included. A collection of these may be found in the Public Library. The issues of several years are grouped into one volume, and though at the time substantially bound, are in need of rebinding, owing to the deterioration of the leather.

Our first acquaintance with such Medford output was in the spring of 1871, when the constable left at our home the warrant for the annual town meeting—"March meeting" we called it then—accompanied by the "Town book," or reports of the preceding year of 1870. The town meeting was then thus "warned" at every dwelling within its limits.

Medford had then a population of 5,517, having more than doubled since 1838, when its first printed report was issued. The tax rate (1870) was \$13.60 per thousand, there were 899 dwellings (61 being double), 1,480 ratable polls and 1,403 resident tax payers, including 747 who paid poll tax only, which was then \$1.50.

In that issue, thirty-four pages covered the tax payers list, forty-six the financial statements. The reports of various departments fill nearly one hundred pages, and ask for an appropriation for 1871 of \$88,468.56. Medford had the previous year built its water works. The town debt, exclusive of water bonds, was \$59,000, funded over a period of nineteen years, with a balance in the treasury of \$21,386.09, with \$2,000 due from the state. The town's property was listed \$150,596.48, the most valuable parcel being the high school house (*i.e.*, the



front section of present Centre school) and land, \$25,000. One piece of property listed, the hearse, \$400, the town or city no longer owns.

No person's name appears among the town officers as sexton, nor yet the title; there was then no "Cemetery Committee," the selectmen attended to such duty. They (that year) recommended the consolidation of the selectmen, highway supervisors, and overseers of the poor into one board of five members, instead of the former three boards of three, which was done, and so continued under the town government.

Receiving such a statement of town affairs certain days *before* the town-meeting day, citizens had opportunity, and thoughtful tax payers scrutinized the pages carefully, and came to town meeting prepared to discuss proposed measures, their need and cost, and vote accordingly. If, after consideration, work was intrusted to their execution, there was reasonable chance of its being done within the appropriation. Those were the days of actual cost, rather than "cost plus" of more recent date.

To the average reader the "town report" is rather dry reading matter, but to the citizen of average means, who by industry and thrift is striving for the ownership of a home and finds the present heavy taxation a burden, an examination of the account of public expenditure is of real interest.

Allusion has been made to the report of 1870. We have before us our entire lot for fifty years. They are not cast in one mold, though their pages are of uniform size. Some have details omitted by others; some reports are prolix, others very brief. A few have the records of town meetings. Some make especial note of some public enterprise to the neglect of other. For the year 1890 the book is of over six hundred pages, the valuation list occupying one-third. That year and the next the town had six voting precincts for elections, *the precursor of what was coming*. The census of 1890 gave 11,790 as Medford's population.



In 1885 a petition was presented to the General Court from inhabitants of West Medford, asking that a division of the town be made, and that the western portion be incorporated as a new town under the name of Brooks. Medford had *then* a population of 9,041. The petitioners at this hearing set forth "that they were opposed to a city form of government and desired separation in order to retain the management of their prudential affairs in the hands of the many, and not delegate all their rights and privileges to the control of a few." The hearings before the legislative committee, to whom it was referred, together with arguments of counsel, form interesting reading, published as it was in separate volumes, that of the petitioners 171 pages, that of the remonstrants 203. Five successive efforts were made toward this end in as many years without success. The fourth effort, that of 1888, came nearest success. Though a majority of the Committee on Towns reported leave to withdraw, a substitute report "to incorporate the town of Brooks" was lost by a yea and nay vote of 89 yea to 93 nay, with 10 votes paired on each.

The final effort of the petitioners in 1889 proved more ineffectual, the vote being 48 in favor, 109 against. This was the death knell of town government in Medford.

In those years the population of the whole town had increased almost to the *minimum* number requisite for a city charter, the census of 1890 enumerating 11,770. The "March meeting" of 1891 appointed a committee to consider the advisability of petitioning for such, which committee in November reported that its census taken showed the population to be 12,100, and recommended that a city charter be obtained.

Such petition to the General Court being granted at its session of 1892, its action was accepted at a special town meeting. It is somewhat significant of the good sense of those earlier petitioners, who foresaw danger in "delegating their rights and privileges to the few, that the charter was accepted October 6, 1892, by a



vote of 382 as against 342. The first election for city officers occurred December 13, 1892, and the first inauguration January 2, 1893.

The last "Town Book" was issued under the new city government and contains the inaugural address of Mayor Lawrence, 12 pages; the city charter, 24; and city organization, 6 pages. The tax list of 1892 covers 87 pages, and the various reports and financial statements bring the book to a total of 392. One thousand, six hundred and seventy-seven residents and 631 non-residents were assessed tax on property, while 2,350 were assessed poll tax only. The rate was \$14.80, an excess of but 20 cents over the previous year. Two thousand, five hundred and eighty-three children were enrolled in the public schools. The net debt, including the water loan,  $3\frac{14}{100}$  per cent of the total valuation; exclusive of water loan,  $1\frac{27}{100}$  per cent.

It may be noticed that Medford's last year as a town was a short one — eleven months — and this book, unlike those before, could not get into the citizens' hands until after the new order began. But Medford had, by the narrow margin of *forty votes*, delegated its affairs to the *management of the few*.

It is not the purpose of the present writing to criticise the various administrations of public affairs and expense during the thirty years that have elapsed, but to call attention to these publications as of local history. We will, however, say that the 1920 volume was not ready for distribution until November, 1921.

Annually the reports for the year preceding have been issued, and citizens who were enough interested in the matter to apply to the auditor were furnished with a copy.

This latest report shows a tax rate of \$29.80 per thousand, and 11,584 assessed polls. Of these 1,471 are exempt (but 51 being veterans of Civil War.) Five thousand, one hundred and eighty-five individual residents and 1,391 individual non-residents were assessed



on property. Eight thousand, one hundred and fifty-eight persons (and firms) assessed on property and 8,560 persons for poll tax only, the latter being \$5.00. Population as found by assessors, April 1, 1920, 40,070. (At the present writing it is said to be 42,000.) We are told that the present enrollment of children in the schools is now 7,000 as against 6,378 in the report of 1920.

Some of these annuals have been embellished with portraits of the inaugural incumbent, and some department reports illustrated by maps and views of some engineering construction. A few views show features now obliterated and the improvement there made. Twenty-five reports, from as many departments, were addressed to the mayor and form the bulk of the latest published report, that of 1920. Three hundred copies of this book of 383 pages were printed.

Another publication, not included in those already mentioned, has been furnished to citizens on application—the Poll, or Ward Book, as some style it. It bears the title, “List of Persons in Medford Assessed a Poll Tax April 1” of the stated year. The names in each ward are given in alphabetical order of street, reading across the page, thus: “House Number, Name, Age, Occupation, Residence in Previous Year.” The last issued under the above caption was that of 1920, 292 pages, and contained 10,667 names. The Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution caused a change in the form of the assessors’ publication, which appeared in a separate book for each ward, with covers of differing color, entitled, “Persons Listed as Residents of Medford, April 1, 1921.” It is said to contain nearly twenty-seven thousand names upon 728 pages. Three wards are each divided into two voting precincts, each is separately listed. As this listing begins at the age of twenty and is supposed to be correct at April 1, 1921, it will be seen that there is in the hands of our people (such as have it) a valuable directory of the city. It might be improved by a plain general map, showing ward and precinct lines,



and some method of showing the direction in which street numbers run.

Never before has there been so accurate an enumeration of Medford's people made available. For instance, a family residing at number —, — street, consists of the father, whose occupation is ——. The mother is listed as housewife, but a distinction is found in some cases where some woman is the housekeeper. The young people of each household are there listed according to occupation, and older women "at home." To the names of some elderly men residing with a son the former occupation is given, and in some cases as "retired." In a few cases no occupation is given, though such are rare; the writer, after a residence in Medford of over fifty-two years, finds himself thus distinguished. No material criticism was made in the matter of the age item until the recent listing. Probably that is in the main correct, but there are exceptions.

Assuming 42,000 to be Medford's present population, with 27,000 above twenty years listed thus, and 7,000 enrolled in the schools, leaves 8,000 made up of children under five years, and young people under twenty not in public school. As yet we are not informed what proportion this latter class bears to the former. It is one, however, that will next year, in part, pass over into the listed residents to increase the 27,000 and be a part of the voting factor for good or for ill. The question naturally arises, "Which will it be?" What do those of the annually recurring recruits to the voting list know of the city's affairs and needs, or of the qualifications for service of those for whom they vote?

Delegated to the few, are the city's business affairs placed in competent hands by the popular vote? Again it may well be asked, "How many of the electorate of Medford are enough concerned for its welfare to acquaint themselves with its affairs and their administration, but leave it to the other fellow? How many ever see the city's annual printed reports, or read its pages and form



any intelligent idea of the how and why of the rate and amount of the tax bill they grumble about, and finally with sacrificing effort pay?"

We have alluded to the report for 1870 and its distribution to every dwelling in town. There were probably 1,000 copies printed, and the month that intervened between the close of the fiscal year and the warning of town meeting sufficed for the making up of reports, printing and delivery. The "oppressed laborers" of that time worked ten hours daily, six days in a week, and the business men, their employers, probably more hours, but both classes found time to inform themselves, for the government was then "in the hands of the many," and the voters were the appropriating power.

How is it today? At present writing some departments' reports have not reached the chief executive, and none as yet are ready for public distribution. For 1920 300 copies only were printed, at a cost to our tax payers of \$1,688, or \$5.63 per copy, and now, after more than eight months, only a little over half have been taken by the citizens. And who are *these* citizens? We answer, "Those who are interested enough to go to the auditor's office and ask for the book." We are told that copies taken were by the older citizens, long resident in Medford and farthest removed from Medford square. And what are our citizens but members of a business corporation whose reported annual expenditure is upward of three million dollars and whose future is mortgaged heavily?

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#### A REMEMBRANCE.

A prophet is not without honor save in his own country and in his own house.—*Matthew 13: 57.*

We are reminded of this trite saying by the receipt of the following letter, which explains itself. The token itself is unique and its presentation after the lapse of sixty years equally so.





**City of Medford**  
*Massachusetts*

CHARLES A. WINSLOW  
 CITY CLERK

OFFICE OF  
 CITY CLERK

July 20, 1922.

MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
 GOVERNORS AVENUE  
 MEDFORD, MASS.

*Gentlemen:—*

In accordance with the conversation which I had with your representative, Mr. Moses W. Mann, a few days ago, I enclose herewith a little gift to the city of Medford from the Misses Tompkins, of 84 Hixon Place, South Orange, New Jersey.

To me it seems fitting that the token should be filed with your society in memory of George Luther Stearns, and the same is handed to you herewith, for such disposition and exposition as your society may deem advisable.

Yours very truly,

[Signed] CHARLES A. WINSLOW  
*City Clerk.*



The little "token" named is an exquisite little painting only  $\frac{11}{16} \times 1\frac{5}{16}$  inches in size, fastened to the top of a  $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{3}{4}$  inch page of fine linen paper by four stitches in its corners, the ends of the thread tasselled. Beneath it is the following legend, written in a very fine but distinct hand:—

THE AUTUMN OAK TREES,  
*designed and painted*  
*by*  
 ABIGAIL BROWN TOMPKINS  
 1921.

To the Town of Medford, Mass., in memory of George Luther Stearns, your renowned townsman who was born at Medford, January 8, 1809. Presented with the good wishes of Miss Abigail Brown Tompkins and Miss Emma Louise Tompkins, descendants of founders of the City of Newark, New Jersey, in 1666.

SOUTH ORANGE, New Jersey, December 19, 1921.



Our versatile and estimable city clerk being in some doubt as to its best disposition, consulted with the curator of the Historical Society, and after acknowledging its receipt with thanks, sent the same, with his letter of explanation above quoted, to the Society. In the meantime our former secretary, Miss Eliza Gill, wrote to the ladies relative thereto, who reply in part:—

We cannot give you any further information concerning your patriotic townsman. We only know what we have read. We feel with you that some public memorial to his memory should be commemorated by the people of Medford. Such patriotism as he displayed during the Civil War certainly should be known to the present generation and that of the future. We would be pleased to receive any facts about old Medford.

So here is a recognition of the estimable worth of a Medford man by entire strangers in another state, their only knowledge of him acquired perhaps by only casual reading. Yet right here in Medford are people today who ask, "Who was George Luther Stearns?" for few of our younger people know of our local history and perhaps care less.

As shown above, his boyhood was spent in the old town of over a century ago. It was sadly affected by the death of his father, when the boy was but eleven years of age, and after but three years more in school he began work in a Boston store. Arriving at manhood he entered into business. "Wealth honorably earned flowed into his hands," and he used it for the helping of his fellow men, notably the oppressed and the slave. His beautiful home, later known as "The Evergreens," was a way-station of the "underground railroad," and the resort of philanthropists and friends of freedom, one of whom was John Brown.

At first sight, the dainty little picture might be taken for a view of this Stearns home. It shows a stream in the foreground where would be College avenue, a large house (with similar roof) surrounded by trees in autumnal foliage, while in the distance are two lofty hills as is our



College hill. It is finely executed by a lady probably of advanced years and patriotic thought, who cherishes the memory of her ancestors.

One of our townswomen (who also writes in this issue of the Stearns mansion) also wrote "Lest we forget what the country and our state owes to this man, of whom we ought to be proud as being a citizen of Medford," also quoted the words of Whittier, written of him:—

He forgot his own soul for others,  
Himself to his neighbors lending,  
He found the Lord in his suffering brothers,  
And not in the clouds descending.

To such as really wish an answer to their query, "Who was Stearns?" we suggest the reading of his biography, which may be found in the Usher "History of Medford."

The little "token" sent by the New Jersey lady will, with her letters and the missive of our city clerk, be duly displayed in the Historical Rooms. It shows an appreciation of patriotic service and philanthropic spirit, and that "a prophet is not without honor." And so, in acknowledgment, we say of this stranger that sent it, that "this which this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her."

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#### THE HISTORIAN'S HOME.

Our illustration shows the home of Rev. Charles Brooks, where the "History of Medford" was written and much of his literary work was done. It was not his birthplace. He was born in the older house just below it facing eastward on old Woburn street, the story of which has been told in Vol. XVI, p. 69, of the REGISTER, by the present occupant, Mrs. Ellen Newton Brooks. It is said to have been the home of his uncle Isaac Brooks (who died in 1819), and sold by his widow. The historian's father, Jonathan, purchased it, and made it his home until his death in 1847, when his son Charles, and daughter Lucy Ann Brooks, succeeded in its occupancy.



Rev. Charles passed away in 1872 and Miss Lucy Ann many years later.

It is a fine example of the type of New England dwellings of the better class of the early nineteenth century, and succeeded that of Deacon Bradshaw, which was probably like Medford's oldest, the Bradbury-Blanchard-Wellington house at Wellington. The central or main portion has end walls of brick, not carried above the roof, but covered by it but with no projecting cornice. The front is somewhat elaborate in detail, though the projecting roof over the main entrance may be of later construction. The eastern wing is very long, perhaps once enlarged, and overlaps the rear corner but little. A small porch shelters its entrance door, the round pillars of which supported the gallery of the third meeting-house, which was built in 1770. As that was taken down in 1839, the porch or possible addition would be of later date. There is also a western wing (also well back) of later erection. Both these adjoin an extension in the rear of the central or main building, only the shape of the roof being visible from the street, making a structure over a hundred feet in length, as well as over a hundred years old.

At its erection it commanded a view of wide expanse, and its land extended westward some three hundred feet, while an equal amount (or more) of land lay opposite on High street. Through these areas, in very recent years, have been built Wolcott and other streets and numerous residences.

To this house came, in 1893, the widow of Isaac Austin Brooks (cousin of the historian), Mrs. Sarah Warner Brooks, who spent there the remainder of her life. An account of her may be found in "Medford Past and Present," page 45. She was author of "A Garden with a House Attached," which may be found in the Public Library. Its first chapter has a graphic description of the various walks and paths of the extensive grounds, and mentions the trees of various kinds, many of which



were early planted by the historian and cheered his declining days. In several illustrations she is seen among her favorite flowers. She gave to the place the name "The Lilacs," and appropriately, because of their profusion. Beautifully tender allusions to the "lady of the wheel-chair" run through the volume, referring to Miss Lucy Ann, who in her last years thus visited her familiar home scenes.

Some years ago the enclosing fence was removed. The gate, however, was swung back, and the lilacs have sprung up before it, as if to forbid its closing.

Mrs. Brooks' son Edward recently passed on, and the big "mansion" may not remain many years. We have thought it well to thus show and mention it ere it shall be no more.

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#### A HOME-COMER'S OPINION, 1871.

A former resident of Medford, Caleb Swan, while on a visit to his "brother doctor," went to Oak Grove Cemetery. On his return to his home in New York, he attached the following to page 429 of his copy of "Brooks' History of Medford" and marked the margin against the matter of tree removal:—

One of the first things done by the committee was to cut down the grand, noble, old oak tree on an eminence near the grave of Mr. Jonathan Brooks. When I first saw it, June 6, 1866, I stood nearly ten minutes looking at it with admiration: it had noble large branches and was probably two or three centuries old. I enquired the names of the Cemetery Committee and was informed they were Mr. Goldthwaite, Chairman, J. W. Mitchell, Mr. Vinal. They might be called a Goth & Vandal Committee.

C. S., 1871.

Mr. Swan never lost interest in his boyhood's home, and, on publication, purchased five copies of the history, four of which he gave to friends and relatives less favored than himself, while an older brother did likewise with ten. The copy he reserved for his own use was seven-



teen years ago given to the Historical Society by his grandson, Charles Herbert Swan, recently deceased.

In passing along Salem street we cannot but wonder what Caleb Swan would say were he to visit where

“Each in his narrow cell forever laid  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.”

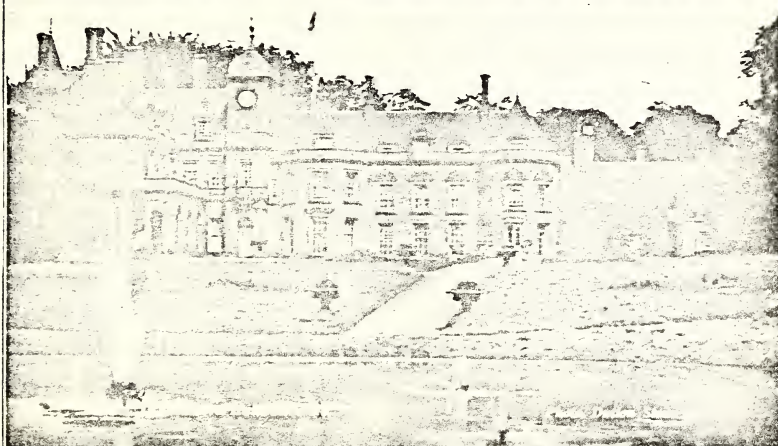
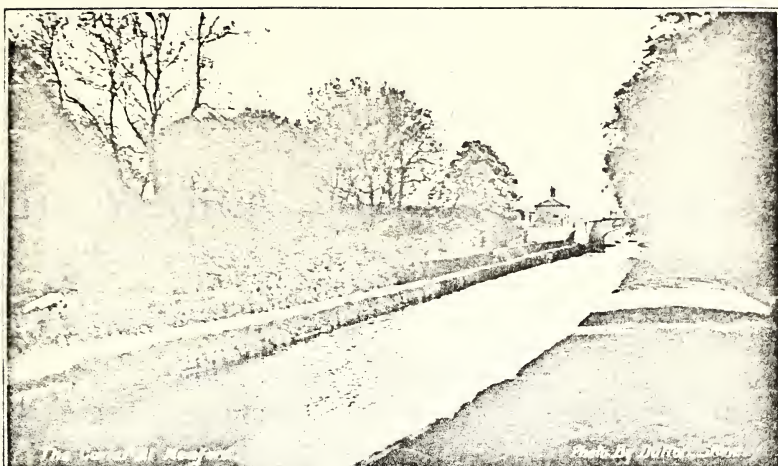
and with them his parents and kindred. The removal of *one* “grand, noble old oak tree” which he first saw on a visit but few years before in the then new place of sepulture, he would have considered a smaller matter as compared with the removal of nearly every tree (one four feet in diameter) and the temporary removal of many ancient gravestones in our oldest burial ground. It is now a little over a century since Medford's second burial place was opened and this early one less used. The large poplar tree probably grew during less than that time, but doubtless exceeded in size the slower grown oak that Mr. Swan felt it was vandalism to remove.

To some residents of today the sight of our ancient burial ground during the recent “improvement” came with a shock. Remembering the ice storm of last December and its resultant damage, such can only console themselves with the thought that perhaps the present committee have acted wisely, and refrain from the epithet used by Mr. Swan, and quote again from the immortal elegy —

“Yet even these bones from insult to protect,  
Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.”

Remembering that in some time long past the highways have been crowded upon this ground so that the daily pedestrian travel of Salem street is over *sixteen* tombs and that of River street over *twelve* more, it is to be hoped that no further “improvement” of the kind is to be permitted.







# The Medford Historical Register.

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## FROM MEDFORD OVERSEA

**W**e are presenting in this issue an extract from the diary of Medford's first historian, which deals with the naming of Medford in more detail than is given in the printed records of the Massachusetts Historical Society, where he made the statement. The REGISTER has before alluded to this subject in Vol. XXII, p. 21.

With the hope that something more might be learned, the editor addressed (December 25, 1920) a letter to the "Mayor of Meaford, Staffordshire, England," and somewhat later another to "Staffordshire County Council." Reply to the *latter* appeared in Vol. XXIV, p. 71. Accompanying the letter of the Council's clerk were the three excellent views shown in our *present* illustration. Soon after its publication we received a reply to our *earlier* letter, which we present for careful reading: —

20 KINGS AVENUE, STONE,  
STAFFORDSHIRE.  
Feb. 26, 1922.

DEAR MR. MANN,

On Christmas Day, 1920, you wrote to the chairman of the Urban District Council of Stone (there is no mayor as the town has never received a charter) asking for information about the hamlet of Meaford near Stone which you thought was the origin of your town name of Medford.

Mr. Davis, the chairman, handed on your letter to me.

I have made extensive inquiries about the Matthew Craddock who (your brochure says) founded the Colony of Medford in 1628. There were two Matthew Craddocks living at the same time, Members of Parliament. They were first cousins; one was Member of Parliament for Stafford, the other for London. It was the London



M. P. who undoubtedly founded the colony in Massachusetts. There is so far no difficulty. But the real difficulty is that no possible connection can be traced between the Craddocks and the seat of Meaford at the time the colony was founded, nor indeed until a hundred years later. I have not seen the birth of this Matthew Craddock (he died in 1641, just before the beginning of the Civil War) but if he called his colony on the Mistick River "Metford" I do not think he could have called it after his country seat in Staffordshire for the simple reason that the Craddocks there cannot be proved to have been associated with Meaford at all. *Perhaps* they were, but most Staffordshire historians think not. Perhaps Matthew Craddock was a friend of the man who lived at Meaford—he himself lived at Caverswall about ten miles off and he named his colony after his friend's estate.

But the name Meaford is such a common one that it is difficult to say which Medford, England, M. C. named his colony after.

In the English Colonial Papers, there are copies of letters about the founding of his colony, but no name is given to the colony. He was a bigoted Roundhead and a stiff-necked antagonist of Charles I; he had the true spirit of many of the "Pilgrim Fathers," I should think.

I admire him for opposing Charles I. I enclose you letters from the proprietors at Meaford now, the lineal descendants of Matthew Craddock.

The connection with Meaford before 1735 can not be proved. Perhaps you could give me some more information on that subject. With very kind regards,

Ever yours,

MARK HUGHES, B. A.

(Author of the "Story of Staffordshire" "Tales and Legends of the Midland Counties," etc.)

It thus appears that our inquiries have created interest among "Staffordshire historians," and their search reveals the fact of there being *two* (contemporary) Matthew Craddocks, *both* Members of Parliament. Our thanks are certainly due to them and to the present proprietor of Meaford (whose letters to Historian Hughes follow), who carefully copied the inscription in Caverswall church.

Feb. 10th.

DEAR MR. HUGHES—

Since I saw you the other night I have been hunting up the Craddocks. I find as I thought that they are related to us through



the *Parkers* . . not the *Jervis*'s. I find that on Nov. 28th, 1735, John Hawe of Walsall married Mary Cradock. They had a daughter Mary who married in 1764, Thomas Hawe Parker of Park Hall. This Thomas Parker left his Park Hall estate to *his nephew*, my *grandfather* the Hon<sup>ble</sup> E. S. Parker Jervis, and it now belongs to my brother. We also still own the old property of the Hawes Solihull near Warwick. I have found a curious old sampler worked by this Mary Cradock in 1722, and we have a beautiful portrait of their daughter Mary, painted by one Saunders. I also find in Erdeswick that Matthew Cradock purchased Carswall or Caverswall Castle from Lord Huntingdon some time previous to 1655, so I think it probable that the Cradocks at Caverswall and the Parkers at Park Hall were near neighbors and friends.

I cannot find any connection with *Meaford* nearer than this. Will you please tell me what you found at the Will<sup>m</sup> Salt library and if your information at all tallies with mine, and in the meantime I will look round for more "relics." It is all so very interesting.

Yours sincerely,

E. M. PARKER JERVIS.

DEAR MR. HUGHES—

I send you today a Copy of an inscription on a *Cradock tomb* at Caverswall. Also a Copy of the *Sampler* worked by *Mary Cradock*. Also the *Pedigree* as I make it out to be. All these things will I think interest your correspondent in America. *But* all these things do not explain to me why they called their town Metford in or about 1630, when their connection with this place and family did not date till 1735, a hundred years later. I cannot yet trace any connection at so early a date.

Yours sincerely,

E. M. PARKER JERVIS.

P.S. I notice that this George Cradock married a *Saunders*, and our picture here a hundred years later is also painted by a Saunders, which is curious.

Feb. 19th.

DEAR MR. HUGHES.

I believe I may have solved the difficulty about "Medford." I had an idea that we must look for the *former* owners of this property and I knew that "the Jervis" bought it from an old family of the name of *Short* about the beginning of Charles II reign." Yesterday I went to the William Salt Library to hunt up the Shorts, and after a terrible long hunt we found that a family of the name of *Short* lived at Ashley, also a Cradock lived there in the Commonwealth.



*"Thomas Short of Ashley had a son Edward, who married Miss Cradock, dau. of ——— Cradock of Hungersheath. [Hungersheath is a bit of waste land adjacent to Ashley. I think the name has died out of present day maps.] They had a son Edward Short of Mayford in 1663."*

This I think proves the connection between the *Shorts of Meaford* and the *Cradocks*. We must have bought Mayford from this Edward Short soon after 1663. There are Short monuments at Lichfield.

Yours Sincerely,

E. M. Parker Jervis.

Evidently there is yet much to learn about the "father of our Medford," but it would appear from the third (Jervis) letter that the "difficulties" referred to by Historian Hughes are, in a measure, cleared up.

What may yet be learned we leave to future issues of the REGISTER, and present the following:—

#### COPY OF INSCRIPTION AT CAVERSWALL CHURCH

"George Cradock Esqre

(for his great Providence in the Common laws well worthy named Beau Clarke of ye Assizes for this Circuit) did take to wife ye most amiable & most loving Dorothy ye daughter of John Saunders Doctor of Physicke by whom he had a Pair Royal of incomparable Daughters—to wit

Dorothy, Elizabeth and Mary

It is easier to guesse that he lived in a splendid Degree if I shall but recount to you that

Sir Thos. Slingsly Bt.

The Rt. Hon. Robt Lord Cholmondely

Sir John Bridgeman

} married { Dorothy  
Elizabeth  
Mary

But! but! to our grief George Cradock is assaulted by death in ye meridian of his age not far off from his Castle of Caverswall (lately built even to beauty) by Matthew Cradock Esqre who was interred in this place. And dying of small pox ye 16th of April 1643 betooke himself to the private mansion of this Tombe erected for him at the cost of Dorothy his obsequious wife, where he now rests under the Protection of an Esoine until he be summoned to appear at the last great and general Assizes.

COPY OF OLD SAMPLER WORKED BY MARY CRADOCK

(now framed at Meaford)

[Alphabet is here worked twice in capitals and small letters]



"O all ye nations of the world praise ye the Lord alwayes — and all ye people everywhere set forth his noble praise: For great his kindness is to us. His truth does not decay. Wherefore praise ye the Lord our God. Praise ye the Lord alway."

Mary Cradock her work made in the year of our Lord 1722.

### WHY MEDFORD?

Resulting from a search for other matters, Mr. John Albree writes us: —

"Incidentally I came across a reference to the meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, of which I copied the record and enclose it herein. His theory seems plausible at least, and is new to me. It may be that it has sufficient novelty for the REGISTER."

[*From proceedings of Massachusetts Historical Society, Meeting of July, 1858.*]

"Mr. Brooks offered some remarks on the origin of the name of the town of Medford, tracing it through the Cradock family—the original owners of the plantation on the Mystic river—to the manor of Metford in Staffordshire in England, also owned by the same family.

"The change from Metford to Medford, Mr. Brooks said, could not be explained. The name was written in different ways in the town records, but, since 1715, was invariably spelt as at present time."

#### EXTRACT FROM DIARY OF REV. CHARLES BROOKS, MEDFORD

July 15th, 1858. Today I met with the Mass. Hist. Soc'y and gave an account of the origin of the name of Medford. Perhaps it will not be misplaced, if recorded here. For substance I stated as follows: —

After three years search in England I have received some facts from Mr. Somerby, which together with some in my possession, seem to settle the question.

Mathew Cradock, first Governor of the "Massachusetts Bay in New England," owned several separate parcels of land in Staffordshire, England. On one of these he used to reside for a few weeks in summer. He called it his "Manor of Metford." This name seems to have given place to that of "Mayford," now used to designate that locality.



Of the four ships, which came with Governor Winthrop in 1630, two, the *Ambrose* and *Jewel*, were owned by Governor Cradock. His farmers, shipwrights and fishermen came in them, and some of these men doubtless from his "Manor of Metford". When a name was needed for their new home on the banks of the Mystic, how natural it was to propose that of "Metford"; thus giving them something of home familiarity in the wilderness, besides being a graceful tribute to the Governor, their employer and friend.

That the name thus proposed was adopted, is proved from the fact that the large grant of land, made to Governor Cradock by the General Court, March 4, 1634, was called by the Cradock family "Our Manor of Metford in *New England*", thus being in contradistinction to the "Manor of Metford" in *Staffordshire*.

That the laborers, sent by Governor Cradock, should not have known exactly how to spell the name they had brought with them and had given to their American home is not strange; and as there were very few occasions for writing it the true orthography was left, as in several other cases, to chance. That chance, or something worse, had much to do in this matter, is proved by the fact that uniformity in spelling the name did not obtain till 1715, eighty-five years after the first settlement!

In the early records it was variously spelled and probably according to the different methods of pronouncing the name. The early leasing and sale of these lands confirm the above suppositions.

March 1, 1644 (the year in which Governor Cradock died) his widow rents half of her "Manor in Metford in New England" to Edward Collins; thus indicating a distinction between the two "Manors".

June 2, 1652, after the death of the widow, the heirs of Governor Cradock give a quitclaim deed of said land to Ed. Collins; and in that instrument it is called "Meadford in New England"; thus indicating a variation of the name from "Metford" in Staffordshire. The Cradock family adopt the American orthography, because their "deed" was to take effect and be recorded here.

Both of these facts thus mutually confirm the supposition that it was first called "Metford" by Governor Cradock's men, after "Metford" in Staffordshire, but suffered orthographical manglings in its Americanization.

\* Why it came to assume its present form I cannot discover. It is spelled in three different ways in the town records up to 1715, after which date it is uniformly written "Medford".



## THE HISTORIAN'S HOME COMING

The illustration in our last issue (The Historian's Home) has been subject of some favorable comment, and was especially welcome to a non-resident member, who in her childhood days lived near by and remembers it and its occupants well. But there arises a question of accuracy of statement that there the history of Medford (published in 1855) was written, as witness the reply of Mr. John Albree to our later inquiry.

You asked me when Mr. Brooks moved to Medford for good. As I was looking this up with other things, I found the exact date, March 3, 1856. He, with his wife, had been living for some time at the Larkin's, 21 Somerset street, Boston, and had become tired of that kind of existence. His sister Elizabeth had died the preceding November, and Miss Lucy Ann was at the old house almost alone. Mr. Brooks' daughter apparently spent much time there, however. So the arrangement was made that Mr. and Mrs. Brooks move into the old home, "to go no more out." Mr. Alfred Brooks, his brother, made this his headquarters, though he was somewhat of a traveller.

Mr. Usher in his brief memoir is silent regarding Mr. Brooks' return to his native home on retiring from active life. For six years prior to 1853 Mr. Brooks' name appears in the *Boston Directory* as of 12 Bedford street, in '53 at 111 Washington street; in '54 and '55 at 21 Bromfield street, (in the three latter years) "house at Medford." After '55 his name does not appear therein, and it seems probable that the addresses of '53-'54-'55 were those of his office there. But whether resident or not, he was certainly present (by his own testimony) at the old home on that fateful day of the tornado of August, 1851. He was requested by the citizens to gather facts relating thereto, which he did, and published a little later. He was in his sixty-first year when he came back to the old home "to go no more out." His had been an eventful and busy life. He had just completed his history of his native town, a work of considerable magnitude. Prior to 1840, local or town histories in New England were but few (only



about thirty-five) and these were rarely more than sixty pages. Mr. Brooks' work was of nearly six hundred pages, and doubtless was an incentive to others in the years soon following. He labored under the disadvantage of an utter absence of any local public records whatever prior to 1674, and supposed such to have been made but lost. We of today are strongly inclined to the belief that nothing can be lost which was not possessed. He was an enthusiast in what pertained to his native town, and though such quality sometimes led him in his historical work to claim more for Medford than could be proved, it is still a good quality to have. Medford of today would be better if there was more of the same optimistic spirit in evidence.

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#### AS OTHERS TOLD IT

Over forty years ago a commendable effort was made for the preservation of one of Medford's old houses. People were then under the impression that it dated back to Medford's first settlement and erected at the instance of Matthew Cradock, "Father of our Medford." A very readable article appeared at that time in the *Medford Mercury*, the beginning of which we quote:—

Apropos of the discussion in regard to the saving of the ancient Cradock Mansion, something about the history of its builder and master is highly appropriate. Matthew Cradock was the father of Medford, and it is time that his many children were posted as to his origin and life. But it is a great undertaking to unearth the facts. It takes patient delving among old records, faithful reading of musty manuscripts, tedious correspondence with grouty old Englishmen, and, after that, a good deal of ready imagination to fill up the cracks and crevices, to weave even so incomplete a record as we are able to present here. Presuming, however, that our readers will accept a lunch in view of our inability to give them a dinner, we publish the facts already in our hands. The genealogy of Matthew Cradock has been traced back to 1446, and furthest back is spelled Caradoc.

In 1446 John Cradock married Jane Dorrington. They had a



son John, who had a son Richard, who in turn had a son Thomas, who had a son Thomas, who had a son William, and William Cradock was the father of Matthew Cradock, "Medford's founder and first friend," as the author of Brooks' History reverently expresses it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here we depend upon another source for our information, finding that our Cradock inherited property and built a new house at Caverswall, Staffordshire. One or two miles from Stone, Staffordshire, and seven from Caverswall is a hamlet spelled Mayford, Mearford and

#### FORMERLY METFORD

Being so near to Metford it is possible that he had an estate there, and that there the name of this town originated. The deeds of Cradock's wife and daughter relate to lands in Medford, Massachusetts, and the property is described as "in our manor in Metford in New England." Sir William de Caverswall built a castle at Caverswall in 1275. It fell into a ruinous condition, and according to some authorities, was rebuilt in 1643 by Matthew Cradock—others say by William Cradock. It is of unpretending character, with a massive tower, in imitation of a medieval castle, with a moat wall, buttresses and turrets. This is on the tomb of William de Caverswall:

Will of Carswall, here lye I,  
That built this castle and pooles hereby.

Underneath it has been written:

William of Carswell, here thou mayst lye,  
But thy castle is down and thy pooles are drye.

Who the author of the *Mercury* article of August, 6, '81, was, it is now impossible to ascertain, nor yet the "another source" from which he drew his information. Perhaps it may have been the "ready imagination" there confessed. But it is evident that various writers have all along confused the Matthew Cradock, the original proprietor of Medford, Massachusetts, M. P. from London, with his cousin Matthew Cradock (a contemporary M. P. for Stafford, the "stiff-necked antagonist of Charles I.") of Caverswall. It will be noted (on p. 43) that our correspondent says "the name Meaford is such a common one," which indicates that though some other Meaford or Metford may have been in the governor's mind, yet he may have "named his colony after his friend's estate."



We had arranged for the presentation of the three views of Medford in this issue of the REGISTER (see also Vol. XXIV, No. 4) as illustrative of Medford, England, from which Medford, Massachusetts, got its name. If later search proves otherwise, we will be consoled in having made the effort, and are pleased to present these pleasing views of scenes in Old England.

We are also pleased to present the interesting letters of Historian Hughes and of the present lineal descendant of another Matthew Cradock, owner of Medford Hall. It is apparent that *they* are not "grouty old Englishmen," but find "It is all so very interesting."

### MEDFORD SHIP BUILDING NOTES

The Brooks History of Medford gave a (presumably) complete list of five hundred and thirteen Medford-built vessels, including the year 1854. Mr. Usher in his later work (1886) gave the names of twenty-four builders of five hundred and sixty-four vessels of all styles, but gave no names of owners, style or tonnage.

*Prior*, however, to his publication there appeared in the *Mercury* of April 1, 1882, the following, which is also presumably correct, though it lacks the owners' names.

Built by James O. Curtis: —

1855	Barque	Young Greek	500 tons
"	Ship	Conquest	1100 "
1856	"	Silver Star	1200 "
"	"	Flying Mist	1200 "
"	"	Bold Hunter	900 "
"	Barque	Young Turk	350 "
1857	Ship	Bunker Hill	1000 "
"	Barque	Lizzie	500 "
"	"	Wild Gazelle	480 "
1858	Ship	Nautilus	550 "
"	Barque	Curib	212 "
"	Ship	Industry	1080 "
1859	Barque	Mary Edson	368 "



1859	Steamship	Cambridge	900 tons
1860	Barque	Rebecca Goddard	475 "
"	Ship	Mermaid	500 "
"	Steamer	Young Rover	417 "
1861	Ship	Cutwater	850 "
1862	"	Somersetshire	1035 "
"	Barque	Pearl	500 "
"	Steamship	D. C. Molay	1300 "
1863	Ship	Nesutan	826 "
1864	Steamship	Fall River	932 "
1865	Ship	Horatio Harris	1100 "
1866	Brig	Nelly Hastings	550 "
1867	Barque	John Worster	600 "
1868	Ship	Springfield	1000 "
1869	"	Cashmere	900 "

## Built by Joshua T. Foster: —

1855	Ship	Pleiades	600 tons
"	"	Luecothea	950 "
1856	"	Addie Snow	1000 "
"	"	Hesperus	1020 "
1858	"	Templar	800 "
1859	"	Mogule	800 "
1860	"	Matilda	875 "
"	"	Punjaub	760 "
"	Barque	Mogul	500 "
1861	Ship	Quisnell	1012 "
1862	"	Agra	875 "
"	"	Tangore	916 "
1863	"	Nepaul	925 "
"	"	Cosamundal	600 "
"	"	Eastern Belle	1030 "
1867	"	Mistic Belle	755 "
1868	"	Don Quixote	1174 "
1869	"	J. T. Foster	1207 "
1873	"	Pilgrim	650 "

## Built by Hayden &amp; Cudworth: —

1855	Barque	Zephyr	40 tons
"	Ship	Rival	
"	"	Electric Spark	1200 "
"	"	Goddess	280 "
"	"	Thatcher Magoun	1200 "
"	"	Goodspeed	280 "
"	Barque	Captain Paine	512 "
1866	Ship	Henry Hastings	



Enumerated in the earlier list of five hundred and thirteen was one not named and "not sold." Adding the fifty-five above listed gives a total of five hundred and sixty-eight, or four more than the total given by Usher (page 427). The queries arise, what was the name given the one "not sold," built by Captain Foster? Assuming the Usher totals correct, what the names of those four, and who the owners?

From the names given we might infer that some were built for the East India trade.

The "half models" of six are preserved in the Historical building. One of these is that of the *Avon*, built in the short time of twenty-six days—a privateer in 1815. Another reminder of the vanished industry is the rigged model of the "*Syren*" (see REGISTER, Vol. XXII, p. 76) and a photograph of the same lying at wharf. Besides these we have the framed photo of the "*Ellen Brooks*," and a faded photo of the steamship "*Cambridge*," of the above list. The last ship built in Medford was by Captain Foster in 1873, and Mr. Woolley's excellent water-color is also framed and hangs in the society's assembly hall, and the artist's story of the launching and brief history of the "*Pilgrim*" in Vol. XVI, p. 71, of the REGISTER. Also in Vol. XXI, No. 1, may be found the view of the wreck, and story of the "*Living Age*." Further than these there is little to tell us of Medford's once famous industry.

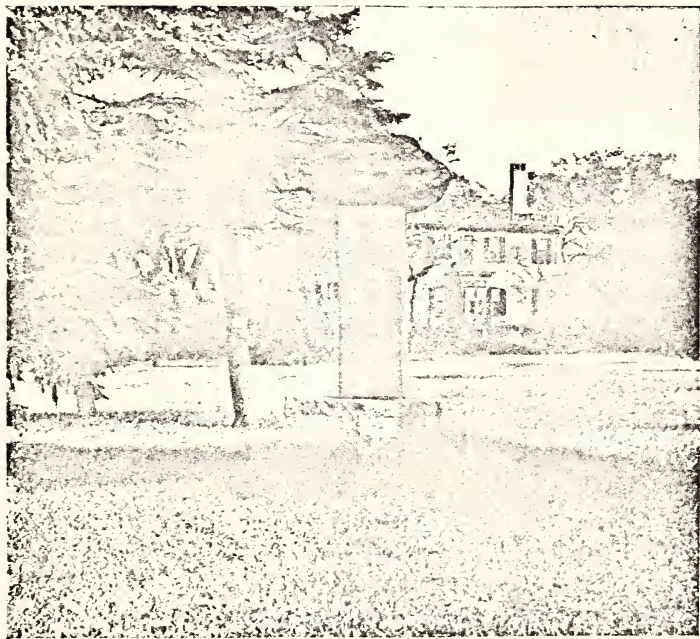
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#### THE MEDFORD INDIAN MONUMENT

On page 60, Vol. XXIV, the REGISTER had a "Tercentenary Note" alluding to the first recorded visit of white men to what became Medford.

They were Captain Myles Standish and eight of the Plymouth pilgrims. The present writing is of one of the places they visited, upon which in more recent years a monument was erected, which has been desecrated and seems in danger of ultimate destruction.





INDIAN MONUMENT AT WEST MEDFORD



In 1659, one Thomas Brooks of Concord, with his son-in-law, Timothy Wheeler, purchased of Edward Collins four hundred acres of land, being the western end of the Cradock farm, bordered by Mystic river and ponds. Thomas Brooks never came to live on his purchase but his sons did, and theirs also in later years, and some do still.

A road from Cambridge to Woburn lay through this tract, and another to the "weare" or fishing place became in time the continuation of High street. On this four hundred acres there was at least one dwelling, to which one of the sons came in 1679, which housed several generations for just a century, when his grandson had it torn down. Twenty years more, and the old waterway, the Middlesex canal, was cut through its site across the highway and through the farm then in possession of Peter Chardon Brooks. He began in 1802 to erect back from the old way, fittingly called Grove street, a mansion house befitting his means — he was the merchant prince of New England. It took four years for its completion, and meanwhile the canal was finished and in operation, thus dividing his farm into two parts, the farm buildings on one and the new and stately dwelling on the other.

The canal proprietors were obliged to build and maintain an "accommodation" bridge in such cases, which they did. After some twenty years, Mr. Brooks replaced their plain wooden bridge with one of dressed stone, a beautiful elliptic arch of Chelmsford granite, which was in keeping with his well-kept grounds that were a place of beauty. Through these passed the leisurely travel and traffic of a century ago, when people had not the feverish haste of the locomotive engine.

In 1852 the canal ceased operation. Its location was either purchased by or reverted to the former owners, and in some places it was obliterated. But Mr. Edward Brooks was in no hurry to remove the graceful arch. Perhaps he respected the wish of his kinsman, the his-



torian, who in 1855 wrote: "we truly hope that this picturesque object may be allowed to remain *in memoriam*, —a gravestone to mark where the highway of the waters lies buried." He was succeeded by his son Francis as owner in 1878.

The Medford historian (Rev. Charles Brooks) also wrote that "no Indian necropolis has as yet been discovered, though one probably exists on the borders of our pond." He doubtless made this assertion because of the record of Standish's visit, but before his passing away one was discovered.

An account of this is given on page 98 of the Usher history. At that time (1862) "five skeletons were found beneath the lawn in the rear of the house of the late Edward Brooks. One was in perfect condition, lying on its side with the arms and legs drawn up, the head to the west and the face to the north." This was sent to the Agassiz Museum at Cambridge and given a "place of honor" there. In 1882 another discovery was made as seen by the following from *Mercury*, September 2.

L. W. Conant while digging a cellar on the Brooks place recently came across the skeletons of several Indians. They were placed mostly in a sitting posture, after the old Indian mode of burial.

Mr. Lucien Conant was the superintendent of the Brooks estate and lived in the farm house on High street, and near the granite arch, and the cellar referred to was probably that of a new barn close by.

Soon after this last discovery, Mr. Francis Brooks caused to be erected on the lawn where the earlier discovery was made the monument shown in our illustration. It consisted of three pieces: the base, a block of split (Concord) granite thirty-nine inches square and eighteen inches high; the shaft, of dark Medford granite twenty inches square and fifty-eight inches high, set diagonally upon the base, and surmounted with a rough and irregular-shaped block of conglomerate. In the west face of the base is a dressed panel with the words,



"Site of Indian Burial Place." A similar panel in the east has the dedication, "To Sagamore John and those Mystic Indians whose bones lie here." On the north and south (respectively) are the dates 1630 and 1884.

Thus did Mr. Francis Brooks, as possessor of the soil wherein was this "Indian necropolis," reverently and honorably reinter the remains of those of a vanished race who possessed the land three centuries before. It was a commendable act, noticed at various times in public print, and views of this monument are extant, among them our illustration. The location was on the northern side of the canal's course, and the mansion house alluded to is seen in the background.

After the death of Mr. Francis Brooks, this house was in the occupancy of various tenants until in May, 1909, his estate, comprising over fifty acres, passed into the hands of a real estate trust, which proceeded to lay out streets and house lots or building sites. The *Mercury* of May 28 and June 4 contains accounts of the sale and of efforts to save the bridge and monument from destruction.

In his address of January 3, 1910, Mayor Brewer alluded to the bridge, saying, "It is about the only substantial relic of the old Middlesex Canal in Medford, and I have been endeavoring to secure it for the city, together with a small oval of land, in order that the ancient structure may be preserved"; and of the other, "I wish to obtain the monument also for the city and to place it on the small oval, in front of the canal bridge, but up to the present have not succeeded in persuading the owners of the land that the city engineer's plan is the proper one."

It would appear that all later efforts failed, as in August, 1911, the beautiful structure, which might have continued a thing of beauty to attract the attention of visitors as it had in the many years ago, was torn down and used as common building stone in cellar walls. Had the mayor's plan succeeded, it might have been a



valuable asset to the locality and maintained by the park department.

But what of the Indian monument? After a time it was moved by the new owners to the acute apex of a triangular lot on the new Sagamore avenue. Mention was later made of this in the local papers; also in a Boston daily (September 14, 1911) may be found a similar detailed account of a decaying box moved to another burial plot beneath a maple tree. In 1921 the maple tree having died, this "burial plot" was cut into, to make a second connection of the newer street with Sagamore avenue. This left the monument on an unsightly mound of earth from which the foundation stones (said to be a vault) protrude. Its condition then was not one to inspire the visitors who came from other places with much respect for such as caused it. But this is not all. On the evening of October 31, last, the monument was overturned by the disorderly element that thus celebrate Hallowe'en, and now, well toward a year later remains in the same disgraceful condition.

Along Sagamore avenue are the new dwellings erected in recent years, occupied by people whose good taste and sense of "the fitness of things" must be offended by the existing condition.

It may be that because the monument and its site is not public property that the commendable act of Mr. Brooks in its erection is thus made void.

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### MEDFORD IN 1837

The year 1837 was in many ways a notable one in Medford's history. Medford had then about twenty-two hundred inhabitants, its ship-building was increasing (thirteen being built that year) and its roads were alive with ox-teams hauling in the requisite ship timber. The Lowell railroad had been in operation but two years, but in that time had sounded the knell of the canal



which had but reached its high tide of success in the years just preceding.

The long controversy with the First Parish concerning the town's rights in the meeting house had been settled — adversely to the town — the result of two centuries' union of church and state. During the years of controversy, the town had erected a town-house at a cost (including land) of \$10,062, that was destined to serve town and city for eighty years.

In this new building convened the March meeting of 1837 (on the sixth). Two days before, in Washington, Martin Van Buren was inaugurated eighth president of the United States. Though during the previous eight years' administration of Andrew Jackson the national debt had been discharged and surplus distributed, 1837 was a year of widespread financial panic. But it speaks well for Medford's citizens and administrators of that time that it was an era of *publicity*, and that six town meetings (by warrant or adjournment) prior to that of November were held in that *new* town hall. At the first meeting for town business the former town clerk, William D. Fitch, moved and it was *voted*:

1st That it shall be the duty of the committee for auditing the Treasurer's accounts to furnish a true statement of the expenses of the town the past year up to the 20th day of March 1837, together with the outstanding notes with interest against the town and make report thereof at the adjournment of this meeting

2nd Also to prepare a statement of the receipts and expenditures of the town the past year, have the same arranged under distinct heads, and as particular as may be, and cause copies thereof to be printed for the use of the inhabitants at the expense of the town.

3d Also the said committee to make an estimate of the probable necessary expenses of the town, and what money ought to be raised by taxation the current year and make report

Also *Resolved* That it shall be the duty of a committee to be chosen at the *November* meeting to make the above statement *annually* up to the 15th of Feb. and cause copies of the same to be printed at the expense of the town, for the use of every voter and distributed with the warrant for March meeting, and also cause the same to be posted up in public places in the town.



*Voted* That the aforesaid committee for auditing the Treasurer's accounts and attending to the foregoing resolves be paid for their services the same as allowed the assessors for the time employed in said services.

That year the compensation of the town clerk was raised to \$50, the selectmen were allowed \$25 and the overseers of the poor \$30. The assessors were paid \$1.75 per day. The highwaymen, *i.e.*, "man and horse each" on the roads, "nine shillings per day"—"horse and cart the same" until July 1—after that, \$1.25 per day.

As a matter of interest we present a summary of that first printed report:—

RECEIPTS		EXPENDITURES	
Bal. in treasury Feb 15, '38	\$1419.58	Schools	\$5764.28
Lowell Institution for Savings	4000.00	Poor	2082.92
Taxes	7938.31	Notes payable and int.	3331.79
School. Com. damage to Schoolhouse collected	10.75	Highways and Bridges	780.27
Nathan Adams for removal of house	10.12	Fire Dept.	324.62
Sale of Fishing rights	96.00	Law Suits	534.06
Stone posts from Charlestown	8.25	Salaries & Fees	609.95
State Treas. for State paupers	111.94	Miscellaneous	524.89
" " " School Fund	64.03	Bal. in treasury	231.07
" " " Military	15.00		
Jonas Coburn rent of store	332.37		
S. S. Green " " "	127.50		
Reading Room Assn.	50.00		
	<u>\$14,183.85</u>		<u>\$14,183.85</u>
		Probable out-standing	\$1,183.

One item in "Miscellaneous" is "Charles Caldwell.—platform and rail in front of desk, 17.50." A few of our older citizens will recall this furnishing of the old town hall that did duty until Medford became a city (perhaps longer), the elevated aisle through which the voters passed before the selectmen in voting by ballot.

Another: "Zephaniah Stetson—new hearse \$180.00"



and "Andrew Blanchard—covering for same 3.78," this last a sort of cloth bag, placed over and about the hearse in its house at Cross street cemetery to protect it from dust in the intervals between its use. It did it so well that the hearse *appreciated* in value, being listed at \$400 in later years.

Certainly that old first printed "Town Report" is interesting reading and furnishes "food for thought" as we compare it with those of recent years.

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### THE BOWER

Among our recent accessions is the poem here presented, written with pencil in an elegant hand. It bears no date but is signed "Lincoln Swan." There were two of the name—cousins. Their grandfather, Samuel Swan, Jr., who lived at "Furness' corner" named one of his sons for his old Revolutionary commander, Benjamin Lincoln. There were six of them and a daughter, but none other had middle names. He abbreviated them all, saying:

There are Sam, Dan—— Jo, Han—— Lin, Tim, Ca.

Sam (uel) and Lin (coln) each had an eldest son, Benjamin Lincoln. One of these must have been the author of the poem, and along with our Mr. Hooper one of the schoolboys he tells of in his writing of the "bower" on p. 13, Vol. XXII, of the REGISTER. We incline to the thought that he was son of the Benjamin Lincoln Swan who moved to New York.

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### LINES ON REVISITING A FAVORITE SPOT

CALLED THE BOWER, IN THE WOODS OF MEDFORD, AFTER  
SEVERAL YEARS' ABSENCE

Beautiful Bower! my long-loved spot,  
In boyhood's sunny days,  
Happy and rare has been thy lot,  
For finger of change has marr'd thee not,  
Or spirit of cold decay.



Touchingly true thy features look  
To memory's glistening eye;  
It knoweth them all — the shady nook —  
The dark grey rock and the little brook  
So merrily whirling by.

The sinuous path with leaves bestrew'd,  
The bank with moss o'ergrown,  
The sunless gloom of the hemlock wood  
And that old sycamore tree that stood  
Just down by the stream alone.

The leafless oak by the hillock's brink,  
That scath'd and splintering thing,  
With a mark on its trunk like a line of ink,  
And last, not least (as we used to think)  
The limb that upheld our swing.

And here's the old stump of a hollow tree,  
With squirrels in it still,  
And here again as it used to be,  
A woodchuck burrowing his gallery  
At the foot of yonder hill.

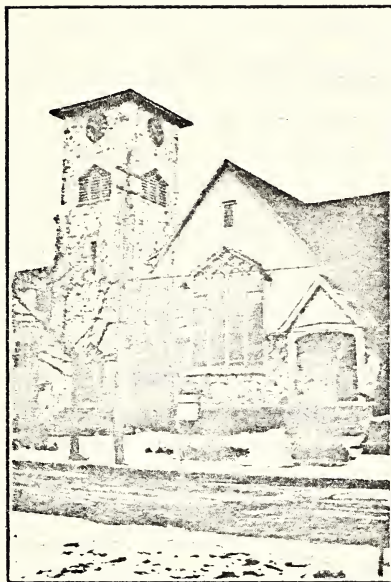
And again I hear in the forest's hush,  
The chewink's plaintive cry,  
And hear as of old, a mocking-thrush,  
Perch'd over his nest in yonder bush,  
Whistling melodiously.

How strangely like! and Memory's light  
Plays softly o'er the scene.  
The visions of youth come fresh to sight  
As if they were but yesternight,  
Though years have rolled between.

Yet mournfully has my spirit mov'd  
Among these scenes today.  
They are unchanged: but those who rov'd  
Beside me once, those forms beloved,  
I see not — where are they?

—*Lincoln Swan.*





FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.  
OTIS STREET.

Dedicated March 10, 1907.

Church organized, 1822. First building, 1828.

Second House of Worship, 1845.

Third edifice erected 1872. Burned August 19, 1905.



# The Medford Historical Register.

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VOL. XXV.

DECEMBER, 1922.

No. 4.

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## MEDFORD CHURCH ANNIVERSARIES.

The year 1922 has been a notable one for Medford church anniversaries. Four have been observed, marking the lapse of a century, and its fractions of half and three quarters. As incidental to, and part of Medford history, the REGISTER makes note of them.

The first in order was that of the First Methodist Episcopal, whose beginning was on July 28, 1822. Summer vacations were not in vogue a century ago, and so many other changes have come in the years that it is well to consider for a little what the Medford of that day was, and why the event celebrated took place. As to amount, Medford was practically the same area as today, though since reduced at one side and increased on another. As to population, fifteen hundred. Five country roads radiated from the "market place," or business center, now called the "square," and these had but few branches. Three distilleries were in operation, and ship-building was on the increase. The civic center was the meeting-house up High street. There the sovereign people gathered in town meeting. James Monroe was President, for the American republic was still young. Dr. John Brooks of Medford had been for several years Governor of Massachusetts, and lived just out of the market place. The public conveyances were the stage coach and the slow-moving canal boat, for the railroad was thirteen years in the future. The sewing machine the daguerreotype, gas, kerosene lamps and electric telegraph were all unheard of. Public schools were of the



most primitive type and public worship was at the management and expense of the town, which levied a special rate or tax to pay the minister, who was settled for life.

Into such Medford came the organization of a *second* church, in 1822, on lines of religious thought held by a few residents fifty years before, which years were the last of colony times. But they were a minority, though they had the courage of their convictions and dared express them. Outnumbered and outvoted, they gracefully yielded to their associates and gave the newly called pastor their loyal support.

Then came the Revolution, which like all wars, had its debasing effects, however much patriotism may be commended. The "state religion" of New England was of the Congregational order of Pilgrim and Puritan. In the reconstruction that followed the Revolution came the rallying of other religious forces and effort in the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1789 and the Protestant Episcopal in 1794. Both were essentially American and early pledged their allegiance and support to the administration of Washington.

Neither were any too gladly welcomed in Massachusetts by the "standing order," where the state religion was intrenched behind a tax levy on one's estate and "faculty." Such tax levied, it was a case of pay or go to jail. Thus we may see that it took some courage for any dissenters from the established order to worship in any other form a century ago.

But during the first forty years of the republic, certain changes in the tenets of the *established* order had gradually developed, and in Medford, as in other places, the parting of the way was approaching, as the long pastorate of David Osgood was nearing its close. In Lynn, Boston and the adjoining towns of Malden and Charlestown, "societies," *i.e.* churches, of the new Methodist Episcopal order had been formed. From the latter came one of its number preaching the gospel of full and free salvation, which differed somewhat from the Calvinistic



doctrine of earlier days. The doors of the meeting-house, the place of public assemblage, were not open to him or the doctrines he preached, but in a building down on old Ship street, people gathered to hear Josiah Brackett, a business man, licensed by his church to preach, tell the story of salvation through Christ. The next gathering was in the ball room of the tavern, and one hundred people came — one-fifteenth of the entire population of the town.

Such was the beginning of the *second* church in Medford a century ago, the beginning of a new order which within two years was to be followed by the practical division of the old parish and the end of "state religion," and then again by other branches of the Christian church.

Today the denomination Josiah Brackett pioneered has in Medford five congregations which have grown from that effort, and it was with a feeling of gratitude and commendable pride that the First Methodist Episcopal Church, taking time a little by the forelock, led off in the series of anniversary observances — its centennial beginning with the morning service of Sunday, March 19. Rev. James E. Coons, D.D., Superintendent of Lynn District (of N. E. Conference), in which Medford is, preached the sermon. The text (Heb. xi: 8), "and he went out, not knowing whither he went."

During the weeks that preceded, various repairs had been in progress on the comparatively new church edifice, and this occasion was taken to provide for the liquidation of the balance of incurred expense, and the sufficient sum of \$800 was pledged for its cancellation. In the evening Rev. L. H. Murlin, D.D., president of Boston University, preached to a crowded house. Aside from the features mentioned, this Sabbath's services differed not from those usually held.

According to the printed program, Monday, March 20, was "Historical Night." A pouring rain came in the afternoon and early evening, which doubtless kept many



away. Yet it was a goodly audience that gathered in the auditorium and patiently listened to the roll-call of the present membership of five hundred and seventy-five, and introductory remarks of the pastor, Rev. D. Harold Hickey. The features of the evening were the addresses of Herbert A. Weitz, Esq., and Miss Katherine Saxe. The latter, a "child of the church," spoke of "Some Personalities of First Church," from her own acquaintance with the faithful worthies she told of.

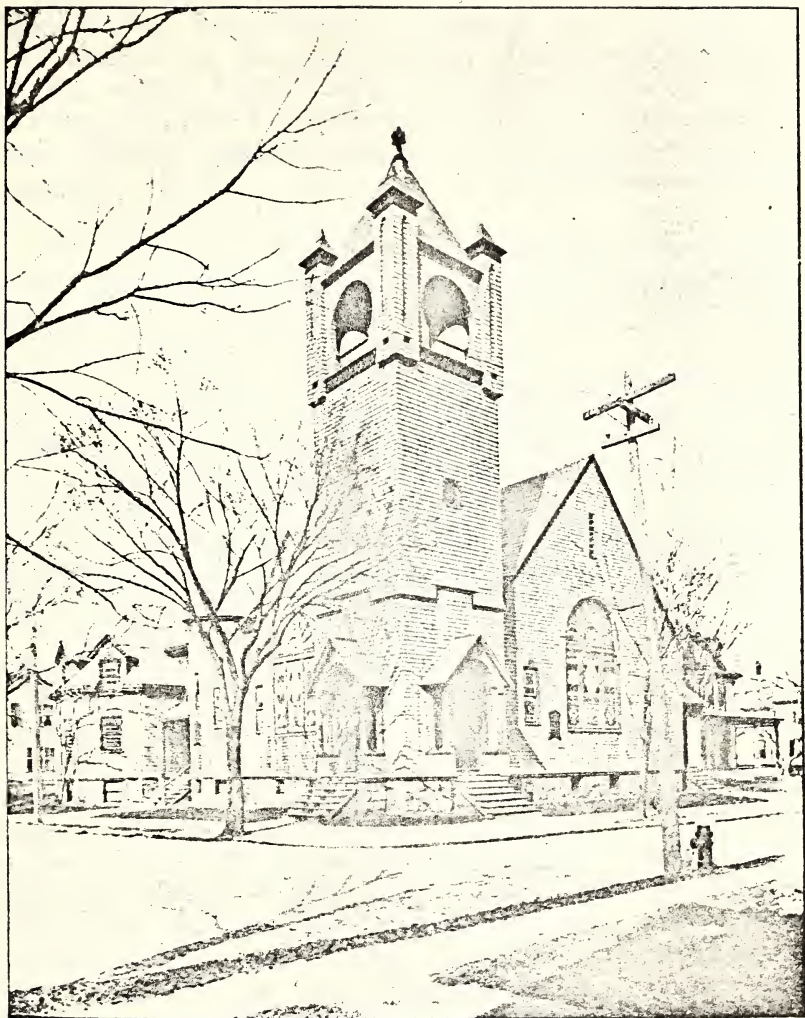
The address of Mr. Weitz is of much historic value to the church and community, the result of careful search and study, and covered all points and the entire history of the church for the century, and even went further back. It should be printed and generally read, as it supplements all previous accounts and brings the church's history down to date.

Tuesday, March 21, was "Former Pastors' Night." Eight of them were present, and with their wives formed a long receiving line. Dr. N. T. Whitaker, whose pastorate was 1869-70-71, was followed by Revs. Watkins, Bragg, Curnick, Chadbourne, Pomeroy, Bridgham and Richardson in the order of their service. A later pastor, (Vandermark) unable to come, was represented by his wife. Their remarks were reminiscent, instructive and encouraging, often facetious, but all in happy vein. From the dim and shadowy past came the congratulatory message of Rev. Edward Stuart Best, pastor in '55-56. It was like a benediction, the letter of "Father Best," now in his ninety-seventh year, the oldest member of the New England Conference.

There was a considerable number of former members of the church that came to this reunion, and the occasion was one of much interest to them, especially in the interchange of reminiscences of the years ago. Probably, of such, not more than three were members fifty years ago, while few of their children can remember with any distinctness the half-century observance.

On Wednesday evening the announcement called for





TRINITY METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.  
CORNER BOWER AND HOLTON STREETS, WEST MEDFORD.

Church organized April 1, 1872.

First House of Worship dedicated November 6, 1875.

Dedication of present edifice March 11, 1896.



a "Union Prayer Meeting of the Methodist Churches of Medford"—"Love Feast, in charge of Dr. C. F. Rice." The chapel was not overcrowded. Prayer was offered by the pastor, hymns sung. Dr. Rice, pastor of the Wellington church, preached a short and excellent sermon and brief remarks were made by local and visiting members. It was a profitable and enjoyable occasion, but not on the old-time lines.

Thursday evening's concert and readings marked the close of the anniversary program, making a way mark in the history of Medford Methodism in marked contrast to its beginning a century ago.

This church now occupies its fourth house of worship. The first three were not widely separated in location. This, however, is near the northeastern border of the city, with no immediate neighboring church, and of late has styled itself "A Community Church."

In 1822 it was an "adventurer," but it soon had its fellows, sometime rivals, but in the lapse of years coming to a better fellowship in common service.

Trinity, the second church of the Methodist Episcopal order in Medford, is in the western part of the city. Though its birthday came on April first, it was a reality, and its history of fifty years one most interesting. In a way, it also was an "adventurer." In the fifty years preceding, the various leading denominations had found place in Medford, their houses of worship all near the square, except that of the Roman Catholic, which, serving both Medford and Malden, was near the town boundary. In those fifty years the population had quadrupled, being in 1870, five thousand, seven hundred and seventeen, with but scant increase in the outlying sections. Its increase began in West Medford in 1870. There, first a Sunday school, and later in '68, a community preaching service was begun, and continued for four years. From this grew two churches. Trinity had suitably remembered its fifteenth, twenty-fifth, thirty-fifth and fortieth birthdays, and naturally looked forward



to the attainment of fifty years with a commendable pride and interest, and five months in advance commenced its preparations, by appointing a general committee from its various departments. One feature specialized was the raising of a "Jubilee Fund" of two thousand dollars to ensure no deficit in current expenses, and to make some needed improvements in the church property.

A monthly paper of sixteen pages called *Trinity Jubilee Chimes*, edited by the pastor, was issued and widely circulated during the last quarter of the "Jubilee year" and the two months following.

The special features of Jubilee week, covering two Sabbaths, were announced in an attractive booklet program and carried out with much enthusiasm.

Sunday, March 26, was an ideal day as to weather conditions and a large expectant company gathered, and the keynote was struck in the processional hymn, "The Year of Jubilee is Come," by the vested choir of Trinity's young people, who crowded their seats and sang, besides the hymns, special selections.

The usual order of morning service, in which the congregation participated with much feeling, was followed by the sermon of the pastor on "The Ministry of Jubilee."

At the noon hour special note of the occasion was taken in the Sabbath School and in the Men's Class by brief addresses of a reminiscent kind.

At six o'clock the young people of the Epworth League had their special service, and at seven came the dedication of the "Jubilee lights." When Trinity's second house was built, electric lighting had not attained its present excellent status and its cost had to be reckoned with. But in the jubilee program it was assured. The evening service began in a dimly lighted room, but at the close of the dedicatory prayer the new lights shone in beauty on the new Bible, the new flags, choir draperies and altar carpets, all blending in worshipful harmony.



At this service was present Rev. John Fletcher Brant, who served as Trinity's pastor in 1875 (it being his first regular appointment as "preacher in charge" in the ministry) whose reminiscent address was both interesting and helpful.

A feature of the evening was the special selections by the choir.

Tuesday was devoted to "Our History." A rainy day was followed by a foggy evening, but Trinity's people assembled in goodly numbers with a good representation of interested friends filling the auditorium. The exercises, under the direction of Chairman Wells C. Warner, opened by the processional in the usual order by the vested choir, and prayer by Pastor Bullock. As the occasion marked (nearly) the twenty-fifth anniversary of the dedication of the present church, it was fitting that the *first* dedication hymn of Medford Methodism be sung. Written by John Newland Maffit in 1828 (for the first house of First M. E. Church on Cross street), it was on this occasion thrown on the screen and sung by choir and people.

After introduction by the chairman (who later, upon call, read from the records of the first two meetings for organization) the historical address was given by Moses Whitcher Mann, an original member, and illustrated by one hundred and seven lantern slides. Dealing briefly with the early history of the ancient town, the introduction of Methodism in 1822, the speaker told of the West Medford of the 'seventies into which Methodism came.

Tracing the history for fifty years, portraits of nearly every pastor and wife were shown. The first official board and many of church workers and members of early years, and the "Ladies' Aid" down to date were shown, and those within present memory continually applauded.

Rev. Charles Tilton, who as pastor led the effort for final freedom from debt, was present, spoke in his usual happy vein, and offered the closing prayer and benediction.



On Wednesday evening came the Jubilee reunion. Three former pastors, Cassidy, in whose time the present church edifice was erected, Tilton and Van Buskirk were present. Each was accorded a hearty greeting and spoke words of cheer and counsel.

Like a wonderful benediction was the presence of Rev. N. T. Whitaker (pastor at Medford in 1870-72), who organized the class-meeting in October, '71, and was present at the formal organization, April 1, '72, and also preached the twenty-fifth anniversary sermon. He has but recently retired from the active pastorate of Saxonville church. In his advanced years of four score he found it a pleasure to attend both Medford and West Medford festivities in memory of his services a half century before and the "grand old man" was listened to with marked attention.

Then followed an impressive scene—the calling the roll of the honored pastors gone before, the entire assembly standing.

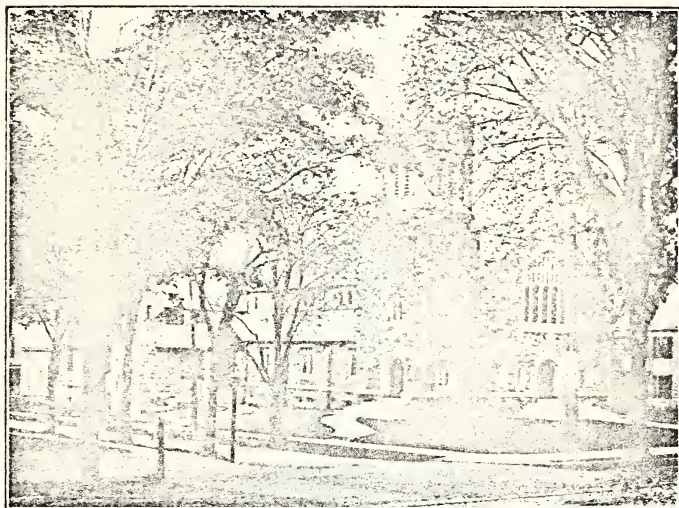
At the name of Jarvis A. Ames (1887-88-89) an extract from one of his pastoral reports was read, which was like a message from an old-time friend.

Letters were read from several former pastors who were unable to attend, and quite a number of former members (now removed) were at this home-coming. But two of the original members still remain. Three of the Ladies' Aid Society of 1873 were present. Music was furnished by an orchestra and refreshments by the young ladies of the Epworth League during the social hour that followed.

Thursday brought the closing snowstorm of the season and occupants for every seat at the banquet tables. The young men were much in evidence, and cheering and victrola selections made jubilee music. The Jubilee menu was done ample justice and the Jubilee address was by Rev. Dr. H. H. Crane of Malden Center church, a wonderfully inspiring one.

On Saturday evening, under winter skies and with





WEST MEDFORD CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

CORNER HIGH AND ALLSTON STREETS.

Dedicated January 8, 1905.

Church organized June 12, 1872.

First House of Worship, corner Harvard Avenue and Bower Street.

Dedicated October 14, 1874.

Destroyed by fire March 4, 1903.



winter travel the real birthday of Trinity Church was noted in the very rooms where the first meeting was held, by a quiet hour of prayer. This was made possible by the kindly courtesy of present owners, Mr. L. W. Bragdon and sisters.

On Sunday, April 2, Rev. James T. Beebe, D.D., preached an appropriate sermon and spoke to the Men's Class about Boston University's School of Theology, of which he is dean, and where most of Trinity's pastors have studied. In the evening the Jubilee exercises were finished by the pastor's address, "A Closed Jubilee"—a report of the year's work. For several Sabbaths preceding and on the two Jubilee Sabbaths the altar flowers were provided in memory of former members and relatives of the donors.

The later issues of the *Chimes* made mention of the various features, and with the anniversary program may be found in the library of the Historical Society.

Next in order to celebrate was the West Medford Congregational Church, which was organized by an Ecclesiastical Council on June 12, 1872.

Like its neighbor (Trinity Church), it made early planning for its observance and carried it out well, though on somewhat different lines. The observance included but one Sabbath's service and for convenience ended on June 11—just within the fifty years.

On Thursday, June 8, the exercises opened with a "Pageant," in which nearly one hundred members of the church and parish took part.

The pageant was the thought and writing of the present pastor, Rev. Henry Francis Smith, and consisted of seven episodes, the first "The Incarnation," and the seventh, "The Fruit of the Far Flung Years," in which the entire number of participants were gathered.

In the first episode, the "Mother of our Lord" was seen kneeling beneath the shaded light (by Elizabeth Lowry) while strains of "Magnificat" came from the choir loft.



Episode 2 was "The Great Commission." The eleven apostles (of Ascension Day) and "two men in white" were seen silently "gazing up into heaven."

Episode 3, "The Christian Westward-Ho," brought the audience down the ages, by the presence of the "Spirit of Christianity," and of "Paul," "Gregory the Great," and "Augustine" and the more visible personalities of Wickliffe, Tyndale and Robert Browne.

Episode 4 was styled "An Unfamiliar." This represented a gathering of the Puritans in Old England, planning for their migration to a new world.

The fifth, in time two centuries and a half later, was styled "Fifty Years Ago," and did honor to one of the good women who began a Sunday school in West Medford, Mrs. Rachel Barnes. She was impersonated by Gertrude Haynes. Then came the "Spirit of West Medford Church," by Katherine Powers. Next came six men representing the "charter members" (one was a son of one of them) who held a meeting and decided to organize a church.

Episode 6, "The End of the Golden Era," had *seven spirits*, each representing some phase of church work: The Church School, Woman's League, Good Cheer Club, Brotherhood, Christian Endeavor, Boy Scouts, Camp Fire, then two of the smallest of the Choir children, followed by a soldier in uniform, and last came the missionary (from this church, now in India), the "Spirit of Mary Rogers."

The closing episode of "The Far Flung Years" massed all the participants in review, and its entire presentation was the result of much thought and effort on the part of the author and all that managed and carried it through so successfully.

During the presentation there looked out from the screen the portraits of the seven pastors of the church during the half century. Three have gone on before — Messrs. Jaggar, Stebbins and Clancy, two — Messrs. Hood and Yorke, sent letters of regret. But it was like



"good old times," the *coming* of the second, Rev. Marshall M. Cutter.

The pageant was repeated on Friday evening with even greater success, and on Saturday evening was the "Anniversary Reunion," this also in the auditorium. The pastor presided. The historical sketch of the church and parish was read by Mr. Alexander Diebold, and showed a careful search of record and grouping of the facts of a highly interesting history.

Addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Cutter and Rev. Arthur Ackerman of Natick, a son of one of the charter members. He regretted the fact that he was the only one to go into the Christian ministry from this church, and made an earnest appeal to the young people along that line. He was followed by his brother Herbert, who *was* one of the "charter members," but now of the Mystic Church, in brief but happy remembrance of the early days. (See Mr. Ackerman's "West Medford Congregational Church," in REGISTER, Vol. XIII, p.25.)

This church has now on its roll the names of but two members of 1872. One, Miss Abby Teele, was present but did not feel equal to the task of making reply; another, Mrs. Sarah Foster, whose membership is forty-eight years, was introduced, and spoke her gratitude and pleasure. Both were presented with floral tokens.

A social hour was enjoyed in the chapel, where an interesting collection of books, pictures and papers connected with the local church history which had been collected by Miss Katharine Stone, was on view. Refreshments were served by the young people and opportunity of renewing old acquaintance was well improved, as many old timers came home.

The services on Sunday were in the usual order and form in Congregational churches, but instead of morning sermon a brief and appropriate address by Pastor Smith. Baptism and reception of new members followed the celebration of the Lord's Supper, Rev. Messrs. Cutter and Smith officiating. But two (pos-



sibly three) persons form a connecting link between that service and this church's first Communion occasion in August, 1872, held in Mystic Hall, and the two consider themselves favored by "Old Time" in his flight.

At the evening service the sermon was by Rev. Oscar Maurer, D.D., of New Haven, Conn., a college classmate of the pastor, the prayer by Rev. T. C. Richards of Mystic Church, the invocation by Rev. Dr. Morgan, a recent supply pastor during Pastor Smith's absence in oversea work. The responsive reading was led by Rev. M. L. Bullock of Trinity Church. Of course, it was fitting that Mr. Cutter, the first settled pastor, should have the last word, the *benediction*, which he prefaced by a brief prayer that added to the impressiveness of the occasion.

The music was of a high order, and this church has the peculiarity of having two vested choirs, the "second choir" entering the auditorium in processional hymn, and leaving their seats in the rear gallery by the opposite aisle in the recessional. On this anniversary occasion both choirs sang the antiphonal anthem (by Turner) "Sing to the Lord."

June, the month of roses, is a favorable time, and the floral decorations of Saturday evening and Sunday were exceedingly tasteful.

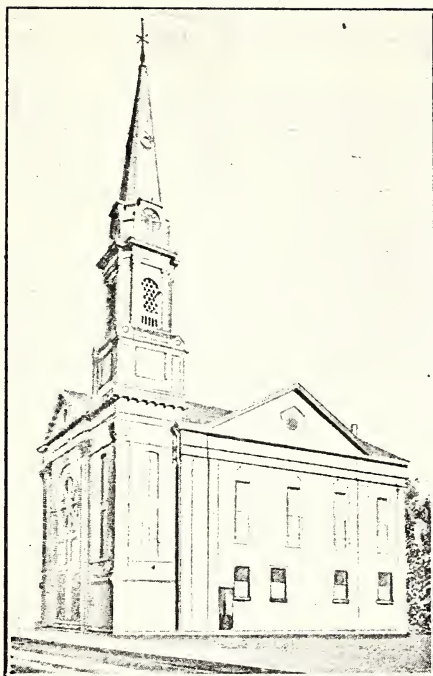
As on the day of organization in 1872, between the "council" and the recognition service in the evening came a terrific thunder storm, so on this anniversary Sunday came another with greater downpour of rain, both clearing for the evening hour.

So passed into history another pleasant memory of the anniversary of another church of fifty years.

After seventy-five years of church life, with, by the lapse of time, none of the early members and few of their descendants or those that knew them, Mystic Church gathered to do them honor and celebrate its anniversary.

Mystic Church has a history of its own, though somewhat interlocked with another that preceded it twenty-





MYSTIC CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

SALEM STREET.

Organized July 6, 1847.

Church building dedicated February 14, 1849.

Union of First Trin. Cong'l and Mystic Churches, December 31, 1874.

This House of Worship enlarged and remodelled in 1875 to present form.

Rededicated January 12, 1876.



four years before, and whose centennial in 1923, if observed, must be by Mystic Church, because of the union of the older with the younger church in 1874. And Mystic Church made a good beginning this year toward that event.

On Friday evening, October 20, an illustrated lecture by the pastor showed the Pilgrims from old England and the Puritans of New England, the founders of Congregationalism.

Sunday, October 22, its announcement styled "Historical Day." The usual form of Sabbath worship was observed, and the pastor, Rev. Thomas C. Richards, took for text of his anniversary address Heb. xi: 40: "Better things for us, that they without us should not be made perfect." He seemed to have studied Medford history as well as local church history, for he told of the political situation and industrial improvements and inventions of that day. We quote a few extracts:—

Medford was an overgrown country village of thirty-four hundred people, with ox-carts and shirt sleeves. No police force or water system was in the town and bath-rooms out of the question. Trains on the Medford branch had just begun to run, but with better schedule than now. Ship building was the main industry, thirty in 1845. The town was wealthy, twenty-sixth in the state in property and only fifty-second in population.

"Every institution is the lengthened shadow of a man." Mystic Church owes more to Galen James, deacon and ship-builder than to any other. At the age of thirty-two he led seventeen members out of the old town church, in protest, to establish a new church. Twenty-four years later he led the secession of sixty to organize Mystic Church.

The separation was not due to doctrinal, but to personal and political reasons. It was a time of swarming. The Baptist Church organized in 1842, and the Methodist work took on new life two years later.

Between 1840 and '50 population had increased fifty per cent and business was booming, especially ship building. All pews in the High street church were rented.

Mr. Richards alluded to the real cause of separation, as seen by one article added to the Confession of Faith of Mystic Church:—



"This church regards slave-holding, the traffic in and use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, gambling and such things as inconsistent with the Christian life."

and read another article in that little book of principles adopted, and added,

It is interesting to think how this rule would affect the pastor and officials of the church today. It was a progressive step for those days.

Galen James was in advance of his time. Neither abolitionists or temperance advocates were popular, and his advocacy of such measures made him many enemies. They called him "Pope James," and the Mystic Church folks "Come-outers," but it is noticeable that the fight for reform healed many divisions made by doctrine.

\* \* \* \* \*

How shall we show our loyalty to their unfinished task? Not by accepting their creeds and formulas, but by the same desire for truth, the same firm courage of our conviction, and intense sincerity. We need today to be pioneers of progress, "Come-outers," dare to be in advance of our times and dare to lead and let others follow. They dared to apply their Christianity to the great moral issues of the time. Do we dare to do the same?

The quartet choir rendered excellent music, and led the congregation in the singing of the hymns.

At the noon hour the large vestry was filled on occasion of the "Historical Celebration, Reunion and Exhibit of the Work of the Sunday School." Former Superintendents Chapin and Loomis told of the school of 1876, and Miss E. Josephine Wilcox, with forty years' experience, gave a "History of the Mystic Sunday School" that reads wonderfully well and should be an inspiration to all workers. (It is well reported in the *Medford Mercury* of October 27.) The music was with orchestral accompaniment of violin and 'cello and the whole hour was one of great interest.

The evening service was by the Christian Endeavor workers and was well carried out and brought many former members together.

Monday, October 23, was "Social Day" with "The Women's Meeting" in the afternoon with President



(Mrs.) Miller making the "Welcoming" address, and Miss Wilcox in conduct of the exercises. Mrs. Holyoke brought the greetings of the Unitarian and Mrs. Smith of the West Medford Congregational churches. Wives of three former pastors also told of their times in Mystic Church. These were Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Barstow and Mrs. Butler, the latter in a poem. Then came the "Women of Mystic Church" by one of them, Miss Eliza M. Gill, and read by Mrs. M. Susan Goodale. It was certainly a "tribute of praise" of those worthies and a "labor of love" for her church by its writer.

In the evening came the "Anniversary Dinner," to which ample justice was done. Former Pastors Hill, Barstow and Butler were present and made addresses — also the Rev. Barstow's son, Rev. Robbins Barstow. After a mid-week rest, on Friday evening came "The People and History of Mystic Church in Picture," with address by one of Medford's accredited historians, Miss Helen Tilden Wild. During the hour eighty-five "pictures" were shown, and face after face of the solid, worthy and reliable men and women of old Medford, attired in the style of their day, appeared before a delighted company as the speaker told of them and of their faith and works. Mystic Church is fortunate in having three such faithful chroniclers as these, but Pastor Richards avers that much credit is due Deacon H. N. Ackerman, president of the Historical Society, for getting together the portraits for the preparation of the needful slides and their suitable inscription.

On Sunday, October 29, Rev. Nehemiah Boynton, D.D., a "son of the church," came home to preach the closing sermon of the anniversary. We quote a few passages:—

This was my church into which I was born. To it I owe more than to any other institution in the world. It has permeated my life. It was the church of my father and mother, where they obtained grace and patience to train the children. The constable and the schoolmaster worshipped here. I can see Rev. Solon Cobb — with a mustache every boy envied. He believed a boy had a soul,



and he put the stamp of his influence on our lives. I shared the activities of the church as a waiter at church suppers, as librarian and usher, took up collections and blew the organ. I stood before this altar as a boy and pledged my allegiance to the Christian life. It was all before me then. Now some of it is in the beautiful yesterdays. . . . The spirit of the old Book lives in the world today with a power of its own. . . . We have come to realize the kind of church Jesus wanted. . . . Our fathers had the Bible and a vision and handed them over to us. We are fitting it all to the needs of our lives, that we may hand our work over to our boys, not having spot or blemish.

At 4.30 P.M. the vesper service was conducted by the young people. An excellent musical program was rendered and address given by Miss Ruth Richards.

\* \* \* \* \*

Such were the milestones set up as marking the progress of four of Medford's churches during a century—way marks in the history of the town, now grown twenty-six times to a populous city.

Incidentally, we note that there are today twenty-six worshipping congregations, while the seating capacity of their church edifices is not so ample (proportionally) as that of the town meeting house of 1822. Surely, Medford is not *over-churched* but rather (to borrow a word) *under-congregationized*.

In 1822, the public worship of God was at the *town's* expense and the "house of the Lord" built and *owned* by the town. Any dissenting from the state (or town) religion might, it is true, worship otherwise or elsewhere, but at their own personal expense and inconvenience.

The little company that assembled in the "College" on old Ship street (which, by the way, was not a college building), with Josiah Brackett as their preacher, were the earliest pioneers, and the next year followed by Galen James and his associates.

The opening sentence of Dr. Coons at the Methodist Centennial was, "All the world loves an adventurer." To this we would add—when the venture is successful. But how was it in Medford a century ago?



The adventurers of 1822 were but few, almost unknown, not blessed with wealth, as their house of worship not erected till 1828 would indicate. That it was so small, unpretentious and built of second-hand material shows somewhat of the effort, and also that Medford's love for the adventurer was none too ardent. Even the later ones led by Galen James (of which Mystic Church is outcome) though possessed of means and able to erect a stately edifice, found old friendships disturbed for a time.

But the growth of all four whose birthday celebrations we have here noted proves that "nothing succeeds like success."

---

#### MEDFORD BROADSIDES

In a book of nearly five hundred pages, recently published, is a list of titles of nearly thirty-five hundred broadsides issued in Massachusetts prior to the year 1800, the first being (from the Stephen Daye press set up in Cambridge in 1638) "*The Freeman's Oath*."

Three in the list are credited to Medford, two of them in 1771. One is a "*Poem, Medford, Printed & Sold 1771*," and the first two lines are quoted:—

ONE GOD there is, of *wisdom, Glory, Might* :  
One truth there is, to guide our Souls aright.

The poem consists of twelve verses of four lines plentifully capitalized and italicized, enumerating "Two Testaments," "Three Persons in the Trinity," "Four Evangelists," "Five Senses," "Six Days," "Seven Lib'ral Arts," "Eight Persons in the Ark," "Nine Muses," "Ten Commandments," "Eleven Disciples did with Jesus pray," and closing with

TWELVE there were among our Fathers Old,  
Twelve Articles our Christian Faith doth hold,  
Twelve Gates to New *Jerusalem* there be,  
Unto which place may Christ bring you and me.



A foot note (in the book) says, "No printer has been identified with Medford this year."

The other is,

### A Poem

Occasioned by the late sudden and awful Death of a Young Woman, who was found drowned in Medford—River July 14, 1771

Printed & Sold 1771.

As in the first, this quotes the opening lines — there are sixty-six in all. We have seen the originals in the collection of the Massachusetts Historical Society and quote but four lines:—

Now unto you I shall relate  
The awful and surprizing fate  
Of a fair Maid, both young and Gay  
Who lived in Malden, as they say.

It was the same old sad story of mistaken confidence, betrayal and suicide, antedating "The River's Death-Roll," which has appeared in the REGISTER. There is no clue to the authorship of the "poem."

The third broadside referred to is of the collection at Harvard College, and is a sheet eight by thirteen inches, frayed at the edges and torn into the print at the left, but the missing print is supplied by the context. Its title is

### A True and Wonderful Relation of the Appearance of Three Angels

(Cloathed in White Raiment) to a Young Man\*  
in Medford, near Boston on the 4th of\*  
February 1791 at Night  
together

With the Substance of the Discourse delivered by one of the Angels from  
Colossians III-4

\*These two lines were included in one in the broadside.

Beneath are three columns of print. First is quoted, *Joel II-28*, next an index finger pointing to the publishers' notice, then a column and a quarter of the statement of the "young man" as to his "distress of mind" and the appearance of the "angels," one of whom "addressed him for the space of an hour," and part of which address he



"penned down," and which follows his statement in the remainder of the broadside.

Who the printer was, or whether this broadside was printed in Medford, is unknown; there is nothing to indicate either fact, but the publisher evidently expected an incredulous reception and fortified it with Scripture and commended the author as one worthy of belief.

As we read it today, in the light of many modern views and experiences of people of various religious beliefs and thought, the query naturally arises, what effect had such a publication in the little town of but a thousand people?

Evidently his remarkable story had been heard to some extent, so much so that he was requested to publish the same. How large an edition was printed is unknown, but this is a "treasured broadside today." "In these things lies the material of history." Doubtless it was discussed around the firesides of Medford, in the taverns and wherever people or neighbors met.

And who was this "young man," Ebenezer Adams? There was a Benjamin Adams who came to Medford from Plainfield in October, 1756, and licensed as an innholder in the same year. His family was wife Elizabeth and six children — Simeon, Ebenezer, Abraham, Solomon, Levi and Martha (whether in this order is uncertain) but all were "warned out" May 3, 1757.

Such was the custom of early times in order to avoid the liability of the town for support. Three months unwarned residence gained recognition but not all thus warned departed. Benjamin Adams may have had good staying qualities, but *his* son Ebenezer could hardly have been the "young man" of the broadside. Possibly it was a son or nephew of his who told the remarkable story which was evidently so real to him.

Perhaps "others mocking said" something about "new wine," otherwise *Old Medford*, but the publisher followed St. Peter's example and quoted the prophet:

"Your young men shall see visions."



## OUR CENTENNIAL NUMBER

Twenty-five years ago in the heyday of its youth and the sunshine of popular favor our Historical Society issued its first REGISTER. This is the one hundredth number. It has changed its dress but once, and that of necessity, but it still wears the same trimming, not woolen, but designed by Woolley at its outset.

On the last cover page the Society's seal is crowded somewhat by an automobile,—almost unknown in '96,—but that has been the fate of many a pedestrian.

This page makes 2594, exclusive of covers and title pages, index and advertisements, the whole forming a substantial and reliable addition to the literature of Medford. This last because in all the quarter century it has aimed to deal exclusively with Medford matters and those closely related thereto.

During that time, Medford has trebled in population and changed in many ways,—some not for the better. Yet there is hope, in a good citizenship and a 100 per cent Americanism. Another thing has trebled—our cost of publication, but not the popular favor to keep pace with it, while the subscription price has been but little advanced. The publication committee has its problem to solve. Very few of the over a hundred historical societies of Massachusetts have such record of publication as has ours. We hope to continue it with success.

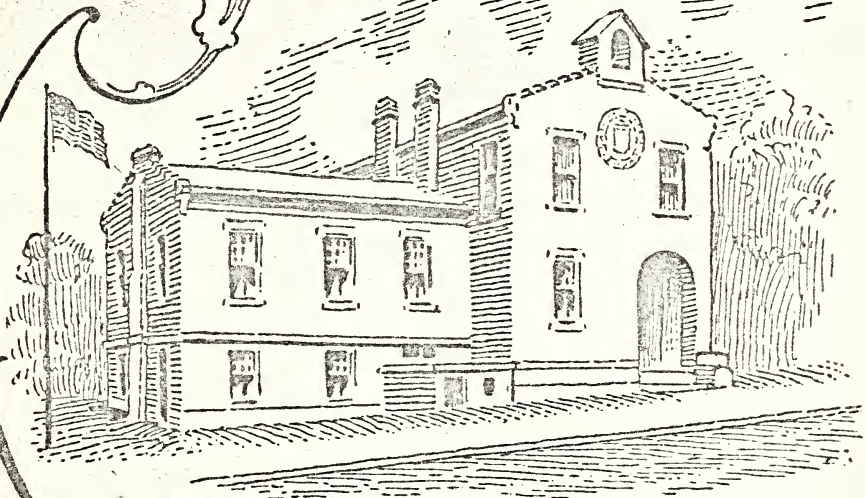
We mentioned *popular favor* at first. It is now the "winter of our discontent," because in our cosmopolitan growth and the unrest of recent years the preservation of our history and worthy traditions seems to be forgotten.

Both our Historical Society and its REGISTER *need* and will welcome interested workers and willing helpers in place of those now passed on.

And in these closing lines the editor, now nearly fifteen years in service, wishes to thank his helpers of the past for their many favors.



# HISTORICAL REGISTER



March, 1922

PUBLISHED BY THE  
MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS



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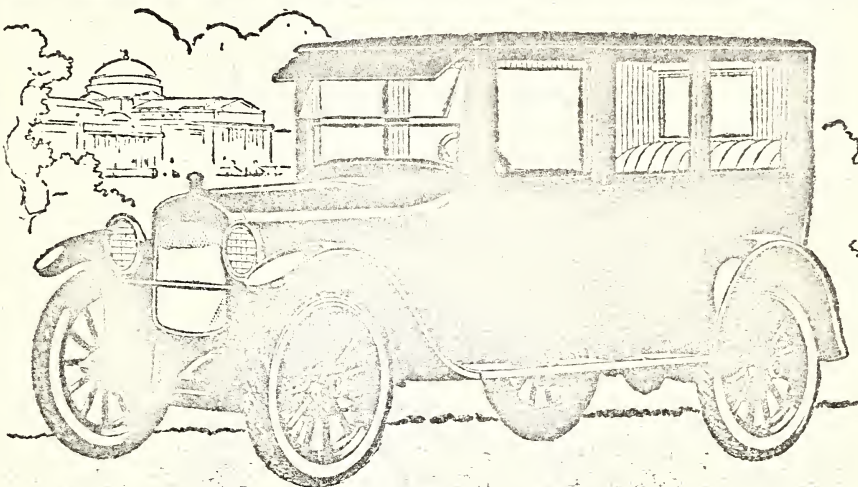
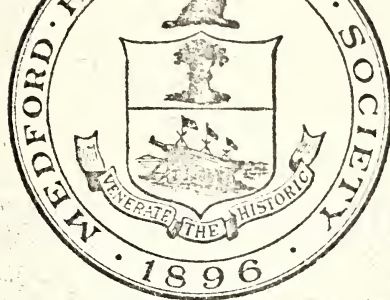


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VOL. XXVI, 1923



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MEDFORD  
J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER



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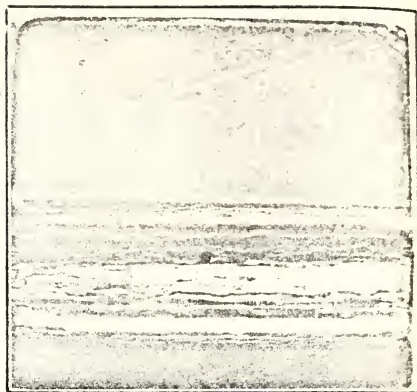
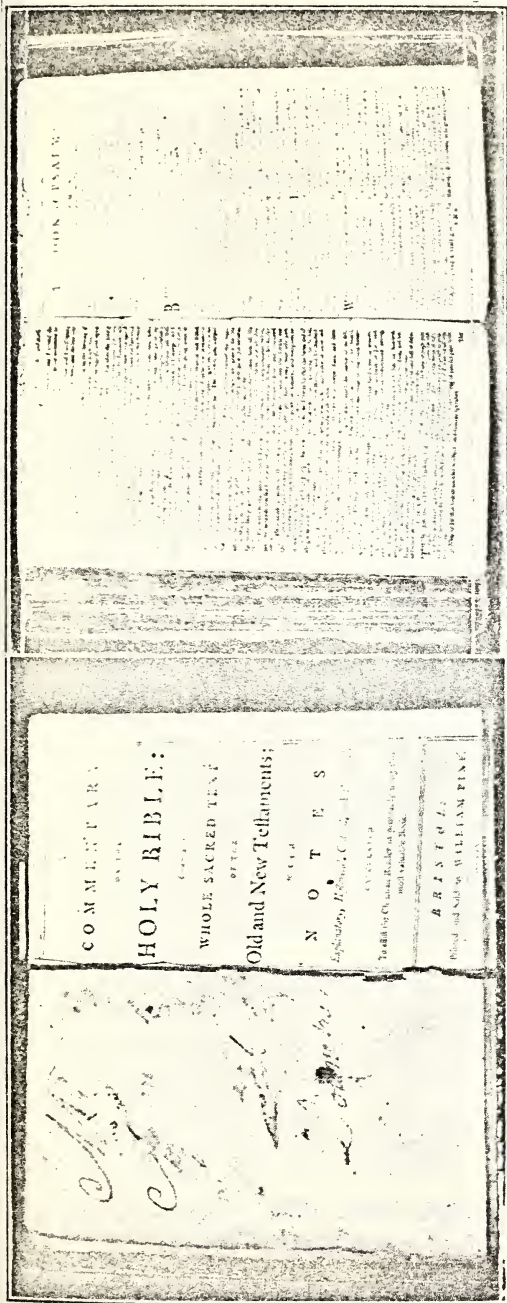
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COVER OF WESLEY'S BIBLE.

JOHN WESLEY'S BIBLE.



REV. E. STUART BEST.  
Methodist Pastor in Medford  
1855-1857.  
Now in his 99th year.



# The Medford Historical Register.

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VOL. XXVI.

MARCH, 1923.

No. 1.

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## VIEWS OF MEDFORD.

THE rapid increase of Medford's population in the last two decades, with the many physical changes within its bounds, both of public and private enterprise, give rise to a query of comparison,—how did the *old* town look?

Indeed, this was asked in a local paper twenty years ago by its editor in hope of eliciting reply. He received but few. The older people, of course, could *tell*, in words, as they had seen it. In various issues of the REGISTER their observations have been preserved for readers to construct for themselves into a satisfying vista. Still, such results are but word pictures, intangible, and variable as might be the observer.

Those possessing the ability to transfer to canvas or board, by brush or pencil, what they saw and told of are few, as search will disclose.

Now, for *old* Medford vistas let us make search. Naturally, we turn first to the published histories, only to be disappointed, as the first is of 1855, and scantily illustrated.

The earliest attempt to portray any view or scene in Medford which has come to our knowledge was made (doubtless in 1835) when some one painted a view with the legend, "Junction of the River, Canal and Railroad in Medford, 1835." As one said of it in Marblehead, where we first saw it (1903), "It is evidently the work of a novice."

It conveys the idea expressed but imperfectly, and the "novice" introduced features so manifestly incon-



gruous as to cause its later owner to endorse on its back (in effect) that *the fine houses were a fancy of the artist.*

Crude as it is, and of no artistic merit, it, however, is the result of a worthy motive, the presentation of a new and important feature in scenic Medford.

Who the "novice" was is unknown, but, in a way, he showed the high embankment stretching across the Mystic marshland, with engine and cars upon it, the bridges over the river and canal, in which latter a boat going westward drawn by horses, and in the distance the lock and tavern is seen.

A *surprising* feature is in evidence: a balloon hovering over the whole and in the foreground (where is now the Parkway-Auburn street bridge) stand a man, woman and child viewing the scene.

*Possibly* the Medford aeronaut Lauriat may have made an ascension and sailed over "about this time." Who knows?

So far as is known, no reproduction of this view has ever been made, though several attempts have failed.

In 1839, Barber's "Historical Collection" was published, the author himself making the illustrating sketches in the various Massachusetts towns he visited and described.

In the REGISTER of September, 1920, may be seen his work in portraying Medford. This view is printed from the same "wood block" made and used in 1839. It is not without its inaccuracies, as was noticed in that and subsequent issues; still, to old residents the view was cognizable.

In 1839 the engraver on steel or wood had to be furnished a sketch or drawing of the scene to be portrayed, and not all *artists* were expert, as we have already shown. Some painted on canvas, some pencilled on paper — and some drew on their imagination — and sometimes the engraver added a little for effect. It is an interesting study to follow the various gradations, as seen in such illustrations, in points of time and process.

In 1851 Frederic Gleason began, in Boston, to publish



his famous pictorial weekly. His illustrations were on a larger scale, engraved on wood, and though the invention of Daguerre was in 1839, there is little evidence of its being employed in the "*Pictorial*."

The tornado of August 23, 1851, is there depicted, the locality being the site of the West Medford post-office and opposite. How artists' views might differ can be seen in a view of the same place and occurrence in the *Illustrated National Mirror*.

In 1855 came the publication of the *History of Medford*, by Rev. Charles Brooks, and in this are eight steel engravings. Medford had then the "Daguerreian Rooms" of O. R. Wilkinson, not as yet styled a photographer. His work forms the basis of three of these.

The first, we notice, shows five buildings on Main street (all there today), the second story of the left-hand one unchanged, save that the artist's sign is gone. Several people are at the store door, women and children are looking in the windows — Tinkham's now — and a man is stooping over, as if in pain.

Next is one with a big black sign over the door and a smaller one that looks like DRUGS beside it. Iron bars hang from the windows, for storekeepers used "to put shutters up" at night. There is a different front now.

Next, "F. H. Kidder" sold "Boots & Shoes," as two signs tell. A high wooden gate closes the space between this and the "Rail Road Station," the three-story building with the bell on the rear end of the roof-ridge.

Then another of two stories, with door and window, and driveway through to the dock in the rear. This the writer recognizes as the coal office where he bought his first winter's coal of Luther Angier in 1870, with more pleasure, less money, and better results than present conditions give.

"A. L. Rawson, del." was the *delineator* of this view from Wilkinson's daguerreotype, and "F. T. Stuart, sc." *sculpted* (i.e. engraved) the steel plate from which it was printed.



The elder Thatcher Magoun's residence, now the Public Library (which has been noted in the REGISTER) is shown, and the same process was followed in it, as also in view of Medford square, which, as it is Medford's civic center, deserves special mention. Its point of view is at the entrance of Salem street. As we look up High street today we see nothing that is in the picture save the three well-preserved Hall houses. It is a typical New England village scene of the 50's.

The town-house is the dominant feature, its pillared portico elevated several steps above the sidewalk; at the street corner is the tall granite post, then known as "Howe's folly," surmounted by an *equally tall* lamp-post. Signboards over the four side-doors show that stores were in the first story and more steps elevated.

A passenger has alighted from the stage-coach, a rider on horseback is at the water-trough, but the town pump, if "in working order," leans towards the tall barber's pole between the lofty sycamores before the Dr. Tufts house.

Two white canvas-topped wagons are in the square, and several groups of people, most of these, with all the horses, headed westward. Two boys and a dog are in the immediate foreground, a woman carrying a parasol is hastening away from where an animal of the porcine genus is having his transit disputed by a sizable dog.

Medford had its skyscrapers then. A four-story one (where the Elks' building now is), and another almost as tall farther on; still another of two stories, where is now the post-office, then the imposing edifice of the "Orthodox" parish, on the site of present store of Page & Curtin.

Other buildings were farther on, but are indistinct because of the dense foliage of trees. This is the most comprehensive view we have. Its details are preserved in various photographs and printed views in the Historical Society's collection.

Another view in the Brooks history is notable, the residence of the younger Thatcher Magoun, as seen



across the river from South street. This, also, is comprehensive, showing the extensive grounds, with their pagodas, statuary and sinuous paths, the hedge bordering the creek (the latter still to be seen beside our modern parkway), the substantial fence and gateway, and something of High street.

Towering beyond the mansion is the storied steeple of the Unitarian church, while among the numerous trees can be seen the old Bigelow house, where is now the Tufts residence and Grace Church. The English cottage, later the Boynton house, can also be seen on the shaded hill slope. This view is also "delineator" Rawson's primary work; but the *sculptor* was J. W. Watts, a resident of West Medford, and noted for his excellent work in steel engraving.

The views of the so-called Cradock house and the residence of Gorham Brooks give us the *oldest* and most realistic portrayal; the latter is made more so by the slave-wall in front and the distant view of the old wood-burner engine and cars on the railroad, then not very old. The Edward Brooks (Peter Chardon Brooks, 1802) residence is another. Of this fine estate scarce a vestige now remains, but the view is an excellent one.

The view of Walnut-tree hill was also by Rawson and made from Broadway in Somerville. But two buildings, Ballou hall and Packard hall, crown its summit, and one dwelling at the end of Professors row, for the college had but just been instituted. Beyond are the hills and spires of Malden, which then included Everett, and nearer, the winding Mystic with its broad marshes, and still nearer, Main street, with a little of the slope of Winter hill.

Just where the station now stands is a railroad train, the cars very small as compared with the engine. The encircling avenue around the college buildings is well bordered with trees. Numerous cattle are grazing in the pasture, where is now Jackson College, the new "Chem. Lab." and the "Oval." In the foreground



is a sylvan scene. Large trees border both sides of Two-penny brook as it courses through the entire plain and broadens into a pond in which are their shadows, and where a cow has waded in to drink.

Thirty years later, in the reprint of the history, this view is again given, printed from the same steel plate. Of but one other we speak, the "Brooks Schoolhouse, 1851," a wood engraving by Kilborn & Mallory, which must have been made from the architect's drawings.

Whatever the schoolhouses of Medford were in years before, there was some *architecture* in this, made possible by the gifts of interested citizens of West Medford. This has been reproduced in the REGISTER of July, 1916, with its authentic story. An enlargement of it hangs in the principal's room in the present Brooks school building.

In 1854 the Mystic Hall Seminary at West Medford was opened. This was a private boarding school for young ladies, Mrs. T. P. Smith, preceptress. After four years, she removed it to Washington, D. C. It was housed in three substantial buildings, two of which remain today. Strange to say, no mention of it was made by either historian. From its year-book two views of the seminary buildings have been reproduced in the REGISTER, Vol. XI, No. 3, and illustrate the story of the famous school written (and read at a Society meeting) by one who attended and graduated from it.

Two views of the little mill on the Arlington side of the river, whose "wooden dam old W——d" was the cause of an incipient riot in 1870, the REGISTER has presented. One is from a pencil drawing by Francis Wait, the other shows it at an earlier time. It was the "Tinkham Brothers' Tide-mill" of Trowbridge's famous story, the Wood's mill of actual fact.

In the first *Medford Journal* of 1857 there was no attempt at pictorial illustration, nor yet in the great "blanket sheet" of Usher's *Medford Journal* of 1871,



that we can recall. No files were preserved by the publisher and only a few stray copies are known.

In 1865 Mr. Nathan Brown of West Medford sketched a view of the river, looking up-stream from the railroad embankment, and painted in oil two copies. The central feature is the picturesque ruin of the second aqueduct of the Middlesex Canal, which, after thirteen years of disuse, still spanned the river and seven years later took on the superstructure of the first Boston avenue or "Canal bridge." One of these paintings is in the Historical Society's collection, framed in wood from the aqueduct built in 1827, and shows the edges of Somerville and Medford, the ancient "Linefelde" of Charlestown, now Arlington, with the towering hills beyond. It is a valuable contribution to our historical knowledge. Photographed by E. B. Conant, it was reproduced in Vol. VII, No. 1, REGISTER. It is one of eleven views in the same locality, covering a period of a hundred years, framed in the same old pine wood which had been buried in the salt mud for twenty-eight years. Two of these views were secured by the city engineer of Somerville, and are of historic value. We have them by interchange of courtesy, and in the Somerville office are framed enlargements of *three* of them.

During the thirty years that elapsed between the history's publications, great improvements had been made in illustrative art by the lithograph and heliotype process. But one of the latter, Grace Church, is to be found in the Usher work. His illustrations are mainly wood cuts of varying styles and merit. But there are some, found perhaps nowhere else,—the Stearns mansion, the railroad stations and the second Brooks school-house. The birthplace of John Brooks and his last residence when governor of Massachusetts are well shown, and some of these later views we do well to compare with the earlier for the facts they reveal.

In 1881 or '82 Mr. Henry Brooks secured photographic views, numbering twenty-eight, in various parts



of Medford, ten of which are of the western portion. These were reproduced by the heliotype process (in size about eight by ten inches) in two brochures with one page of historical notes as introduction.

Medford square and High street is the first, but with exception of two persons (indistinctly seen) it is utterly devoid of life, human or animal. No car tracks, for this was before the advent of the "bob-tail car," no wires, no wagons. The circular water-trough and central hydrant is surmounted by a lamp-post, others are at the street corners, the foliage is thick on the trees, which are protected by strong wire guards. It is but one step into the colonnade of the town house; the town clock is gone, though the dials remain on the church tower, the belfry is closed and the spire bears the cross of St. Joseph's Church. This view is another way mark in local history.

Two views from the reservoir, if placed together, take in the entire space between Rock-hill and Glenwood, the foreground being the Hillside section; again, two from Pasture hill looking toward Malden and Somerville, Salem street looking toward the square, and beautiful Forest street are shown; next, the library, high school (now Center grammar), various church edifices and four views of Tufts College buildings including the reservoir, and also the "Old Fort," or so-called Cradock house. This last is especially worthy a special study. The western group begins with look at West Medford from the reservoir. Mystic lower lake is seen in the distant extreme left, the right taking in Auburn street. The locality that "novice" of 1835 tried to depict, with the high embankment of the railway, the river, the canal's course and the tavern are clearly seen, also the Colonial Chemical Works, erected only the year before, in the Somerville *appendix*.

The few dwellings at the Hillside, which lies in the foreground, are a marked contrast to the Hillside of today. Away back on "Mystic Mount" is the Chapin



house, from which Mr. Brooks took two wonderfully clear views. One looks back to the college, the other continues on westward to near Fairfield street. Something of East Arlington and West Somerville is shown beyond the Mystic — whatever came within the eye of the camera. Mr. Brooks forbore taking the other beautiful view which would have included his own home on Grove street, now utterly gone. The Brooks and Hall school houses, both now gone, Trinity's first church, the new railway station, then nearly complete, and including the old; a view on High street, one of Boston avenue and another of the lower Mystic pond and dam complete this collection.

How large an edition of this work of Mr. Brooks, certainly the finest comprehensive view of Medford in detail ever published, was issued we cannot say, nor yet by what means or at whose expense. It may have been privately for his own distribution. The writer has one of those inscribed "West Medford," given him some twelve years ago by one of Mr. Brooks' acquaintances, but was unaware of the existence of the "Medford" set until the recent acquisition of both by the Historical Society. Perhaps in the homes of some old Medford families a few copies may be found, laid away and long forgotten. These views are a most valuable addition to our knowledge and are indisputable evidence as to the appearance of Medford forty years ago; and these were in print four years before the publication of the Usher history, still his illustrations were mainly wood cuts.

At that time the subject of a new town hall was being agitated and a little later that of the division of the town. Two weekly papers were being published in town, indeed there had been for ten years, for just a year after Usher's venture with the *Journal*, A. B. Morss began the *Chronicle* in 1872. After three years of existence the *Journal* vanished, leaving the field alone to the *Chronicle*.

Neither of these papers ever used any illustrations



which we can recall; they bear no evidence, as neither publisher preserved any file. Only a few stray copies show what the papers were and give visible evidence that such existed.

In 1880 the *Mercury* began its long career, and two years later acquired the *Chronicle's* interest by purchase. During the agitation of the town hall proposition, its editor visited Marblehead at request and inspected the municipal building, "Abbot Hall," which had been but recently erected at a cost of \$70,000, wrote an elaborately detailed description of it, and by courtesy of the *Marblehead Messenger* presented an excellent view of that structure, heading its two-column article. This appeared on March 28, 1884, and is (doubtless) the first illustration to appear in the Medford press, and this because, in the opinion of leading citizens, its like would suitably "fill the bill" in Medford. They certainly had *lofty aspirations*, as Abbot Hall was surmounted by a tower one hundred and seventy-five feet high. By action of the town which followed, its committee secured a tentative plan for a new structure, but with a less lofty tower, a framed portrayal of which hung in the municipal office of the old city hall until the destruction of the latter, and later in the hired quarters, where recent search fails to reveal it. As it belongs to the city, and especially as all the *lofty effort* has as yet only resulted in the lowly-sunken expenditure of over \$100,000, it, with another tangible *model*, should not be consigned to the "limbo of lost things."

In 1880 there came into Medford a man who walked through the various streets making measurements, taking notes and securing views, and then ascended the hills in various sections. The result of his work is the bird's eye view of Medford, thirteen by twenty-five inches in size, which he delivered to subscribers for one dollar per copy. How successful as a business enterprise this effort was we know not; or how large an edition or sale it had we cannot say. Of that of West



Medford (in 1892) we have only seen our own copy, and of Medford only one, that in the Historical rooms, until recently, when a package of them came to the Society.

Being bird's eye views, the artist's points of vision must have been in the *air* over Oak Grove cemetery and Winter hill. Of its artistic merits we can say little, but for its comprehensive outlook they convey a fair idea of the extent and lay-out of the two sections of the city. Doubtless they could be improved upon, for we notice that these are not photographic views, as were those of Mr. Brooks, but the reproduction of drawings made after a walk through all the streets. These bear the imprint, "O. B. Bailey & Co., Lith. & Pub., Boston".

Now that instantaneous photography and the aeroplane have come, it is possible to secure views of Medford, necessarily up to date, but to answer the query "How did the *old* town look?" we must consult such as we have herein named and such others as may from time to time be found.

We ought not to close this review, covering nearly a century of time, without mentioning the excellent work of the Medford Publishing Company in "*Medford Past and Present*" (1905), illustrations to be found in years since 1884 in the *Mercury*, in the *Leader*, the various other (some short-lived) papers, the "*275th Anniversary Proceedings*" and the Historical Society's collection.

Lastly (and modestly, we trust), we refer to the illustrations in the REGISTER during its twenty-five years of publication. It was fortunate that a Medford boy, who told us of old Ship street, had the gift and ability to also present the view of it, reproduced in Vol. IV, No. 4. Those who saw him build the ship at the Society's November meeting and watched (as he drew the picture) Deacon Galen James coming up the street in his old-time sleigh loaded with children and with children hanging on behind realize something of Mr. Woolley's peculiar aptness for such work.

To the sketching artist with pencil or brush we are



indebted for portrayal of views prior to 1850, to the photographer with his cumbrous camera, with difficulty transported, for those of the next fifty years; and all these required the aid of a middleman, the engraver (*sculptor*) before the printer could exercise his "art-preservative."

For the past twenty years, with the popularization of the camera, the snapshot of the amateur might secure invaluable evidence and be quickly reproduced in the daily paper.

Effort should be made for the preservation of such as are worthy, for the libraries, the schools, and wherever information is disseminated, remembering that the *present* day is of the *past* tomorrow, and ancient history later on.

We are aware that some of the views alluded to in this article are very rare, especially those of the Brooks history, and wish that every reader of this might examine them at the Public Library, as also the later ones of Usher. Without doing so, we fear such will, like some early artists, "draw on their imagination" to know how the *old* town looked.

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### STORY OF A BIBLE

We are presenting in this issue the portrait of a man who was (if not a citizen) a resident of Medford for well toward seven decades ago, and who is still living in our neighboring city of Malden.

Rev. Edward Stuart Best, Methodist Episcopal clergyman, began his ministry in 1851, serving one year each in three western Massachusetts towns, and one in the nearer town of Swampscott. At the annual conference of his church, April, 1855, his appointment was to Medford. Prior to that time, one year's service in a place was the rule of his church. But a change in polity had occurred and he served the Medford church and people to the new time limit of two years. His



active service in the Christian ministry was an even fifty years, to twenty-three churches. As the "time limit" was extended to three and again to five years, we find his terms three and four years, one a return to a former charge, and his last a four-year one. This certainly proves his ability and effectiveness. At the conference of 1901 he took a retired relation, making his home among his latest parishioners of the Linden church of Malden.

He is now the oldest member of the New England Conference and was present and participated in the exercises of laying the corner-stone when the Medford church he served fifty years before erected their fourth house of worship in 1905. During his second year at Medford, after some improvements in the second house, efforts were made to procure an organ. The indefatigable Ladies' Aid Society sponsored the enterprise (see REGISTER, Vol. XII, p. 91) by holding a "Fair and Levee" in Town Hall December 30, 1856, and secured an excellent pipe organ that served till the larger new building was erected in 1873. But one of the witty speakers at the "Levee" still insisted that the *Best* organ was at the other end of the meeting house.

When, during the Civil war, Mr. Best was stationed at Milford, Mass., an incident occurred which must have been a happy surprise to him: While making a call on one of his aged parishioners, the good lady asked of the country of his birth, and he replied, "Yes, I am — or was — an Irishman, born in 1824 in Newry, near Belfast. Four of us became ministers, three Methodists, one of the Church of Engand." Then he added that he was now "an American of the Americans," and happy in his work. Then she said, "God bless thee, I have something for thee," and placed in his hands a little book she had long highly prized, and told its story. It was a Bible once owned and used by Reverend John Wesley, the founder of the Methodist Church. During his first visit to Ireland a young man there became interested in personal religion and later himself preached the gospel.



While on another visit to Ireland, Wesley married the young man to "the fine young woman to whom he was engaged" and gave them his own copy of the Sacred Book, writing a presentation clause above his own name, already written on the fly-leaf. Through all their lives those young people prized their wedding gift and after the widow's death it passed on to her two nieces.

Then the question came up, which should be its possessor? After consideration, one said, "Give me that leaf with Wesley's autograph and you can have the Bible," and it was so decided.

The young woman that had the Bible married a Methodist man and with him came to America, finding a home in Milford. Years had rolled away, and in 1857, she, then advanced in years, still had John Wesley's Bible, but what became of the detached leaf and autograph writing no one could tell.

The good old lady did well when she gave that book to her pastor in whose face and voice she recognized a countryman. During fifty-eight years he carefully guarded it, using it from time to time, telling of its story, pondering in his own mind of its disposition and at last found a solution of his problem. After his retirement he attended the public worship at Malden center church, where Rev. Laress J. Birney was pastor, and to whom the presence of "Father Best" was always helpful. While Dr. Birney was Dean of the School of Theology, Boston University, he was in 1920 elected to the Episcopacy. Before departing to his distant field of work (Shanghai, China) he called to pay his respects to the venerable brother in the ministry. While there "Father" Best placed in his hands the old time-worn copy of the Holy Book he had cherished for nearly sixty years.

Can we imagine the bishop's feelings on receiving such a token? Probably much the same as the giver's long years before, when he received it and heard its story. John Wesley is credited with the saying, "The



world is my parish," but John Wesley never dreamed that after one hundred and fifty years in far-away China, young Chinese Christians would place their hands on the identical Book he once used and receive ordination to the Christian ministry, when a bishop of the church he founded holding it out to them, says, "Take thou authority to preach the Scriptures."

It has been the writer's privilege to meet at various times and places the good man who labored in Medford so long ago. We have no doubt he did his duty here as a citizen or resident during those two years, and sincerely hope he rounds out his century, a grand old man.

For the facts we have related we are indebted to the author of "Story of John Wesley's Bible," and for our illustration to courtesy of *Zion's Herald*, in which both story and illustrations appeared.

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### REMEMBRANCES.

BY SARAH J. BLANCHARD.

[September, 1905].

My mind goes back to childhood's days. I remember that during the occupancy of the Gillard fish market in the rear of the Tufts house, Mr. Aaron Blanchard rented the front room; and the reading room was under his care until his death, which occurred there, December 23, 1850. On that morning he left his home at 6 o'clock as usual, and the great effort required to get through the old-time fall of rain-full snow, caused the bursting of a blood vessel in the head. He was found near the stove, unlighted match in hand. . . .

A few personal recollections of Mr. Blanchard may be interesting to the older residents of the city. Who ever rang the bell and set it equal to himself? A glance at a sun-dial on the window seat, then a moment's trip to the church across the way (now occupied by Page & Curtin's hardware store), and watches and clocks were regulated by the first stroke of that noon bell; the



workman's axe, if uplifted, fell by its own weight, and in less time than is required to state the fact, scores of men from the shipyards were on their way home to dinner, and all was quiet for an hour. . . .

Mr. Blanchard occupied for several years previous to 1850, as a tailor's shop, the front part of the building on the easterly corner of what was known as Pasture Hill lane, opposite the Savings Bank building, with a work-room adjoining (Mr. William Wyman, the provision dealer, living in the rear). I think, from hearsay, his most prosperous days in business were spent there. At that time he had numerous apprentices, several of whom married townspeople and became honored wives and mothers. Finally he was able to retain only his oldest patrons, who cared little for advanced methods, and styles in tailoring, and his trade was transferred to Mr. Hervey and others. . . .

There was a tinge of romance about his marriage. A foster-sister of Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, who lived in the house corner of Ashland and Salem streets, applied to him to be taught the trade. He told her he did not care for more apprentices, but if she would promise, when through, not to set up business in Medford, he would take her. In a year they were married, he being twenty-eight years old and his wife eighteen. She was a direct descendant of Peter Tufts. . . . I will say in passing that in the Salem street burying ground, a rod or two from the monument in a southeasterly direction lies the body of George Blanchard, who died in 1700, aged eighty-one or eighty-four. He inherited from his father, Thomas,\* the English emigrant, two hundred acres of land now known as Wellington. The present

\*Thomas Blanchard, the emigrant, came from England in 1639, and lived in Braintree, Mass. In February, 1651, he bought of Rev. John Wilson, Jr., pastor of the church in Dorchester, house and a farm of two hundred acres, known now as Wellington, but then belonging to Charlestown. In 1726 it was annexed to Malden and afterwards to Medford. Mr. Blanchard died at Wellington in 1654.

The above is not in the history of Medford, but is from the completed records of this branch of the Blanchard family.



family is the seventh generation directly from him, and his descendants are scattered throughout the "states." . . .

The name originally was *Blan-card*, from a French colony of weavers in France, "*blanc*" meaning white, and "*card*," weavers, who made fine linen. . . . Mr. Aaron Blanchard was sexton of the "*Orthodox church*" from soon after his marriage until his death. His method of church ventilation has never been improved—nor followed to any great extent. His plan was to open windows and doors before and after every meeting, and during service in warm weather; if the wind was east, the windows on the east side were closed, those on the west side open at the top, and vice versa, he claiming that air was needed, but not wind, so no one suffered from draughts. . . . Notices were taken to the minister by the sexton, generally while the choir was singing, and we juveniles would watch his head bobbing up and down the aisle, and his quick, springing step; for never a sound did his feet make, no heavy, squeaking boots—they were exchanged for soft shoes or pumps during service. People then had more reverence than to enter meeting during prayer time.

I have often wondered what became of the small brass stand with a glass top, under which in his handwriting, resembling copper plate, was "If the minister wishes anything, place this on the front of the pulpit and the sexton will come up." . . .

The method of heating the meeting house was by a large box stove, enclosed in brick, its doors almost exactly like the brick oven doors of long-ago kitchens (a small sliding door for draft). Wood only was burned; long sticks of hard wood, sawed once, made a glorious fire. Sometimes in the coldest nights Mr. Blanchard would stay all Saturday night; but generally a well-filled stove, after 9 o'clock bell ringing, Saturday night, and draft closed, would insure a huge bed of live coals Sunday morning; and I have known him to broil over them a delicious beef steak and take home for the 6 o'clock



Sunday morning breakfast, the odor while cooking passing up the big chimney and no one was the wiser. . . . I should have mentioned that the abundance of hot coals served the admirable purpose of filling a dozen foot stoves which he distributed in the pews where most needed. . . . The choir met in the vestry every Saturday evening. I remember one night in particular, after ascertaining there was no fire, several persons began to feel chilly and suggested that "next time a fire had better be made just to take off the chill." The sexton looked at the thermometer (it was his infallible guide) and replied, "Yes; it shall be comfortable the next evening." The following rehearsal night, the choir looking towards the stove, saw a blaze, and evidences of a good fire, and were charmingly comfortable, and sang all the better for it, probably. During the after-chat, they were asked if the room had been satisfactorily warmed. "Oh yes; just right for comfort." Mr. Blanchard induced them to open the stove and see how little was required to heat that large vestry; and lo, and behold! all that was necessary for that evening at least, was a piece of red flannel and a small lamp, seen through the open draft door. Imagine a momentary pause and the laughter which followed! . . .

Mr. Blanchard was fond of surprises; sometimes after rehearsals he would ask the choir to step into the small vestry to look at something, and there would be a table spread with apples, nuts and raisins, or melons in the season for them, and also the never-failing bouquet, if possible to obtain one. He was a passionate lover of flowers. How he would have revelled in these days, when it is not considered wicked or vain to have flowers in church. Then, a bit of southernwood or pennyroyal in the hand was allowable only, to carry to meeting. I suspect they were to be nibbled to keep one awake during the "eighthly's and ninthly's and conclusions" of the long sermons. I used to think the minister told a lie, because he said, "One word more and I have done";



but instead of the "Amen" I expected, he would preach on and on, until I lost all faith in his veracity; still, I remember today parts of those same sermons to my advantage, though I must have been under twelve years old at the time. . . .

I am writing with the gold pen given to Mr. Blanchard by pupils of the high school for his willingness to write their names in school books in German text and on writing-book covers with the spread eagle and scroll flourishes they delighted in. . . .

Among the school teachers who are held in loving remembrance today was Miss Ann Foster (afterward Mrs. Thomas Pratt). She was a real kindergarten mother, and fostered a brood of infants in the meeting-house vestry. A high, broad shelf ran across the west side of the room, where the tired youngsters had refreshing naps. A flight of low steps filled one end of the vestry, which we little folks ascended after marching around the room on nails driven into the floor for that purpose, and then had a fine time, singing,

This is the way we wash our clothes,  
This is the way we iron our clothes,  
This is the way the shoemaker sews,  
etc., etc.

suiting our actions to the words as nearly as possible. How time bridges over the passing years! I, at four years, seemed an infant to the big girls, and they like women to me, and yet today they are my associates and friends, with no disparity of ages. I remember later on how pleased I was to have Miss Foster tell me to take my first finished bit of sewing and show it to the older pupils and hear them say it was done very neatly. . . .

Dr. Samuel Gregg then lived in the brick block, corner Salem street and Riverside avenue, over what is now Mr. Bartlett's store. Then Mr. Gilbert Blanchard kept a small grocery store there. Two of Dr. Gregg's daughters attended Miss Foster's school. . . . In unpleasant weather the doctor would come for them and take all the children to their homes. One snowy afternoon he



came with his big sleigh, loaded it full of children, turned round slowly and tipped us all out, and down the hill we rolled; he, laughing, called out to get in quickly if we wanted a ride. . . .

Mr. Aaron Magoun taught in the brick school house near the Cross street burying ground. Pupils were admitted when eight years of age, but I know of two who were permitted to enter a year younger. He was a dear, good man, thoroughly acquainted with his pupils, visiting them often in their homes. He died May 21, 1899, in the ninety-first year of his age. I called to see him about a year before his death, and was surprised to note so few indications of old age, he coming downstairs without assistance. His bright eyes sparkled with merriment as we talked over the scenes of those early school days.

His punishments for mischievous boys and girls were unique—two fun-loving girls, standing on the platform, each with one end of a ruler in her mouth (to punish the ruler for slapping?) or a restless boy made to sit on the small cylinder stove for awhile, that was never taken down until worn out; or a small girl required to sit on the teacher's knee and given candy to eat, that the child did not then love or desire in the least; or a miss to go over and sit beside a lad, of her master's choosing, not hers. I recall the time when the teacher asked one of the scholars if he had nothing to do. "No, sir." Soon a sheet of paper was cut into tiny squares, strewn over the floor under the teacher's desk, and—well, that pupil never again complained of having nothing to do.

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#### SIX MEDFORD WOMEN

Hanging in the Historical Society's hall is a photograph which at once attracts attention. It is a group of six women, once well known in Medford, but who have now all passed on. The question has often been asked, "Who were they?" and we have heard the reply, "Six



sisters," but that was *incorrect*. On p. 80, Vol. VIII, REGISTER, may be found the names of four of them, in a list of thirty-six natives of Medford who were living at the time of the anniversary celebration of 1905, and who had then attained the age of seventy-five years. The names of the six were written (upon protecting paper pasted upon the back of the frame), by its donor, the late George W. Stetson, April, 1910; who added, "Taken in March, 1871." They are (left to right):

[Miss] Sarah J. Blanchard,	b. Jan. 13, 1829.
[Miss] Emeline A. Sparrell,	b. Feb. 7, 1830.
Mrs. Lucy B. Conery, <i>nee</i> Butters,	b. Feb. 2, 1829.
Mrs. John F. Sanborn,	b. Dec. 1830.
Miss Ellen A. Jaquith,	b. Aug. 3, 1829.
Mrs. Mary Peaslee, <i>nee</i> Butters,	b. Dec. 14, 1832.

NOTE.—Of the above, the first three and fifth are the four above alluded to.

Examination of the picture revealed the fact that brown paper backing was deteriorating; therefore the above copy is made and hereby transferred to the REGISTER's page. On p. 24, Vol. XIV, mention was made of the passing away of the first and eldest of the six, who were so nearly of an age. Inquiry fails to show that they were related to each other (except as stated), or that they were officers of some society, but just a group of friends and acquaintances. It is thought that each had a copy, and that after their going, only the nephew of Miss Blanchard had the thoughtfulness to provide for the preservation of hers, and to furnish the authentic data above given.

As a matter of interest, we add that in June, 1885, the first dry-goods store in West Medford was opened on Harvard Avenue, and Miss Blanchard was in charge of it from the first and for several years. The "Bee-Hive" was a lively competitor of a larger one next door, which managed to continue in business only by taking in other lines. At the anniversary time, Miss Blanchard contributed to the local press some reminiscences of the old sexton (her father) and others, which are reproduced in this issue.



## A SWEET STORY OF OLD

The Historical Society is now in possession of a highly interesting collection of papers written in the years just preceding the Revolution, one of which suggests the caption of this article, and is here reproduced:—

INVOICE of 2 barr<sup>ls</sup> Loaf Sugar shipped by Francis Minot on his own account & resque on board the Brig Neptune Peter Gwin master bound for Affrica & goes consign'd said Gwin for Sales & return viz—

1767

F M N<sup>o</sup> 1 cont'g 14 Loaves wt 139½ lb

2 14 D<sup>o</sup> 135

274½ @ £6/6 Old Tenor is

£ 11.17.10

2 barr<sup>ls</sup> for D<sup>o</sup>

2. 2

12.

Boston 23<sup>d</sup> Sept<sup>r</sup> 1765.

Capt<sup>r</sup> Peter Gwin

Sir

I have ship'd the above Sugar with leave from Mr. Fitch & beg You'l dispose of it to my best advantage on Your arrival on the coast of Affrica & if it's sufficient purchase me a Boy Slave. If you go to the West Indies please to lay out the neat proceeds in good Produce which leave to Your Iudgment what may best answer the great end of GETTING MONEY. I wish You Health & Prosperity being sincerely

Your Friend & H<sup>ble</sup> Serv<sup>t</sup>

Fra<sup>s</sup> Minot

P.S. As Loaf Sugar always sells better to Windward than to Leeward, should be glad You would sell mine as You go down the Coast—the barrells may be easily come at between Decks.

The Medford historian (Brooks) said (on p. 436) "The gentlemen of Medford have always disclaimed any participation in the slave trade," and, evidently doubtful of the same, makes a half-page quotation from a letter of instruction to a slaver's captain on January 14, 1759. That identical letter is the first of the twenty-two above mentioned and which cover a period of ten years. Steel pens, copying presses and typewriters were no part of



office furniture of those days, and the water marks in the durable unruled paper showing the royal crown, with G. R. beneath, are suggestive of the "Stamp Act."

The peculiar product of Medford formed the principal part of the cargo and was the medium of exchange on the African coast. The voyages were usually triangular, the second lap being to the West Indies or southern ports, then homeward with the results in southern produce or cash, and with the few *unsold* slaves. The vessel's return was watched for with much concern by the merchant owner, and, we doubt not, by his clerk, who was an adventurer in a small way — twelve pounds worth of sugar. This is not a children's story (or song) but a young man's business adventure. We have no means of telling of its result. Clerk Minot was an expert penman, somewhat liberal in use of flourishes and in the merchant's employ for several years for the "great end of *getting money*," as emphasized by his use of capitals in his letter to Captain Gwin.

The merchant had several vessels in the African trade, and for the last twelve (or more) years of his life was a property owner and resident in Medford, passing away in 1790. Historian Brooks, writing about midway between the time of these papers and the present day, said,

How will the above read in the capital of Liberia two hundred years hence?

How does it read in Medford (where rum was made) today?

But the Nantucket-Boston-Medford men were not "sinners above all men." There were others, as a recent publication, *A Rhode Island Slaver* (Shepley Library, Providence, 1922), clearly proves by reproducing the *Trade book of the Sloop Adventure, 1773-4*. Of Captain Peter Gwin, his various commands, voyages and doings, the letters and instructions of his "assured friend and owner" give much information, and are a side light on a business once considered legitimate.



## TO CONTINUE

Lack of space in our last issue precluded our saying all we desired regarding the REGISTER. At the urgent request of the Society we begin a new volume, and with this number complete fifteen years of editorial service, which we must ere long turn over, we trust to younger and abler hands.

We wish to quote an appreciation which came to us in 1911 from the librarian of a great university:—

The publication issued by your Historical Society is a credit to its activities.

You deserve much commendation for your successful efforts to preserve the records of the past in your immediate neighborhood. I only wish that more such agencies existed for the purpose.

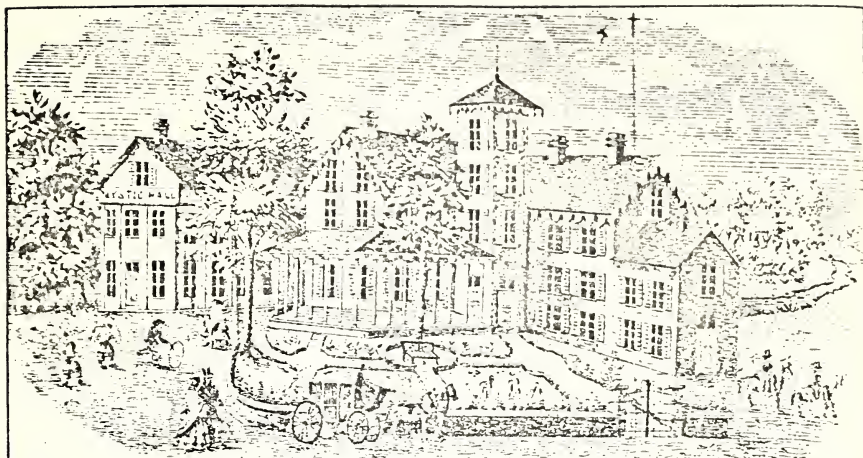
It has been our effort to maintain the reputation thus gained. The above, with a partial list of eighteen prominent REGISTER articles, was then given on the cover page. Nine of the authors have passed away, but their work abides. The same may be said of others not therein named, whose work tells facts of Medford history found nowhere else.

We regret that no articles have recently appeared in memory of valued members and benefactors of our Society, whose presence and effort we greatly miss. Effort for such has been made by the President and editor, only to meet with disappointment more than we can express.

It is said that a former clergyman of Medford always in his public prayers expressed this desire: "Grant, Father, that the world may be wiser and better for our effort."

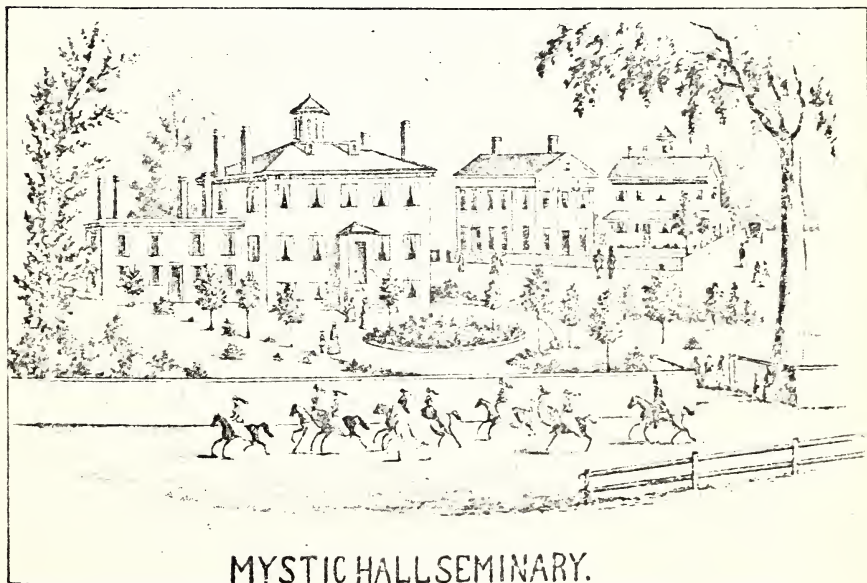
With the same desire for the people of our home city we issue this publication.





School for Young Ladies, at Mystic Hall. Oddest Medford, Mass.

COMMENCING FEBRUARY 1, 1855.



MYSTIC HALL SEMINARY.



# The Medford Historical Register.

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VOL. XXVI.

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No. 2.

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## WOMEN OF THE "MAYFLOWER" AND PLYMOUTH COLONY.

BY MARY SOULE GOOGINS.

[Read before the Medford Historical Society, December 19, 1921.]

THREE hundred years ago there came to these shores a Band of Pilgrims. We call them "Pilgrim Fathers" but there were Pilgrim Mothers and Daughters as well. No other colonies up to this time had ever brought women with them. The Pilgrims were bound to succeed, therefore—they brought the *women* with them.

They founded homes, homes in the wilderness, homes by the rolling sea, homes hedged in by dark forests, rough and lonely, but they were *dear* homes.

The precursors of thirty million American homes. These are the gifts of the Pilgrim Mothers and Fathers of three hundred years ago.

The women of the *Mayflower*—let us look at them now, since all who can ever be called by that name are together on the ship. Mrs. Stephen Hopkins wins regard from all. Her own little daughter Damaris and her step-daughter Constantia add to the girlhood on the boat. Mary Brewster and Susanna White set a shining mark. Mrs. John Carver, her maid and her young ward, Desire Minter—Mrs. Miles Standish and Mrs. Edward Winslow and Katherine Carver have won the love and admiration of all. Mrs. Christopher Martin, who was scarcely known, as she was among the passengers from London. Two pairs of mothers and daughters—Mrs. Mary Chilton and Mrs. Mullins and Priscilla—engage our attention, as Cupid's entanglements are in this serious adventure (Mary has *lost* an admirer and Priscilla



*gained* one). Here is a group whom we know far less well — Mrs. Thomas Tinker and Mrs. John Rizdale, Mrs. Francis Eaton — but we feel sure their quality of mind and heart must be the equal of many of their companions. Here are the wives of John and Edward Tilly, each with a young girl to mother. Humility Cooper is cousin to Ann Tilly, and Elizabeth is step-child to John Tilly's wife. Mrs. Edward Fuller and Anna White are those sailing for another haven, though knowing it not.

From London has come Mrs. John Billington, quite different in style and manner from her companions, yet not lacking in good qualities, and little Ellen More in Mrs. Winslow's care. Mrs. William Bradford (standing in the shadow of tragedy), and Mrs. Isaac Allerton with her two little girls, Remember and Mary, complete the count. Mary Allerton's namesake daughter stands nearest to us of all that company between that day and this. The courage and fortitude and endurance of that band of women can never be described.

To this tossing ship, on a very stormy day, there comes a stranger, promptly called Oceanus, and the Hopkins family becomes of great interest, with its new baby for the women and children to delight in.

One who kept a record of those days wrote: "At anchor in Cape Cod Harbor. This day Mistress Dorothy Bradford, wife of Master Bradford, fell overboard and was drowned."

At last, in a November dawn, land is in sight. With the episode following, the women had no actual part, but with some it was of great interest, as their husbands signed the document drawn up in the cabin, and because of it Katherine Carver was made first lady, as her husband was elected Governor of this Colonial company. The next day new life and animation was among all on board the *Mayflower*. Hope flung aside the gray veil that had almost enveloped her for many weeks and stood in the radiant garments of expectancy.



A little pool surrounded by juniper trees attracted the eyes of the women, and on that foggy morning of the 23d of November witnessed them going ashore in a small boat with bundles and kettles, the first time they had set foot on the soil of their new country,—and Monday wash-day was established.

One more storm and struggle for the *Mayflower* — one more disappointing return to the harbor which she desired to leave, then a calm day's sail into a quiet harbor, for they had touched a rock, for them a stepping-stone,—they saw it not as a gateway of a mighty nation. Her work nobly performed, her name immortal, she had reached the goal.

The women had more to do, however, than look towards the shore and long for land, for their life on ship was not an idle one for any of them, while strength lasted. As one by one illness attacked them, those remaining well had added cares, assisting Dr. Fuller, attending to the wants of the families of those whose mothers were ill, preparing food for the sick and for the men who went daily ashore to work, keeping the children safe and amused, and, above all, keeping their own faith and hope alive; and it went on as unending as the swell of the sea beneath them.

But the time came for going ashore with costumes so similar it is hard to distinguish where each woman is placed. The children are held from crowding forward as they near the shore. An instant of excitement! The sailors make ready to fasten the boat! It touches the rock! The woman who stood foremost on the way over has sprung from the boat, catching at the hand of the nearest man to steady her on the slippery rock. The keen wind and spray have dashed color to her cheeks, the brilliancy of the sun on the snow is reflected in her eyes. A flashing triumph at being the *first!*—it is Mary Chilton! I like to think of her as Dr. Gordon expressed it, "a real sport," not perhaps like the sports of today, but a strong humorous girl, full of real happiness. In after



years she came to Boston to live and was a member of the Old South Church. In her will she left the Church five English pounds. (It was "the widow's mite," as she was then "Widow Winslow"). In three hundred years that has amounted to \$500,000. No wonder Old South is the richest church in Boston!

In less than a week after the first women went ashore, Rose Standish passed to a land of sunshine and flowers. Others soon followed, Ann Tilly, Mrs. Martin, little Ellen More and Mary Chilton's mother. Another month, and Mary Allerton, John Tilly's wife, Sarah Eaton and Mrs. Edward Fuller were numbered with them, and soon Elizabeth Winslow and Katharine Carver slipped away. Their monument is the hill by the sea-shore on which their graves were made, and their remembrance shall last as long as Mayflowers blossom. It is indeed remarkable that even twelve women and children remained. Humility Cooper and Elizabeth Tilly, Priscilla Mullins and Mary Chilton were indeed truly alone.

On the five women the care and responsibility fell heaviest, though the girls and children had their share in the division of labor. Each served when there was nursing to be done. Cooking was not only a duty but a serious problem in finding something to tempt failing appetites, the women often going hungry that others might have more. Gradually came a lessening of the strain of known evils.

The problem of the Indians had been solved on the day that they heard the word "Welcome" from an unknown voice; and their visits from these strange people became frequent and helpful as well. The day of making another covenant was one marked by color and animation in the doleful life of those early months for the women with just strength enough for interest. They met and entertained the sovereign of the savages to the lively music of drum and trumpet. The green rug on which they sat in one of the unfinished houses must



have always brought back that scene to the woman who owned it,—that lasting treaty of mutual friendship and benefit.

It was an April day after the planting that an episode occurred which brings before us for the first time a woman not distinct hitherto in this picture. The Indian squaws occasionally came to Plymouth, and were a help or a bother, according to their personality. Hobomok was the Colony's trusty interpreter, and this afternoon his squaw was teaching a company of mothers the art of moccasin making when Hobomok appeared and took her away, saying the Government wanted her to work, and she proved a valuable spy.

As spring came the children found arbutus and early flowers. Remember and Mary Allerton and Damaris Hopkins played on the beach with Constance, Elizabeth and Humility, and gathered the bright shells in the warm sunshine, until the pink of the shells and arbutus were reflected in their cheeks.

And with the April mildness on land and sea came the last night when the lights of the *Mayflower* shone to them out of the darkness. Each one has been asked a question, and been given time to consider well: "Shall we — shall I — go back?" Each woman for herself has answered "No." The venture made in faith should not have been made in vain,—the standard formed of high hope and courage should not go down while they were able in the light of faith to carry it forward.

The September days were busy ones. The spring planting had been successful and their harvest of corn abundant. The wild grapes had been made into wine, corn pounded into meal, each household a hive of workers. The wear and tear on their clothes was repaired and new garments made. But an interval occurred in their routine; it is a picture of the living room in the Brewster house by candle light, which contains all of the women of the colony in earnest discussion. The Governor has suggested that, in view of the fact of their



successful harvest and renewed health, a period of recreation should be planned and engaged in by all. Not only preparations for themselves but for guests. Chief Massasoit and many of his warriors were to be invited, with no doubt at all of their acceptance.

It was not a question of *what* to provide but *how much* of everything, for more than one hundred were to be provided for over a three days' period, and only eleven women and young girls to do it. Who should roast the wild turkeys, who boil the fish and make the sauces and side dishes? Every iron kettle, every long and short-legged pot and pan, every wooden bowl and leathern bottle, every pewter dish with hooks and trivets were in use, wooden cups or gourds to drink from, and knives. The only forks were long-handled ones for cooking.

The Indians arrived and encamped around the street, thoughtfully bringing a large supply of venison to add to the bill of fare. The great tables were erected in front of the common house, the women and children cleared away, and looked on, now and then sampling the products of their cooking by taking a mouthful as they could, for *they* were too busy to eat. The long shadows of the third day saw the end of the event and the end of America's first Thanksgiving Day.

Some weeks later we see Mistress Brewster in her kitchen distilling herbs for Dr. Fuller, when all are startled by the sound of a gun from the fort. Another shot. Every wise woman and child knows this is a signal for assembly. A ship has entered Cape Cod harbor, seen by the Indians, who brought word at once to Plymouth. They had been seven months without sight or sound of the world beyond their little settlement. The sails of the *Fortune* had brought them once again a touch of the outside world. The *Fortune* remained two weeks, and when she sailed Desire Minter chose to go back in her. This little ship did not receive benefit from her name, for fortune proved unkind. She was captured by a French man-of-war, and all taken prisoners for two weeks.



If Desire Minter had only written of her experiences as a woman of the *Mayflower*, her experiences in leaving for an English home, with her war adventure as an extra detail, what material she had, and of what value for the world to read! She would have been a rival historian of Bradford and Winslow. But of course such a thought never entered her mind. She was a woman, and a woman could not be independent in that day. About two hundred and fifty years passed before any other point of view was deemed possible.

The kitchen at the Winslow's presents a lively scene this autumn morning. Mrs. Winslow and Mary Becket are in deep preparations for a feast—not an ordinary one. Two important causes may be found for the feast and good spirits. First, the master of the house had just returned from a successful trading trip up the coast, with a great quantity of fur to make who would a fur coat for the winter. As for Mary, why, George Soule had told her last evening that she was the only woman for him, and indeed it would not take her as long as it did Mary Chilton to make up her mind on a like matter. And the feast was to be a supper party. George Soule, who was a noted gunner, had brought home several plump birds and a pair of wild turkeys in compliment to Mary Chilton and John Winslow, as well as George Soule and Mary Becket. And if any of you think you have attended a feast I wish you could read what that one was like. Time forbids my giving it to you, as there are three solid pages of dishes innumerable, and—

After three years of struggle for life and a home in the wilderness Plymouth grew, and this autumn saw one hundred and eighty persons instead of a handful. The new plan of individual division of land, with its planting and care, proved its wisdom. Friendly contests for success began. Mary Chilton and Humility Cooper were each given an acre, and the attention these acres received was not less than any others.

The crops ripening foretold an abundant harvest.



The lightening of hearts and promising outlook caused the governor to proclaim a day of public thanksgiving. It was not after the manner of the one two years previous, but more like a day of supplication. The dreaded visitor, famine, was gone, never to return to the fireside of Plymouth. And where the comforts of all the men had depended on the hands of a *few women*, now many workers made all tasks lighter.

Spinning was a regular occupation. Besides domestic duties the women enthusiastically helped in planting and harvesting. Even while making their evening neighborly calls their fingers would ply the knitting-needles, for even in recreation the women could not afford to be idle. This was the gayest winter Plymouth had yet known.

Now we will observe some passing events which were of special interest to the women.

In the early summer, into John and Priscilla Alden's home came Elizabeth, called the first-born daughter of the Pilgrims. Then came a wedding of special interest. All Plymouth rejoiced when Patience Brewster married Thomas Prence. Destiny had woven for her a beautiful pattern, with childhood in Scrooby, girlhood in Leyden, and womanhood in Plymouth. A bright, particular star in the galaxy of the women of Plymouth colony. Her young husband reached the important place of governor in a few years.

Gray days and golden days passed over Plymouth, each one finding the women busy with the household duties, which did not end with the sunset gun, as the men's labor might. Let us look for a moment at the list of occupations which kept them busy. Candle making; pickling eggs; preserve and cordial making; distilling of herbs; ale or beer making; soap making; laundering and dyeing cloths and yarns; braiding mats of rushes; sweeping and sanding the floors; cleaning wooden and iron utensils; scouring and polishing pewter, brass and silver articles; pounding corn; butter and



cheese making; cooking; weaving; spinning; sewing; drying wet shoes by filling them with hot oats; drying storm-soaked clothes by the blazing logs on the hearth; and teaching the boys and girls. Moments of recreation were rare.

Many deaths have occurred, and the procession of brides still lengthens. The opening of another decade in the new world showed great contrasts to the Plymouth women who remembered the first years. Now they were able to see and hear of the experiences of others. If the arrival of the first cows into Plymouth was a never-to-be-forgotten joy to the women of the *Mayflower*, the entrance of horses into Plymouth life was elation. Remember Allerton married and went to Salem to live. At this time in Boston eggs were three cents a dozen, milk one cent a quart, butter six and cheese five cents a pound, and housekeepers not caring for the higher prices in Plymouth could send to Boston.

One of the weddings of that year was Mary Allerton's. She was last but one of the *Mayflower* girls to marry. Damaris Hopkins' marriage completed the list.

How I would like to take you to some of their parties and merry-making evenings! I can only speak of one. The swift knitting-needles click in Desire's hands as she watches the progress of the sampler which is being worked by a lovely girl. Betty Alden also is one of the worker's admirers and friends. The sampler was made by Lora Standish, only and much-beloved daughter of the Pilgrim captain. That piece of handicraft is the only specimen of their work that we know of which may be looked at today.

When Mary Chilton-Winslow moved to Boston it could not have seemed more strange to her than Plymouth had come to be to her. As the first death on the *Mayflower* was that of a woman, Dorothy Bradford, so the last survivor of the *Mayflower* company was a woman, Mary Allerton-Cushman, who *saw* all of the life, with its chances and changes, of which *we read*.



Through the years we may well believe that the women of the *Mayflower*, who became the women of Plymouth, and their children, whether in newer homes or remaining in the old, looked back to the early days of their privation, when by their anxieties, their sorrows, their economies, their endeavors, their fearlessness and faith, the foundation of their colony was laid.

Mary Chilton-Winslow lies beside her husband in King's Chapel Burying Ground, Boston. Their names are marked upon a slab at the gate on Tremont street.

Descendants of the women of Plymouth colony are now estimated to number more than a million. We rejoice that we know as much as we do of the women. Recently a plan was made that a chime of bells should be placed in the tower of the Pilgrim monument at Provincetown, and dedicated to the Women of the *Mayflower* by their descendants.

More recently still Henry H. Kitson has modeled a statue of a Pilgrim woman for erection at Plymouth in their memory.

We may recall here the noble monument erected by the nation to the Pilgrims. In this design a woman is the exalted figure who holds the book and gazes over the sea. And of the four important but lesser figures, two are women.

Governor Long has said of the heroic figure: "Her eyes look toward the sea. Forever she beholds upon its waves the incoming *Mayflower*. She sees the Pilgrims land; they vanish, but she, the monument of their faith, remains and tells their story to the world." Their remembrance is like music. Inspire and love it. Perpetuate it, get precious memory out of it.

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#### MEDFORD STATUARY.

A letter recently received by a Medford man, from a friend of his school days, suggests our subject. Its writer lived in West Medford several years in the early '70s,



attending the grammar school there. Like others, he had a curiosity to "peek into the old rum distillery, sneak under the fence at the race track," and go to the library for books. The library was then in the town house. He wrote, "there were some fine places on the way, with statuary in their front yards." As none of this latter is now to be seen, a few observations may be of interest. A century ago people of artistic taste and of wealth thus embellished their grounds.

Prominent in Medford were those of Thatcher Magoun, on High street. A substantial fence nearly five feet high adjoined the sidewalk. This, unlike the high board fence before the Gray mansion opposite, was of square palings, all of which passed through the continuous rails; but, at intervals, a paling was of iron, firmly set into the granite base beneath, thus supporting the whole. Thus enclosed, the entire grounds were still visible and attracted much attention. The winding walks were of red gravel in which no grass or weeds could grow, and bordered more or less with box, a close-growing evergreen plant. In spring the flower beds were ablaze with tulips and hyacinths and other flowers in their season, and the shrubbery of various kinds, tastefully arranged and well cared for. Beside the walks were four and on the pedestals of the terrace were two statues of white marble, and at least two marble vases, which sometimes held flowering plants. The grounds sloped away to the river and extended westward to the Tufts estate, and in this portion were several pagodas—or "summer houses," as people used to style them. In Mr. Magoun's life time these grounds were neatly kept (the statuary had its annual grooming), all in contrast to present condition. It was one of the "show-places" of Medford in those days.

One day (since the twentieth century came in) the writer, going down High street, noticed a hay wagon at the Magoun gateway. Men were bringing out the statuary; each piece stood in a big basket, and somewhat



swathed, was roped in and lifted into the wagon, then roped to the top rail for safe riding. It was a grotesque sight (which some others also witnessed), and as the horse-drawn wagon moved down High street it did seem as if *Ichabod* was written on and about the place.

We have recently tried to ascertain what the statues represented and have only succeeded in one instance,—Esculapius, the patron saint of the medical profession. We had a vague idea that four of the six were "the Seasons," as one we took to be Winter seemed to be shivering and gathering his robe closely about him. But what became of them? We are unable to answer with certainty. In a Boston daily of June 6, 1907, was a statement that their then owner "Offers Art Junk for Lynn's City Lawn," *i.e.*, desired to sell them for decorative purpose. The statues were photographed in one group, the illustrative cut being the width of three newspaper columns. The article said, "much of the stuff had little value except as oddities." Indeed, we have heard similar deprecatory remarks made very recently, to which latter we cannot agree. They could not have been simply "plaster casts" and have remained exposed to the weather the year round for over sixty years; nor is it at all likely that men of wealth and taste, as were these owners, would have surrounded their homes with any inferior specimens of art.

There were also two statues on the elder Magoun's estate, which like those already named, are shown in the steel engravings in Brooks' History of Medford (1855). These, with similar marble vases, are mentioned in the letter of Mr. Magoun to the selectmen, as included in his gift, and are shown in the illustration in the Usher publication of 1886. But where are they today?

On the front lawn of the old Brooks mansion on Grove street, also, were two smaller statues of white marble, on pedestals of darker stone; whether others were beyond the mansion in the extensive grounds we cannot say, neither what these represented. They were at a



distance from the street, and were not recognizable, even by an art critic, in the scattered broken limbs, disfigured heads and torsos we found while visiting the partially demolished mansion in 1916. "Art junk" *they* surely were then, but not when selected by the discriminating owner a century before. But nothing is secure from modern vandalism, as witness the overturning of the statue on Cambridge common within a year, and of Sagamore John's monument nearer home.

Not all Medford statuary was of marble, however. Colonel Royall indulged his æsthetic tastes away back in provincial days. A figure of the wing-footed messenger of the gods, carved from wood, and bearing the caduceus, surmounted the cupola of the octagonal pavilion on the elevation beyond the Royall mansion. Through all the vicissitudes of more than a century it remained in position, defying the elements. A legend of former days is embodied in the following, sent to our sanctum: —

One of the most interesting objects on the Royall estate was the wooden statue of Mercury surmounting the summer house. He stood there poised, a graceful figure, ready for his flight as messenger of the gods. Each day, when he heard the one o'clock bell ring, he lifted his arm; when the sound ceased he lowered the arm to his side.

It is said that some Medford school children were late to school because of watching for the same. Add this to our list of "Medford myths," if you please.

The remains of this "wooden god" are carefully preserved today among the Royall relics.

The wood-carvers' art was, in early days, much in vogue, and many a Medford ship had a carved figure-head of artistic design and workmanship. One of these, the *Mystic Belle*, after ploughing the seas for years, found a resting place here in Medford, and note of same was published at the time. Who knows where? Another, the figure of a bird, was for some years near the Fellsway.

At one later time there seemed to be a mania for lawn



decorations, some hideous, others ridiculous. On Mystic street (West Medford) Mr. Hastings had the figure of a couchant lion beside the entrance drive, and to make it more *realistic* a "den" of rocks was built over his leonine majesty. This was a protective measure, as we are told "it was a plaster cast." This lion at first had a terrifying aspect, which disappeared after a few scrubbings given it, and later the lion also departed.

But ere this was the "clergyman's dog" his master refused to take out license for, a little way up Forest street. The story was, that soon after the first of May the zealous constable was informed thereof and hastened to find the owner. The clergyman, like many other reverend gentlemen, enjoyed a joke (and was probably aware of the conspiracy existing), and firmly refused to save his favorite canine from threatened shooting, and on demand of the officer pointed out the victim's whereabouts. The *big iron dog*, recumbent beside the walk, had not molested the officer at his excited coming. Perhaps he laughed at his crestfallen departure. Anyway, it is said, the clergyman did, also the ones that put up the game. There may have been others, but this was the only one we know of in Medford during the "era of the cast-iron dog."

Some towns had a whole menagerie (could it have been collected) of lions, deer, dogs of various breed, rabbits, etc., (probably indicating the tastes of the owners) specimens of which may still be found.

Perhaps it was well that Medford never erected a soldiers' monument (other than that at Oak Grove), and so was spared the inferior specimens of statuary inflicted on some towns. Equally as well that the memorial we alluded to (Vol. XIX, p. 79) has not materialized. There is an "eternal fitness of things" in decorative art. A gargoyle requires distance to lend enchantment, but what shall we say of the caryatids in plug hats between which we go to the city offices? They *have been* taken for effigies of public functionaries, with how much reason we are not saying.



We have not now the space to mention the statuary casts in the various school buildings, and are reminded of the recent acquisition of "La Pense" at the Public Library. Here's hoping that this last may not make an unknown departure thence, as did those the school boy noted a half century ago.

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### A STORY OF TWO PICTURES.

This is not a two-story picture, though our illustration resembles it somewhat. We first used it in the July issue of 1908, in connection with the story of *Mystic Hall Seminary*, read by the author, Mrs. Jennie (Pierce) Brigham at our meeting of March 7, 1908, a careful reading of which we commend to our present readers.

The acquirement and preservation of each was due to a chance occurrence prior to above date. Both represent the seminary buildings from different points of view, and were found at widely separated places, thus:—

First.—During a summer vacation Miss Flora Lydston, bookkeeper for Joseph E. Ober (West Medford's veteran business man), was on her vacation in Portsmouth, N. H., where she met a lady who told of her attendance at the seminary, and added, "I have a picture of it." As Miss L. understood it, it was of her drawing while at the school. On viewing it she at once noted the resemblance, and said, "Why, that is where I work! My desk is at that window. My employer would like to see it, I know." She was allowed its use, and Mr. Ober had a local artist (Hans Schroff) copy it, and (framed) it hangs in his store. From it our cut was made. But ere that a young journalist secured it for a time, and a larger reproduction, with a breezy story of the famous school, appeared in the *Medford Mercury*, that to which Mrs. B. alluded in her opening sentence.

Second.—While on a visit to Glens Falls, N. Y., we called upon Mr. George K. Hawley, who in 1864 lived in the Mystic Hall tenement, and boarded the bricklayers



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Second.—While on a visit to Glens Falls, N. Y., we called upon Mr. George K. Hawley, who in 1864 lived in the Mystic Hall tenement, and boarded the bricklayers



that built Medford's disused subway.\* (See Vol. XX, p. 1.) During the interview he produced the first year book of the seminary as printed, containing the view entitled *School for Young Ladies*, which we had not before seen, and kindly allowed us its use.

Thus, from unexpected sources, these "views of Medford" have come. We have been asked by some if we consider them good. This leads us to the following comment, we trust not over-critical, and not unfriendly:

First, remembering that in the early fifties few views were obtained other than by "sketching from nature," we can overlook the faults, respecting the motive prompting the effort. Concerning the "delineator" of the second-named we have no clue whatever. The point of view must have been from across High street and looking south. As the canal (discontinued in 1852) still had water enough to skate upon (see Vol. XI, No. 3) and the bridge on High street still remained, the artist (perhaps one of the girls) bent it around some to get it into the drawing (at the right), but showed the great willow tree on the farther bank. "Mystic Hall" is in the right position (at the left-hand) but the big poplar was *across* Harvard avenue. We *know*, as we cut it down before building the Odd Fellows hall. The legend on that building was, in gilded iron letters, *Mystic Hall Seminary*, the final word removed in 1870. The S is now in the Historical rooms and the M in our editorial sanctum. The chimney seen in view was a *wooden* one, "only for looks," "false chimney," and common in those days. The curve in the front wall is correct, but the house with the tower should have been farther west (to right). It really was at present 516 High street. The lawn, St. Raphael's church and rectory, are now between its site and Mystic Hall. The two horsewomen are headed toward the big barn, where was the gymnasium and bowling alley, but which is not shown. To have done so would have required about four times the width. But the costumes,

\* We have heard he was time-keeper on that work.



the ornamental grounds and gateway also, are suggestive of the time. The granite posts are still there, and the socket holes of the iron hinges, also the granite walls.

This picture the next year yielded place to the other, which shows the three by looking west. While in this the shape of the "Mystic Mansion" and Mystic Hall are correctly given, the alignment is poor. It was with the "delineator" a case of *multum in parvo*. The farthest house was really as far from High street as is the present 516. The fence around Mystic Hall was there in 1870, but in line with the oval was a willow four feet in diameter, which could not have grown in the fifteen years since 1855. Again, we found in 1870 an unsightly out-building, screened somewhat (where the oval is shown), on the walls of which various classic quotations were written. We will quote one:—

Honest man, in the ear of reason, is a grander title than peer of the realm or prince of the blood.

There was also a greenhouse beyond the "mansion" which, with the former-named, was removed in 1870. But that the dormers are too high in the roof and the basement windows also too far from the ground, the artist did well with this house and caught the salient feature of the pilasters of Mystic Hall. The big sycamore behind the mansion is true to form, but we can hardly forgive the omission of the railroad, which lies between them. In this, also, the physical department is in evidence in Canal street—the young ladies with their instructor at the rear, but they don't all ride that way now.

One thing the *artist* did not show—it was not very prominent—the *stone* set in the brick wall under the second story middle window. In it is cut 1812, the date of the building's erection by the town as its almshouse.

Old pictures, even if crude, are worth saving.



## JIM FRANKLIN, BEN'S BIG BROTHER.

BY REV. ANSON TITUS.

[Read at a meeting of the Medford Historical Society, May 21, 1923.]

In 1718 James Franklin sailed for London and secured type and printing press and immediately began the printing of pamphlets and books; and soon became the printer of the *Boston Gazette*, the official paper of the province. In 1721 Franklin established the *New England Courant*. The *Courant* began in the midst of one of the greatest small pox epidemics Boston ever had. Doctors Increase and Cotton Mather were ardent advocates of inoculation, and strongly supported by Dr. Zabdiel Boylston. Franklin with great freedom of expression wrote of affairs which brought the wrath of the provincial officials upon him. Franklin printed an item regarding pirate vessels in the vicinity of Block Island, and that Captain Pete Papillion had raised a company and sailed against them. It was an impolitic item to print, but was a *scoop* on the part of an inexperienced printer. The following day he was brought before the governor on the Speakers' warrant, and spent a month in jail. His younger brother, Ben Franklin, only seventeen years old, became editor for a time, and for legal reasons his name continued as publisher for three or four years. The printshop of James Franklin was on the site of the Old Colony Trust Company. During these years Franklin printed an "Arithmetic"; a book on "Music" by Thomas Walter, stated to be the first music printed in bars; also printed astronomical books for Professors Greenwood and Robie of Harvard College, and many sermons by the Doctors Mather. Franklin printed books of superior grade, which did not meet with a sale they deserved. Bankruptcy followed, and in 1727 James Franklin removed to Newport, R. I., where he entered at once upon a more prosperous career. He obtained the printing of the plantation, and several volumes of Bishop Berkley, an annual Almanac, and conducted a short-lived newspaper. James Franklin



died February 4, 1738, on his thirty-eighth birthday, leaving widow, a son, James, and at least three daughters. Ann Franklin, during her widowhood of twenty-nine years, conducted the official printing of Rhode Island, established the Newport *Mercury*, out-lived all her children, and died April 19, 1763.

While James Franklin was in Boston, 1722, he established a library of nigh one hundred volumes, which people were free to visit and read. The library contained a set of "The Spectator," by Addison, recently published, eminent histories, learned works of recent scholarship, and a copy of Shakespeare's works, said to be the first known copy in New England. This library was not a public or circulating library, was free to any one who desired to come to the print shop to read. This print shop became a gathering place for the literates of Boston of two hundred years ago, and was of the type presented by our publishers of today, who afford a quiet corner where readers can come and browse among their newest publications.

The spiritual heir of James Franklin was Samuel Hall, who, Isaiah Thomas says, married a daughter of the Franklin home. Samuel Hall entered at once upon the affairs of the printshop in Newport, and his obituary of Ann Franklin would show her to be among the queens of American womanhood. Samuel Hall afterwards established the *Essex Gazette*, Salem, and at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War printed newspapers and official proclamations for the army and the province. He established a bookstore, printshop and book bindery in Boston. He became the printer of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and was regarded as one of the most correct compositors and proof-readers in Boston. He died in 1807, leaving a second wife, and "next of kin," Elizabeth, wife of William Barnes of Brookfield, who was without doubt the granddaughter of James and Ann Franklin. Samuel Hall was born in Medford, 1740; he and a brother, Jonathan, were, early in child-



hood, orphans. The brother Jonathan died in young manhood. They were brought up among their mother's relatives, the Fowle family, who were printers.

James Franklin, Boston born and bred, whose wife, Ann Smith, was also Boston born and bred, had real success in Boston; but Boston failed to recognize it; transplanted to Newport, ever famed for its generous spirit, he not only gained success, but held it to the last, giving credit not only to the Franklin name, but to a generous and liberty-loving plantation.

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### COMMENT AND CONTRAST.

A high school graduate of '73 tells in a recent *Mercury* of his classmates, and gives a "glimpse" of fifty years ago. Eight of the eighteen still live, six in Medford. Mr. Buss' story suggests our headline, as he tells of that school in *part* of present Centre schoolhouse, a teaching staff of *three*, with occasional music teacher.

While Medford's population has increased *seven* times, the high school teachers are now *twenty* times and its graduates over *thirteen* times as many.

Then the two steam railroads gave good service to Boston, but there was no public conveyance within and to adjacent towns.

South Medford was mainly brickyards and trotting park, East Medford sparsely settled, and Wellington only a farm. A swamp lay beyond Dudley street; the Fellsway unthought of.

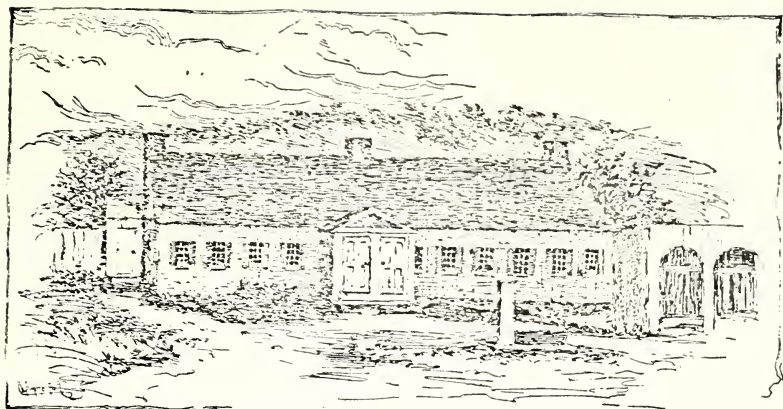
No telephone then, no electric light or power, no library building, no parkways or Fells reservation.

But Medford had then two military companies, two brass bands, a big lumber yard, the old tide-mill, famous rum distillery, town hall,—also a low tax rate.

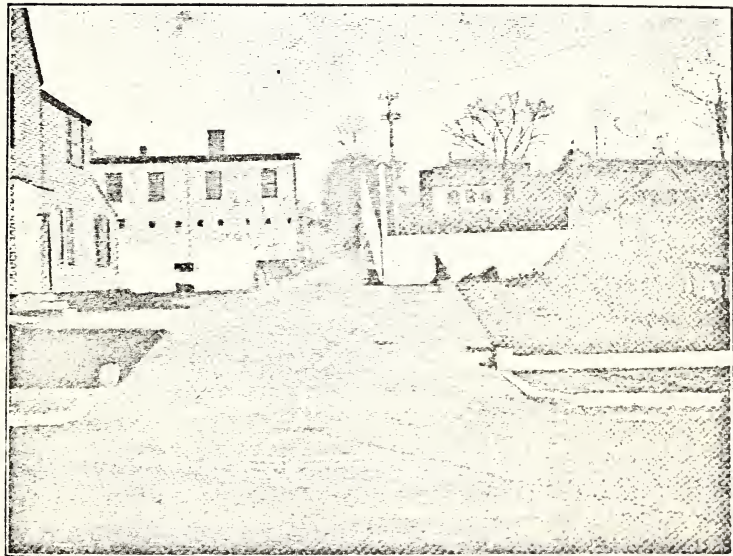
Automobiles, motor boats, movies and radio, heavy taxes—costly luxuries—are of today.

Let our Medford readers finish for themselves our contrasts and comments, here begun.





MEDFORD HIGH SCHOOL, 1843.



GOVERNORS AVENUE AS IT WAS.



# The Medford Historical Register.

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VOL. XXVI.

SEPTEMBER, 1923.

No. 3.

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## MEDFORD'S BULKY RED NOSE.

**I**N Vol. XVIII, No. 1, MEDFORD HISTORICAL REGISTER, was "High Street in 1870." That it awakened interest is shown by the following letter, which was directly acted upon. (See Mr. Hooper's article on "Pine and Pasture Hills," and "Introductory Note" in the REGISTER's next issue.

NEW BEDFORD, March 13, 1915.

MR. EDITOR:—

DEAR SIR:—I have at different times been interested to know the original topography of the tract between the Library lot and the square, and made unfinished notes, but I never perfected anything. Now comes your very useful record of High street in 1870, and it reawakens my interest.

I have no facilities for the inquiry—don't know the place, names, now—and it is too late, so I am going to drop it and dump all the papers upon you to throw away or use as you like. This is not a contribution article for the columns of the REGISTER, but sent in the hope of stirring up the curiosity of Mr. Hooper, yourself, or some other intelligent person to investigate, collect facts, and write up the subject. You two seem to know the most about High street. You once made a winter ramble along the smelt brook. You might make a back-yard ramble behind the High street houses and possibly discover or infer something.

Sincerely yours,

THOS. M. STETSON.

Not all Mr. Stetson's queries were answered, and we are presenting them anew, with his "notes" in full, hoping they may awaken new interest along historic lines. He was the son of Rev. Caleb Stetson, the able minister of



the First Parish (1827 to 1848). Under the caption "A Medford Schoolboy's Reminiscences," in Vol. XVII, No. 4, is a most interesting contribution to our columns to which we call especial attention. His parents lived in Medford, first in the Rev. Charles Brooks house, but later on High street where is now St. Joseph's rectory. In reading his "Reminiscences" and these following "notes" it will be seen that he was "at home" on old High street, and his observations and descriptions the very best. It was to our regret that his likeness did not appear among the "Octogenarians" with the old "High-school house" at that time, as we had intended.

It is now seven years since he passed away from his home in New Bedford, Mass., where he took up the practice of law in 1854. Though he had not been in Medford for many years, he retained pleasant memories of his boyhood home, and was a subscriber to the REGISTER.

Turn to Vol. XIII, p. 93, and note his story of the "sham fight" and later artillery practice (where is now the Fellsway) which explained the finding of cannon balls on the hillslope above.

On p. 45, Vol. XIX, is his likeness, which appeared in the New Bedford paper at his passing away at the age of nearly eighty-six years.

We put off our intended visit to him too long. It would have been worth while to have heard from his own lips about the High street and the old Medford of 1840s.

The following is copy of the papers sent us:—

### WANTED.

I. A contour sketch of the Tract bounded as below, as nature left it, say, in 1630 to 1635.\*

\* EDITOR'S NOTE.—By "line of Library lot" means the easterly boundary of the old Magoun estate, conveyed to the town in 1875 by Thatcher Magoun. The Children's Library was a later acquirement. The "Crest," evidently the east to west line of the brow of then Pasture hill. By "Governor's lane," the narrow opening between the present Savings Bank and Trust Company buildings, not present Governors avenue.



East, by line of Governor's lane.

South, by river.

West, by line of Library lot.

North, by the Crest.

II. A history of the Medford industry in dark granite and red gravel.

Probably Queries I and II will correlate.

III. The story of the long-abandoned quarry near the north end of old Governor's lane and not far west of Forest street.

This was doubtless a Medford industry, though perhaps near or over the Stoneham line.

### MR. STETSON'S NOTES ON "INFORMATION WANTED."

Mr. Hooper opened this subject 4 REGISTER, p. 1. Appreciating the difference in value between "a bald fact" and a fact developed by a trained imagination, he located his mind's eye on the crest behind the site of the unborn High School No. 2 and gazed about the Medford. This was about 1630, etc. There was no High street and no bridge; no houses nearer than the Cradock buildings in the town pump region. They had to be there for central administration of the governor's property, and on the nearest site to the only ford which offered sufficient level space. There was no retaining wall nor filling at the river; all was normal, unchanged by man. The gazer saw west-bound travelers passing along the narrow path on the verge just above high-water mark and then climbing the steep in front of the library lot, and east bound ones going along the gravel beach to the Cradock buildings. This was a "varge-way," just as New England country folks call it now.

This glimpse into initial Medford reveals a shelf only between the great south bastion of Pasture hill and the river.

*Query:* How wide was that shelf, and what was the color of that gravel? How far was the crest from the river? How many feet higher than the present surface of High street was the then surface of the ground?

Mr. Hooper points out (p. 2) that the tide used to flow into Medford square, and that the bridge used to be twice its present length. So extensive filling was requisite, and from whence? Obviously from Pasture hill alone. Probably not by long haul from the Terrace road region, but it should come by short haul from the south Bastion from the Tract, which developed slowly into High street and its vicinity. Much filling was also placed at some unknown period or periods along the gravelly beach and so on to Main street, and retaining walls built.



*Query:* Who built the long retaining wall and when and where did its stone come from? The varge-way would be of little use if it did not at least rise above high-water mark. If the height of removable gravel was great the evolution of High street would be slow, and if passable at all it would be a very "High" street, and it would be a long time before the people would discard their old varge-way and begin to use High street.

One would like to know where High street got its name. The selectmen undertook, in 1829, to legalize this name, but it probably had long borne the name *de facto*. Maybe, when long ago in some easterly storm and swirling tide the varge-way could not be used, and so a potato cart straggled over the great Bastion, — the driver named it.

One would like to see a record lay-out of High street and its date, but I am told that the early records are lost. Such date would be important, and would not only show a public purpose to finish the only link connecting the two halves of Medford, but it would start the construction of dwellings. It was a long time before they started. Mr. Hooper says (7 REGISTER, p. 62) that all houses worthy of mention prior to 1700 were built west of the Marble brook, but that after 1700 the growth of Medford was east of that brook. Note here that of the first two meeting-houses, one was at the brook and the other yet further west. The dates of all the houses on our "Tract" will be instructive here, and it may appear that there was a reason why this Tract did not get built over for nearly a century after 1630.

The Turell house was the earliest between the brook and Governor's lane (1720); the Watson house next, in 1750.

It was a long time before the two foci of the town grew together. Medford was a spectacle town. A very high, bulky and red nose stuck up between the glasses. Later this was about the best part of Medford, but neither streets nor lots yet fit for homesteads. The colonists wanted practical convenience — not hill top villas and bungalows. The Halls owned the whole of Pasture hill, but never dreamed of living up there; they left it to the kite-flying boys and preferred to dig their homes down to the level of common folks.

The opulent Benjamin Hall, Senior, married first in 1752, and built his house (the Dr. Swan house) after that. His son Benjamin, Jr., built the "Dudley Hall house" in 1786. Probably High street was in a transition state for a long time, part quarry, part stones and part cart track, and the side lots impossible even longer. A man had to get rich before he could excavate his homestead out of Pasture hill. So all the Halls — Isaac, Ebenezer, Richard, etc., came late to this locality, and not until High street had become a tolerable street.

The dates of the house building will help us here. We may



assume that the street and lots had about reached finality when the houses were built, and conversely that as soon as street and lots were fit, houses would be built here.

The excavations abreast of the tan-yard and at and about the Hall houses, etc., carried the crest further back and changed the contour of nature. I hope our gazer on the crest measured and noted how far it was in 1630 from the gravel beach.

The record of a county road from Mystic bridge to Woburn (2 REGISTER, p. 56) was probably without validity. Mr. Hooper says it is impossible to tell from the descriptions where this way was located. Even if it was possible, April 7, 1674, to tell in a general way, it ought to be definite in order to condemn land for a public easement. Besides, it does not say how wide the easement was to be. We must conclude that High street owed its existence to our potato cart and its successors, and not to the County of Middlesex.

I am satisfied that the gravel excavations on the east side of Pasture hill (about Terrace road) were later affairs than those about and in the High street region.

*Query:* What was the name of Governor's lane prior to Governor Brooks?

By the foregoing it will be seen that Mr. Stetson was an interested and careful reader of the REGISTER. His quaint remarks about the "spectacle town" and the "bulky red nose" show that in the olden time the division between east and west in Medford was a prominent and physical one. Never before has anyone pointed out so clearly the barrier the cliffs of old Pasture hill placed in the way of travel as has Mr. Stetson, or called attention to the absence of buildings between the old house of Jonathan Wade and Parson Turell's (at our Winthrop square) for a century after Medford's settlement.

We can but wish that Miles Standish had left us some account of fording the river and walking along that narrow shelving beach, "the verge just above high-water mark" and following the trail "up the steep in front of the library lot" on the occasion of his visit in September, 1621. Those of us who remember the vicinity of Rock hill ere the river was moved southward and the parkway built can readily get an idea of the "great south



bastion of Pasture hill," with only the "varge-way" between it and the river.

There are various queries in the notes that require a lot of study to answer, but this we have from the city engineer:—

"High street at Governors avenue is twenty-five feet above Boston base (about eighteen above the normal level of present river at Armory bridge), and the bend in Grand View avenue, rear of Historical building, sixty-one feet, is forty-five feet higher."

Judging by the "crest" along Governors avenue (between Terrace road and Cedar), it was probably then much higher than now.

Mr. Stetson came to a wise conclusion in saying "a man had to get rich," etc., to "excavate Pasture hill." Steam shovels and dynamite were unknown in those early days, and it certainly was "some job" to "make the earth over," as has been done in this immediate quarter. It has been a gradual process, as some now living can remember.

Now note another section of the "dump" papers, which we present verbatim, and let any who can (with certainty) fill the blanks.

#### THE NORTH-SIDE HOUSES.

A—MR. MAGOUN'S PLACE was west of the greatest elevation, so he did not have to excavate, but did a great deal of grading and terracing. House (Library) built about 18—.

B—THE HEBDEN HOUSE was a small two-story, ill-painted, white house, close to Mr. Magoun's east line. This and all the other eastern houses were crowded to the sidewalk. It had no back yard. Very steep right up behind the house; coarse grass on the steep; no gravel visible. An English laboring man named Hebden lived here about 1845 to 1850. Built —.

*Query:* Get the construction dates of every house.

C—THE JOHN JOHNSON HOUSE was old, black, gambrel roof; may be very old; built A.D. —. He had two sons, Theophilus and Cleopas. Mrs. Johnson, a brisk, little, clear-starching dame, had no particular clothes-yard, and dried her clothes anywhere. She had a very narrow lean-to back of the house—no back yard. Steep went right up from the lean-to. Coarse grass on it; no red gravel visible.



D—JOHN JOHNSON'S COBBLER SHOP stood high upon a steep, say a dozen or fifteen feet above the sidewalk; no path from it down to the sidewalk. He went west from it to the lean-to and thence along the house to the sidewalk. Steep behind the shop; coarse bunch grass.

E—THE JACOB BROOKS HOUSE was a good-sized, ill-painted, whitish house, two stories, and looked rather neglected. Aunt Polly Blanchard lived in the west part and sold candy—red and white peppermint hearts for a cent apiece, also peppermint cones at the same price. You got more stuff if you bought a cone than a heart. Jacob had sons, John, Charles, Augustus; daughters, Alice and Lucy. He was an industrious man, not very prosperous; went out for day's work, gardening, etc. I think the REGISTER speaks of him as "sexton" for the old graveyard.

About and behind this house red gravel was everywhere; an ample back yard; all excavation. Behind this yard it was perpendicular and high, say thirty to forty feet or more; not to be climbed. All red, with outcrops of granite—red also; no grass; no fence at top of the precipice. This place was abreast of the tan-yard. Don't know who owned this place. Built A.D. —.

F—THE JOSSELIN HOUSE was rather small, two stories, ill-painted. For a back yard it also enjoyed the great excavation spoken of in E. Family of Josselin lived in it. Built A.D. —.

G—Next came a close board fence of five or six rods in line of sidewalk, and a yellowish house, two-story, and in good order. Don't know who owned it, nor anything about the conditions behind fence and house. This house was at and on the obtuse angle of High street. Those who prepared these premises for High School No. 2 will know. Built A.D. —.

*Query:* What land did Henry Fowl's title cover?

H—THE RICHARD HALL HOUSE was a good house, well kept, with a gambrel roof. Built A.D. —. Don't know conditions in its rear.

I—THE HOUSE OF BENJAMIN HALL, SR., (Dr. Swan's) was large, white, gambrel; always in good order; ample yard behind. A stable, etc. Red gravel all over this yard. North of it were terraced slopes, with fruit trees, flowers, etc., on the terraces. Steps led up to more land on the crest and northward. Built 17—. Mr. Hall was married 17—.

Here had been extensive excavations. The REGISTER says (17 REGISTER, p. 27), "it had been called 'the Pit' (gravel pit). As Mr. Hall owned more to the east than Dr. Swan did, no doubt this expression "Pit" applied to Lot J, and in some degree to Lots K and L.

J—HOUSE OF BENJAMIN HALL, JR. (Dudley Hall). Built A.D. 1786. Excavation here also, but the north steep nicely ter-



raced; steps leading up to large garden above on the north, and to cow barn northeast opening to Governor's lane.

K — EBEN HALL HOUSE (Mrs. Thomas S. Harlow) was a large three-story city house with, I think, brick ends. Built A.D. ——. An absurd little back yard, mostly perpendicular; steps up to a part. Title too shoal to permit excavation very much northward.

L — ISAAC HALL HOUSE, built A.D. ——. Three-story, back premises like K. Samuel Buell lived here about ——. I knew his daughter Charlotte. She married and went to live in Schaghticoke, N. Y., near Troy.

#### DARK GRANITE AND RED GRAVEL.

These always came together. When red gravel appeared it was certain that dark granite was or had been in the same quarry. In fact the former was not a gravel at all, but disintegrated granite. This granite had so much iron in it that its oxidation colored everything. It was handsomer than Quincy stone. It would appear in great masses, some unchanged by rust, others hard as ever but colored like the gravel. The final form was the so-called red gravel. This stone was in demand. Mr. Joseph Grinnell built a house of it in New Bedford in 1830, and told me it came round Cape Cod in a schooner. Many gravestones, too, were made of it. Perhaps a search in Boston might find it in some house fronts. There are some puzzles, however. Why did Mr. Peter C. Brooks, in 1820, build his arch over the canal of stone from Concord, N. H.? (15 REGISTER, p. 31.) He covered that arch and all the promenade from his mansion to the lake with Medford red gravel. Why did the Halls, who owned both quarries, build (1786) those steps behind the Dudley Hall house of granite from Tyngsboro? (15 REGISTER, p. 65.) Mr. Magoun built his street wall in front of the Library (A.D. 18—) of Medford dark granite. (18 REGISTER, p. 14, says Mr. Brooks built street walls of dark Medford granite.) Was the supply limited?

*Query:* Was there ever a stone-cutting establishment in Medford? Was the retaining wall built of Medford dark granite?

Medford red gravel was very popular. To say nothing of Medford gardens, I saw it in many a Cambridge garden in 1845. It was on the pathways of Mount Auburn, and years earlier on the walks of Boston Common. It rolled hard and firm, did not tend to mud, had no weed seeds, and its color was fine. The *Boston Transcript* of July 13, 1870, says that Colonel Royall, shortly before 1739, made his stately garden walks at the Royall farm of gravel imported from England. I cannot quite believe this story. The colonel, though the father of a Tory, was no fool, and he must have seen the handsome and excellent red gravel of Medford a good while before he died, in 1739.



In the foregoing lines is a lot of information given by no other writer, which is replete with interest. The Magoun place (or library building) was probably (see REGISTER, Vol. XXII, No. 1) erected in 1834-5. Its frontage on High street is about equal with those enumerated B to G (inclusive), about two hundred feet, which latter limit is reached at the line between the Centre school and Telephone and Historical buildings.

The "cobbler's shop" must have been just east of where Hillside avenue now is, but the hill has been more excavated since Mr. Stetson's boyhood observation. "Aunt Polly's" candy shop was probably well known to him and other Medford boys. He locates the tan yard as across the street from the old sexton's house, and in his notes inquired about the gravel of the varge-way. Were we to venture an answer, we would say *both kinds*, red opposite this point and white farther south, as a natural sequence. When the Metropolitan sewer was constructed (in 1892) at this point in High street, much red gravel was dug out from its trench, some of which the writer made use of for walks, and found it as good as Mr. Stetson said.

The "great excavation" back of the "Josselin house" at F was made greater to accommodate the High school house extension, as a look at the grounds will witness.

NOTE. — "High School No. 2" is the front of the two similar sections of the Centre school building, not including the entrance wing, and originally standing with gable end toward street, and built in 1843.

Of the other five north-side houses mentioned, H to L (inclusive), we of today know, as three still remain—fine examples of old-time construction.

H, the Richard Hall house, was demolished, and stood on the site of the Telephone Exchange.

I was later the home of Dr. Daniel Swan, after his death the property of the town of Medford. In 1881 it was sold; the purchaser moved it to Mystic avenue,



where it now stands. Only recently it has undergone extensive renovation and is now (at number 41) a three-apartment house. An excellent transparent photograph of this house is in the Historical rooms.

The three other houses enumerated by Mr. Stetson still remain in excellent condition, the last being that of Captain Isaac Hall in 1775. On that historic morning, "glorious for America," there was "a clatter of hoofs in the village street," and here Paul Revere made a brief stop and aroused Captain Hall. Just inside the fence is a weather-worn block of Medford granite, on which is a bronze tablet stating the fact, placed there by the Sons of the Revolution in June, 1905. Since (and including) 1916, as a part of Patriots' Day celebration, a rider personating Paul Revere, with cavalry escort, stops at this house, which the present owner and occupant, Mr. Edward Gaffey, kindly opens for the occasion. Old High street is thronged while waiting his arrival and during the memorial exercises, which are always patriotic and interesting. Then the rider, amid the cheers of the multitude, sets off for old Menotomy.

Mr. Stetson had (probably) not been in Medford since 1875, the centennial of Patriots' Day (at which time he was "chairman of the day" at Lexington), but the remembrance of his boyhood home was vivid. His queries open to us a new field of thought, and like him we would like a view of this particular locality "as nature left it," or as Miles Standish, and later Cradock's men, found it.

Nature works many changes in the lapse of centuries, but the hand of man has certainly dug away much of "the great bastion of Pasture hill," the "crest" of which at Summit road is one hundred twenty-seven feet above the "Ford at Mistick." The bridge of the "bulky red nose" (the turn of Grand View avenue) just behind the Historical building is sixty-six feet, and High street at Governors avenue is twenty-five feet above mean low water.

Remembering that the ford was practicable only at



that stage, what wonder that the country road to Woburn ("obornrode" of record) got the name of *High* street.

Who will answer Mr. Stetson's queries? and what artist will draw the map or paint the picture?

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### GOVERNORS AVENUE AS IT WAS.

Illustrative of the preceding pages and to show one of the changes that has occurred, we reproduce from the street commissioner's report for 1895 one of his illustrations with the title he used. The point of view is on the southerly side of High street and the tract in view was owned by the town. Upon it had been the home of Dr. Daniel Swan, which during its municipal ownership had been rented for \$200 a year. In 1881 it was sold and moved away. There was a barn in the rear, in which the highway department for a time kept its horses, to the annoyance of the immediate neighbors. It also dug out gravel in quantity for the repair of the streets. We never heard this excavation called the *City Hole*, like another not far away, but it did acquire the name of the "gravel pit." In 1875 the somewhat famous Magoun Battery\* was needing quarters, and like some other projects, the plans therefor were somewhat flighty. The good sense of the selectmen was shown in the erection of a serviceable building which could ultimately "be used for something else" over the unsightly *hole* already excavated. The hole was then used for the shelter of the carts and road-scraping machine, and served the purpose well. For some years it was open to public view but later enclosed by a board fence. The folding gates were of flat palings loosely bolted to the rails; a counter balancing weight to each lifted them against the tall posts.

The Magoun battery organization was dissolved by an order of the adjutant general, sent to the selectmen. The building was then used by the highway department as

\*See REGISTER, Vol XVII, p. 26.



a stable and so continued until the erection of the new buildings on Swan street. The building shown in the background is that on Porter road, numbered 16. The board fence is seen ending at the high bank in the rear of the next house to the right. The house partly seen at the left is the Richard Hall, later known as the Perry-Delano house, and on the site of this is the present telephone exchange. The rear end of this house lot was blunt-wedge-shaped (tapering to fourteen feet at its end) which corresponded to the depth of the school lot, but much elevated. Against this wedge was the battery building placed, and a little farther away from High street is now the Historical Society's home. Since its building, by an exchange of land, the diagonal boundary has been eliminated and during recent months the original telephone building has been much enlarged.

Governors avenue is a double street with grass plot between, beneath which is the great water main to Spot pond. Beyond and eastward from the society's home is the spacious building of the Medford Women's Club, and, last year, was erected the modern apartment house called "The Bradlee." There is room yet for more improvements and the changes are going on.

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### TREASURES AND A MAN.

On a pleasant afternoon, recently, I made a pilgrimage to one of Medford's many historical shrines. Upon cautiously opening the door of the building to which I had just applied a large key, I was instantly met by a gust of cool, musty air, "old-fashioned" air, if you will. The second of my senses to respond to the strange but interesting surroundings was distracted in all directions; but as I ascended the first short flight of stairs, soon centered on some large, peculiarly-shaped vessels, black with age, which were suspended from the ceiling. These, on a close examination of the cards attached to them, proved to be rum kettles. The mention of such objects prob-



ably discloses to you the place of my visit; however, further description may furnish enlightenment.

After inspecting in the alcove some very old documents and letters which were encased on the walls, and also many very queer articles of all sorts under glass, I mounted more steps and entered a door on the left. Again my eyes rested upon a most wonderful display of antiques and relics. Some dated back to pre-Revolutionary days; others represented various periods in the history of Medford.

After spending not a few enjoyable moments among these very old memorial preservations, I returned to the outer room and climbed a longer flight of iron stairs.

Here, on the second floor, I found the *sanctum sanctorum*. At the farther end, near the windows overlooking Governors avenue, was the desk of the librarian and editor of the HISTORICAL REGISTER. Facing down the long room, and lining the walls on either side, were numerous books and pictures — a most business-like, yet home-like office, library and museum. Without any doubt, this executive officer and other members of this Historical Society spend many pleasant and profitable hours in this "research laboratory," with its abundant sources of information.

But on this particular day, I was indeed very fortunate. While eagerly viewing a picture of old Medford, I heard someone turn the key, and to my great delight, the librarian himself appeared in the doorway. What a hearty welcome and handshake I received! His very presence supplied the "missing link." He was, in effect, a living oracle; and in the course of our conversation, I was convinced that he devoted himself untiringly to the endless work of this valuable institution. Although not a young man, his spirit of youth was exceedingly evident. His keen wit and sense of humor inspired me beyond measure; and it was a joy to talk with one who commanded his English so excellently. His humor influenced me twofold: some of his sage remarks causing me to smile "internally"; others to laugh outright.



A more versatile character I never met — so eager and alert to answer my questions and to make explanations. He commanded my respect the moment he greeted me, and the longer we conversed, the more I realized that he was a real “honest-to-goodness” man.

I wished that I had a camera to photograph Medford's historian-editor at his desk; the influence of character on setting, and *vice-versa* was at perfection.

Later on, he chanced to mention the fact that he once had differences with a man as to whether or not there was ever any statuary on the front porch of the Public Library. His friend persisted in the negative, and calling to his wife, asked “if it wasn't so.” She replied that there “used to be such a state of affairs,” thus corroborating the affirmative. However, the dubious gentleman was escorted to this very room upstairs, and, after seeing a fine picture of the Public Library adorned with the said statuary, was emphatically convinced.

I told Mr. M—— that his reference to the statuary reminded me of my recollections of the statuary on the old Magoun estate that I was accustomed to see as a youngster, when my grandmother took me to ride in my baby carriage. Quick as a flash he replied, “Why don't you write an account of it? Entitle it, ‘Reminiscences from a baby carriage’?” A great many people have undoubtedly forgotten that sculptured likenesses ever existed on those premises.”

“I remember,” he added, a twinkle in his eye, “that I happened to see those very statues carried off on a hay-wagon one day.” The way in which he told these incidents was indeed most amusing.

In accordance with his suggestion, I wrote him the following letter: —

*Editor of the Register:*

Medford-by-the-Mystic, Massachusetts.

HONORED SIR: —

It pleases me, truly, to reply to your communication of the eleventh of this month. In effect, I esteem it a great privilege to



be acquainted with you, both through our interesting conversation of a fortnight ago, and the missive which I have at hand, this present moment.

Methinks, Sir, in regard to your request, that such an exquisite conveyance as a baby-carriage is not of too remote an age to be considered in this note. However, I do not deem it of sufficient importance to compose a dissertation on a vehicle of this type; and, therefore, will humbly proceed to state the facts regarding the matter at issue.

When a very small boy it was my distinct good fortune to be possessed of a carriage, similar to the type mentioned above. Yet more dear to me was my revered grandmother who provided the means of locomotion.

One of our favorite rambles was that extending up High street to Puffers corner. Objects of interest and outstanding features on the route became firmly fixed in my mind, after traversing that particular way so many times.

Among those sights which captivated my fancy the most, was the statuary adjoining the front yard of the old Magoun estate, two doors below the ivy-covered Grace Church. Then, too, I wondered at the awe-inspiring urns whose massive forms rested on the strategic points about and upon the spacious porch. To me, Sir, the mansion itself seemed as impressive as the statuary, and presented a somewhat mysterious appearance. I always thought that its inhabitants were deceased, because as it happened, I never chanced to see anyone about the grounds, nor any signs of life within. The silence of the whole scene and especially that evidenced by the dead white figures cast its spell over me.

I have tried, Sir, to some degree of accuracy, and to the best of my ability, to portray my recollections of that which has seen its better days.

I am, Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

JAMES PERCIVAL ABBOTT.

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#### REFERENCE AND COMMENT.

In this issue are the observations of two Medford High School boys, as to what they saw along High street. The building where the younger attended is well known to us. That of a century ago which Mr. Stetson went to may be seen in our frontispiece. They resembled each other in two respects at least—both were built of brick and enlarged as need required. The



earliest (there have been but three) was well back from High street and, as shown in the view, closely adjoined the horse-sheds of the third meeting house. It was probably considered up-to-date as schoolhouse architecture then was.

In the REGISTER, Vol. XVII, p. 76, Mr. Stetson gives an interesting account of his school days which our readers will do well to consult.

It will be noticed that Pasture hill looms up in view behind this early temple of learning, whose necessary adjuncts are also depicted. The original drawing from which our cut was made was the work of one of the boys before the advent of photography.

As that early high school "did not fit for college," Mr. Stetson and James Hervey finished their preparation at the Day Academy on Forest street. A picture of this also hangs in the society's library; little has as yet been written of it. Both these gentlemen graduated from Harvard in 1849. It has never been suggested that these ancient schoolboys published a "*Review*," as is done quarterly "by students of the Medford High School" of today. Its latest issue, 56 pages, is a "Graduation Number," June, 1923, No. 4 of Vol. XXIV. James Percival Abbott, editor. We find the *first* issue to have been May, 1893, (six pages), W. H. Griffiths, editor. This was fortnightly. The Public Library has no complete file. Continuous publication would make thirty-one years. Apparently there were seven years of suspension. If so, the REGISTER ranks second in time of continuous publication, the *Mercury* being first and *M. H. S. Review* third. Like those early high school boys, its editor has entered upon a college course at Harvard.

We congratulate the present school, the contributors to the *Review*, and also its editorial staff, on their success.



# The Medford Historical Register.

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## OLD SHIPS AND SHIP-BUILDING DAYS OF MEDFORD.

### CHAPTER I.

#### EARLY SHIPS.\*

IN the "History of New England," by John Winthrop, is this record: "July 4, 1631. The governor built a bark at Mistick which was launched this day, and called *The Blessing of the Bay*. Aug. 9th the same year, the the governor's bark, being of thirty tons, went to sea." It cost one hundred and forty-five pounds. The owner said of it, May 16, 1636, "I will sell her for one hundred and sixty pounds." This is the first record of ship building in Medford, and there is a tradition that she was built on the north side of Mystic river, and probably not far from the governor's house at Ten Hills.†

"The next year, 1632, Mr. Cradock built a vessel of one hundred tons, on the bank of the Mystic. In 1633, a ship of two hundred tons, and another named *Rebecca*, tonnage unknown; both built by Mr. Cradock." Brooks says, "There is reason to believe that Mr. Cradock's ship-yard was that now occupied by J. T. Foster."

May 29, 1644, the General Court proposed the formation of a company of ship builders "with power to regulate the building of ships, and to make such orders and laws amongst themselves as may conduce to the public good."

From that time until the time ship building was inaugurated on a large scale by Thatcher Magoun, in 1804, there were few vessels of any size built in Medford.

\* In this article the names of Medford-built ships are italicized.

† Brooks. "History of Medford."



It is said that small sloops and schooners were built in very early times at the landing near Rock hill in West Medford. These were called "lighters," and were used for the navigation of the river.\* Mr. Rhodes of Boston built a vessel named the *Mayflower* here.

There was a large business in freighting produce to Boston by boat from Medford, saving a round-about journey over the Brighton bridge in Cambridge, as there were no other bridges until 1786 across the Charles.

The distilling business and the manufacture of bricks required many lighters, and returning they could bring back freight at small cost. "Medford, therefore, by its river, became a centre of supply for New Hampshire and Vermont," and could furnish iron, steel, lead, salt, molasses, sugar, tea, codfish, chocolate, guns, powder, rum, etc., at a lower price than they could get them in Boston.

There was a brigantine of forty tons built in Medford in 1699 and a ship of sixty tons in 1703.† It is unfortunate that there is not more known of this last vessel, as a ship of that size would be a curiosity, and would look almost like a toy. A vessel about sixty-five feet long and fifteen feet wide would figure out about that tonnage, by the rules used at that time.

In Marblehead is a picture of the ship *Hope*, commanded by Capt. Asa Hooper, of which there is a tradition that she was built in Medford. The picture bears the date 1799.

Benjamin and Ebenezer Hall had interests in vessels in the coasting trade and with the West Indies which they continued after the revolution.

Ebenezer Hall, together with John Kennedy of Boston, were the owners of the brig *Dolly*, Capt. Levi Stetson, captured by a French privateer in 1798 in the short naval war with France.‡

\*Brooks. "History of Medford."

†"10th U. S. Census" (1880), Vol. VIII.

‡"French Spoliation Claims."



The following is a list of the vessels in which Benjamin Hall had an interest, with their captains and the ports to which they sailed:—

"Defiance"	Parsons	To and from West Indies
"Essex"	Willcome	" " " " "
"Friendship"	Jackson	" " " " "
"Halifax"	Stiles	" " " " "
"Polly"	Barstow	To and from Holland
"Dauphin"	Smith	For France
"Three Friends"	Wood	" " "
"Neptune"	Frazier	For West Indies
"John"	Stanton	" " "
"Sally"	Paine	" " "
"Friendship"	Manchester	" " "
"Bella"	Grinnell	For Holland

Also the sloops "Gloriosa," "Mercury," "Boston," "Speedwell," "Minerva."\*

The cargoes to the southern states from Massachusetts were largely rum and salt codfish, but to the West Indies they could carry salt beef and pork, vegetables and other provisions, as sugar raising was so profitable there that the inhabitants did little other farming.

This business was of vital importance to the New England colonies, as they produced nothing which could be transported to Europe to pay for the manufactured goods imported, and this triangular trade was necessary, as tobacco and cotton could be taken to Europe from the southern states and sugar from the West Indies. The suppression of this trade was one of the principal causes of the Revolution.

## CHAPTER II.

1800-1812.

Mystic river was an ideal location for ship building. Its serpentine windings from the ocean presented the greatest convenience for a large number of yards. Twice a day the tide surged in from the ocean, mingling its odor of brine with the pungent smell of molasses from

\* Medford HISTORICAL REGISTER, January, 1916.



the distilleries, and overflowed onto the whispering marshes, making at full tide enough depth of water to float an empty ship of twenty-five hundred tons.

So thought Thatcher Magoun, as, strolling one pleasant day to the top of Winter hill, he stood on one of the mounds of earth thrown up by the patriot army twenty-seven years before. After a survey of the river "as the tide gave its full outline" like a gigantic lariat below him, he started to interview the captain of a schooner lying at the wharf of one of the distilleries as to the depth and character of the river.

After examining for himself the bed of the river and the depth of water at low tide and finding the neighborhood could furnish an ample supply of oak timber, he finally decided to locate his yard at the spot where all his ships were built. In 1802 was laid the keel of the first of the merchant ships which were known in every sea on the globe.

Thatcher Magoun was born at Pembroke, Mass., June 17, 1775. He early chose the trade of ship carpenter and served his time with Enos Briggs at Salem, where he worked five years. From Salem he went to Mr. Barker's yard in Charlestown (the present Navy Yard), where he worked and studied two years and assisted in modelling. There he made the model of the first vessel he built, which was the *Mt. Aetna* of Medford.

At this time Medford consisted mainly of farmhouses scattered along the highways to Woburn and Malden. At the centre of the town was the meeting house with a cluster of dwellings. There were a half dozen hospitable taverns, several stores for barter in connection with the lightering business and several distilleries, and together with a few colonial mansions with wonderful gardens, comprised the village.

The gardens back of the places owned by the Hall family had flights of stone steps leading up the steep slope of Pasture hill, laid out in terraces aflame with



nasturtiums and bright with marigolds, primroses, phlox and larkspur and with grapes on trellises at the top, which traced golden lacework against the skyline at sunset. The Royall house was the counterpart of a famous mansion in the West Indies, and the grounds and gardens were a reproduction also, and still retained traces of their old-time grandeur, and had, an unusual sight in New England, a slave quarters. A shaded path led up to its graceful portico beside which roses clambered upward towards the chamber window where Molly Stark is said to have anxiously watched the battle of Bunker Hill. From this window could be seen several miles of salt marsh, with haystacks mounted on staddles and looking like huge spiders in the distance, and the winding river which later had ten ship yards within a mile's distance, and where one to three vessels could often be seen at one time on the stocks.\*

Following Mr. Magoun the next year Calvin Turner of Pembroke and Enos Briggs of the Essex county family of that name built the ship *Medford* of two hundred and thirty-eight tons for John C. Jones of Boston. After them came Sprague & James, Lapham, Fuller, Rogers, Stetson, Waterman, Ewell, Curtis, Foster, Taylor, Hayden & Cudworth and others who have built vessels here.

After the Revolution the New England states in particular found themselves in desperate straits from the cutting off of their trade with the West Indies and Great Britain, through the operation of the British navigation laws. While the southern states could send their tobacco and cotton to Europe to pay for the manufactures that they required, there was nothing which could be exported from New England. In July, 1783, an order in council required that all trade between the United States and the British West Indies must be carried on in British-built vessels, owned and navigated by British subjects.

\*Brooks. "History of Medford."



Another order required that in trading with Great Britain, American vessels were only allowed to bring in articles produced in those states of which their owners were citizens. In speaking of this, Fiske says, "These things worked injury to ship building; to the exports of lumber and oil and salted fish, even to the manufacture of Medford rum.\*

Finally a scheme for a trade with China was worked out by Boston merchants. This was the sending of vessels to the northwest coast and trading with the Indians for the skins of sea otter, which brought a high price in China for use by the mandarins, and bringing back home or to Europe cargoes of silks, china ware, tea and other eastern goods.

This trade proved immensely profitable. They set out with a cargo composed of chisels made of scraps of iron fitted into rough wooden handles, pieces of copper in squares and brilliant cloths. The total value of ship, outfit and cargo estimated at less than \$40,000, and sometimes brought back from China cargoes valued at over \$250,000.† A number of Medford vessels were engaged in this trade. They were vessels of two to three hundred tons, permitting their use in the shallow bays of the northwest coast. Among them was the ship *Eclipse*, three hundred and forty-three tons, built for Thomas H. Perkins, James Perkins and James Lloyd in 1805 by T. Magoun.

In 1807 Capt. Joseph O'Cain of Boston, chartered his ship *Eclipse* of Boston to the Russian-American Company, traded their furs at Canton, visited Nagasaki and Petropavlovsh, lost the vessel on the Aleutian islands, built another out of the wreck, and returned to trade once more.‡

Another Medford-built ship engaged in the North-

\*Fiske. "Critical Period of American History."

†See Morison's "Maritime History of Massachusetts," pp. 58-70.

"Solid Men of Boston" (M.S.), pp. 70, 76.

‡Morison. "Maritime History of Massachusetts."



west fur trade was the brig *Charon*, two hundred and thirty-eight tons, built in 1809 for P. P. Jackson of Boston by T. Magoun. In 1811, in command of Captain Whittemore, she is mentioned as one of the hunting craft, which carried north eighteen hundred skins and was found at the Farallones the next year.\*

The Northwest fur trade was extremely dangerous in the early days. In 1800 the captain of the ship "Globe" was killed by the Indians. The next year, the officers of the ship "Boston" and all but two of the crew were killed by the natives at Nootka sound. The vessel was afterwards accidentally burned.

A few years later the captain, officers and many of the men of the ship "Atahualpa" were killed by the Indians at Millbank sound.†

"Seldom, indeed, did a vessel from the United States complete her voyage in that ocean without losing some part of her crew by the treachery of those with whom they were dealing."‡

The dangers, also, from pirates on the China coast were great. On the evening of August 22, 1809, Capt. William Sturgis anchored in Macao roads. Early the next morning he sent a boat with his first officer and four seamen ashore for a pilot to take his ship up the river to Canton, leaving but ten men on board. Hardly had they started, than the vessel was furiously attacked by a fleet of twenty-one pirate junks manned by two thousand men and led by the admiral's junk itself of twenty-eight guns. The pirates attempted to set fire to the ship but were unsuccessful. They then tried to board, but Captain Sturgis keeping up a hot fire from his six six-pounders, which did fearful execution, cut his cables and succeeded in setting some sail, by which he worked his way over under the guns of the fort.||

\* H. H. Bancroft. "History of Pacific States."

† Jas. G. Swan. "Northwest Coast."

‡ "Memoir of Mr. Greenhow to Congress."

|| *N. E. Palladium*.



Captain Sturgis, afterwards of the firm of Bryant & Sturgis, owned many Medford-built vessels.

Many of the first vessels built in Medford were in the Mediterranean trade. They would take a cargo of rum and salt fish to the southern states or West Indies and carry a cargo of cotton, tobacco and sugar to Europe.

The ship "Medford" is reported as follows: "Boston, January 1, 1810. Arrived ship 'Medford,' Capt. J. Barnard, fifty-two days from Cadiz with salt and fruit to J. C. Jones. The 'Medford' on the 4th of October, off Gaskey light, on her passage from London to Cadiz in ballast fell in with and was fired upon by a French privateer of ten guns, the captain of which on hearing she was from an English port, said she was a good prize; but while Captain Barnard was on board the privateer an English lugger hove in sight, when his papers were given up and he permitted to proceed on his voyage. The Frenchmen did not permit themselves time to plunder the 'Medford' but made all sail to get off.

"The French commander treated Captain Barnard with much civility. The lugger boarded the 'Medford' and informed she had prevented the same privateer from capturing the 'New Galen,' but was not able to capture her, the Frenchman outsailing him."\*

Other Medford-built ships reported at Mediterranean ports in 1810 are the *Commerce*\* at Cadiz. The *Ariadne*\* at Cadiz. The *Commerce* April 27, 1810, sailed from Palermo for Tarragona. The *Mt. Ætna* at Fayal. The brig *Mt. Ætna*, one hundred and eighty-eight tons, was the first vessel built in Medford at the yard of Thatcher Magoun.

The ship *Ariadne*, three hundred and eighty-two tons, was built in 1809 by Calvin Turner for Nathaniel Goddard of Boston. The ship *Commerce*, three hundred and seventy-eight tons was built in 1807, by Calvin Turner for John Holland of Boston.

The *Pedlar*, Williams, hence (Boston) arrived at Cher-

\**Columbian Centinel.*



bourg in forty-two days. She is also reported at Rio Janeiro as follows: "February 23, 1810, the brig *Pedlar*, of Boston, last from Sumatra with a full cargo of pepper, called here and sailed ten days since for Europe." The brig *Pedlar*, two hundred and twenty-five tons, was built in 1806 by Thatcher Magoun for Timothy Williams of Boston.

The brig *Hope*, one hundred and sixty tons, was built at Medford in 1804 at the yard of Thatcher Magoun for Samuel Gray of Salem.

There are several journals of her voyages in the Essex Institute, one a "Log of the brig *Hope* from Salem to Leghorn. Sailed December 4, 1804, and arrived January 21, 1805, with a cargo of pepper." The following is an entry while at anchor discharging her cargo at Leghorn, describing a gale, February 1, 1805:—

"Swedish bark went adrift and came down. Bent both parts of the Horses [Hawsers] on to the Cables and paid out to the better end and got clear of her."

There is also a "Journal of the Good Brig *Hope*, Capt. Thomas Tate 1805 from Salem to the West Indies."

From Salem towards Martinico:—

"Sept. 2, Monday. At 4 P.M. was boarded by H.M.S. 'African' 64 guns and took out one man by the name of Wm. Wood."

From Martinico she went to Laguayra and from there to Havana. On October 21st,

"was boarded By french Privateer, they used us very Perlighly and let us go."

On March 28, 1807, the *Hope* is reported in distress from St. Petersburg to Salem. They often made a triangular voyage to the Baltic and Russia with French manufactures and wines and brought home Russian hemp, canvas and iron.

Napoleon tried to prevent this Russian trade to complete his continental blockade. In 1810 he demanded



that Alexander should stop it. Alexander refused. "Then began Napoleon's preparations to invade Russia. Thus the Baltic trade of Massachusetts played an important, if unconscious, part in the chain of events that led Napoleon to Moscow and to St. Helena."\*

There were a number of Medford ships in the East India trade at this time. The ship *Gulliver*, built in 1806 by Thatcher Magoun for Joseph Lee, Jr., of Boston, was one. The *Gulliver* is reported February 13, 1810, at the Vineyard as arriving from Calcutta. Her cargo is not given, but other vessels from that port brought indigo, ginger, and cotton and silk goods.

Also, February 23, 1810. Left at Calcutta, October 8, the brig *Gipsey*, Linzee, to sail in three or four weeks. The *Gipsey*, also, was built in 1809 at the yard of Thatcher Magoun, for Joseph Lee, Jr., of Boston.

"May 8, 1810. Sailed brig *Gipsey*, Pulcifer for India; passenger, Capt. George Lee."

"August 28, 1810. The *Ariadne*, arrived at New York from Gottenburg, was detained off the Scaw by a Danish gunboat, but permitted to proceed after a strict examination."

Medford ship building started at the height of the prosperity of the Northwest trade. The European trade was very profitable, also, owing to the high prices obtained during the Napoleonic wars, in spite of frequent capture and condemnation of vessels. George Cabot said, "profits were such that if only one out of three vessels escaped capture, her owners could make a handsome profit on the lot."

This continued up to the time of the embargo by the Jefferson administration, the outcome of the impressment of seamen of the U.S.S. Chesapeake on the high seas.

This measure was unpopular in New England and revived the Federalist party, which had almost ceased to exist.

\*Morison. "Maritime History of Massachusetts "



The Federalist leaders ridiculed Jefferson's claim that the embargo was to protect the merchant vessels by calling attention to the fact that the embargo was extended to the East India and China trade which Great Britain permitted and Napoleon was powerless to prevent. They also claimed that the profits annually on the cargoes was more than equal to the total value of the shipping.

During the embargo of 1808 an inoffensive old schooner came up Mystic river with her decks piled high with wood and bark. A custom-house officer suspected her of smuggling and took possession of her. The captain invited the officer to dine with him. After a while the captain asked to be excused a few moments to give some orders to the men. As soon as he gained the deck he turned and fastened the cabin door. Stevedores disguised as Indians unloaded the vessel, which had her hold filled with English goods, wire, etc., from Halifax. During a large part of the night wagons were taking the contraband merchandise to Boston, Malden and West Cambridge. Her cargo was very valuable. The goods escaped without discovery, but the vessel was confiscated and condemned.\*

Capt. Chas. C. Doten of Plymouth, during a northeast gale, slipped by the revenue cutter at Provincetown, with the brig *Hope*. He was pursued and fired upon, but escaped to St. Lucia, where he sold the vessel and cargo of fish for twenty-five thousand dollars. He brought his Spanish doubloons home sewed into his clothing.†

Jefferson signed the repeal of the embargo on his last day in office. Immediately there ensued a tremendous boom in shipping to Mediterranean, Russian and Oriental ports, which continued until the war of 1812.

\*Usher. "History of Medford."

†Morison. "Maritime History of Massachusetts."



## MEDFORD JOURNALISM.

Journalism in Medford dates back to the winter of 1857 — nearly sixty-six years. Not that there were not editors, publishers and printers who had homes in Medford,—there were several of each in earlier days whose journalistic effort was confined to Boston, Cambridge and other places. Among these were Samuel Hall, Elizur Wright and James M. Usher; also Galen James and Rev. Elihu Marvin, whose efforts were with the religious press.

Not until 1857 did there appear a paper printed as of Medford at stated intervals, for the purpose of noting current events, with editorial comment, literary notes and miscellany, local news and advertising matter. This was issued under the title, *The Medford Journal*, the somewhat ornamental type making an attractive heading. C. C. P. Moody was publisher and George G. W. Morgan, editor. Moody was somewhat of a genius, and was the author of "Moody's Proverbs" and "Chronicles of Moody," which found their way into various papers.

We have read that one of that name became "a pioneer in the Medford journalistic wilderness about 1850" and that "it was a four-page venture." We are not prepared to dispute the assertion, but have never been able to find such a one.

But of the *Medford Journal* of 1857, the Medford Public Library has a complete file and the Historical Society a neatly bound but incomplete one. Its first issue was of Thursday, January 8, 1857. It was of eight pages (ten by twelve inches), three columns each. Its title was followed by the legend, "A paper devoted to News, Literature, Science and Art." The make-up of its heading closed with the warning, "A chiel's amang ye takin notes, and faith he'll print them."

And he did, for that first paper of long ago compares favorably with those of today. It told of a railroad accident on the B. & L. railroad, of a second murder at



the state prison, of a church dedication at Malden, reported the Medford Lyceum lecture of the previous week, and the Methodist "Ladies' Levee."

There was a column and a quarter about the proposed "horse railroad" down Ship street, and of the meeting held to promote it, which was "a highly respectable meeting of the citizens." Though our proposed railroad down Riverside avenue has not yet materialized, that one did, but through Main street.

There was a fire at West Medford,—a servant-girl took a hot brick into bed, setting the bed-clothes afire.

The names and tonnage of eight vessels built in Medford the previous year were given, and the *Bunker Hill* (one thousand tons) was in building. There was but one death notice (of Malden) and one marriage notice—"Wm. Mumford to Caroline Griffin, by Rev. Theodore Parker." The latter was in East Medford, and we are told that it does not appear on the town record.

There were but few advertisements, but one gives clue as to where the paper was printed: "C. C. P. Moody, 52 Washington street, Boston." He did creditable work.

There were "Foreign Affairs," "Domestic Intelligence," "The World as it is," various miscellany, "Chips from a dry stick" (the latter amusing).

Its closing item was the quarterly list of uncalled-for letters at the Medford post-office, by Postmaster Winnek, one hundred and thirty-one of them.

It was followed at weekly intervals during January, February and March, and each issue was equally interesting, as Medford matters are here mentioned that can be found nowhere else. The Medford Lyceum was an interesting feature of the times and on one of the occasions Editor Morgan was the speaker.

But his enterprise was ahead of the times and was not financially sustained. Though he said in his lecture,

"I've always found the same old hen

Who'd peck for one, could peck for ten,"

he was under the grim necessity of writing "Our Vale-



dictory" in the issue of April 2, in which he stated, "the effort had in the main been unappreciated, as not over forty subscriptions (\$1.50) had been received, and the weekly sales did not exceed sixty"; also that some friends wish to assist by contribution, but that "the editor's self-respect would not permit."

Announcement was made of the publication of the *Malden Messenger*, which would be sent to the *Journal* subscribers. Whether any dissatisfied one called at his office for reimbursement, as he suggested, we cannot say. Probably ere now, both editor and publisher have passed on, but they certainly were worthy of better success.

As thirteen weeks covered the brief life of the first *Medford Journal*, so it was thirteen years ere any other attempt was made for a weekly paper in Medford. Just at the end of 1870, James Madison Usher of West Medford began the publication of a four-paged weekly. It was a great eight-column "blanket sheet," twenty-one by twenty-eight inches in size, bearing title *Medford Journal* in big ornamental letters, the two words a little separated by a wood-cut of a "wood-burner" locomotive and ancient railway cars. It bore date of December 24, 1870.

We have never found that this paper had any editorial or publishing quarters in Old Medford. Its editor and publisher resided in West Medford and was editor and publisher of the *Nation*, a Boston weekly. Probably his new venture was printed and sent out from the same press in Boston, and equally probable that the editorial sanctum, if not in the *Nation* office, was in his West Medford home. We have heard an editor of later years remark, "Mr. Usher's office was in his hat."

The *Journal's* first page was devoted to home reading matter of wholesome character. For a time there were articles on the "Flora of Medford," by George S. Davenport, accounts of Frank Hervey's readings and a series relating to conveyances of property. The inside



pages told of local happenings in Medford, Winchester and Arlington. The local tradesmen were generous in their advertising patronage, as well as those here residing doing business in Boston, and the third page was mainly theirs, overflowing onto the last. We notice that the subject of a new town hall was then being agitated. After three years the *Journal* was sold, but directly after changed hands again, then to Thomas Scott, who was connected with a paper in Somerville, and soon after discontinued.

No file of this *Journal* has as yet been discovered. If Mr. Usher preserved one, (which he said he did), it may have been destroyed in the burning of his barn, as some burned fragments were there found. A few stray copies have found their way into the Historical Society's collection.

But before the suspension of the *Journal*, it had a competitor, the *Medford Chronicle*, edited and published by Amos B. Morss, he also of West Medford. But Mr. Morss had an office at Medford square, having set up a printing office there a year or two before launching the *Chronicle*. At an early date it bore this claim,—“the only newspaper printed in Medford,”—doubtless correct. Mr. Morss is credited with having been “almost the first, if not the first, publisher to use what are termed ‘patent outsides.’” Be that as it may, both papers gave evidence of liberal use of “scissors and paste pot” in their make-up.

There was some rivalry, not altogether good-natured, as seen in the insertion in one (we are not saying which of a report of a local affair which did *not* occur and which was duly repeated in a little different form as news in the other and promptly exposed by the first in its next issue,—a clear case of trap-setting and rejoicing over the catch; perhaps not much love lost between.

The *Chronicle* was a four-page, six-column paper of somewhat smaller size (fifteen by twenty-two inches), but similar in general style to its “esteemed contemporary.”



After the *Journal's* discontinuance, the *Chronicle* continued to be the only paper in Medford for six years. It was with surprise that we heard Mr. Morss say (in after years) that he preserved no file of his paper; and we have found no copies anywhere, only such as have come into the Historical Society's rooms. The later ones were eighteen by twenty-four inches, with seven columns. We especially note one with heavy black lines, on the occasion of the death of President Garfield.

In 1880 Mr. Morss had a competitor in the journalistic field, Mr. Samuel W. Lawrence, who began the publication of the *Medford Mercury*, with William E. Smythe as local editor, who was succeeded by George W. Stetson, who thus continued until 1902. The *Mercury's* first issue was of December 18, 1880. Somewhat over a year later, Mr. Lawrence purchased the *Chronicle's* interests and merged it with the *Mercury*.

Mr. Wilber (in the article to be alluded to) tells of "four single publications" by James M. Usher in 1889: The *Reformer* of April 22, the *Advertiser* of June 22, and the *Middlesex Union* of June 29, and mentions their features. Doubtless, we saw them at their time, but they have faded from our memory. (The Historical Society would be glad to add them to its collection if anyone has preserved them.)

But another, the *Brooks Advocate*, had a longer career than these. It was issued at the time of the proposed division of the town, advocating it and the incorporation of the western section beyond Winthrop street, under the name of "Brooks." During the present month one issue of this has drifted into the Historical collection and it is hoped that others may. The *Advocate* probably ceased when the adverse action of the General Court was taken, or soon after.

In succeeding years there have been other papers issued in Medford for a brief period, but which are now forgotten, except as we find them among the "strays" in the Historical rooms.



A complete file of the *Riverside News* (seventeen by twenty-four inches, seven columns), the first of November 12, 1886, recently came to the Society, preserved by the thoughtfulness of one of Medford's citizens. It was published by S. A. Wetmore, who fell on evil times (financially) in his effort, and its publication abruptly ceased on July 6, 1887. It certainly was a fine, newsy effort and its untimely end to be regretted.

Another, the *Medford City News*, in 1892, under the editorial care of C. H. Hillman, had a little over a year's circulation. This had its office on Salem street, and was directly succeeded by, and near by, the *Medford Times*, but not for long.

The *Medford Light* was issued by George S. Delano, a somewhat gifted and versatile citizen of Medford.

It was nicely gotten up, more like a magazine than a weekly paper, both as to its page size and contents. Mr. Delano was chief contributor to its columns, and persevered in his enterprise for a time, but at last succumbed to the inevitable. A partial file of this is also at the Society's rooms.

Another effort was the *Mystic Muse*, but the Muses smiled not on it, and it is now long forgotten.

In 1902 came another aspirant for popular favor. A publishing company being formed by several well known citizens and associated with experienced newspaper men and with Charles D. Rooney as editor, the *Medford Citizen* appeared on October 11, 1901. Its office was in Odd Fellows (now Elks) Building, and the paper, well gotten up, was well received by the public and bade fair to become the leading paper in Medford. But after a year had elapsed, in 1901, whether conscious of it or not, the *Mercury* had attained its majority age of twenty-one years. Its publisher, Mr. Lawrence, then retired from the journalistic field and sold to John F. Wood, who had a brother, Charles. Both were expert in their calling and brought to the *Mercury* the benefits of such experience. During its former years that paper had its



quarters on Riverside avenue, near the post-office. Under the new management it was established on Main street, just south of the Medford Inn.

In October of 1902, the publishers of the two papers found it to advantage to unite effort and the result was, for a year or more, the hyphenated *Mercury-Citizen*, and for a brief period the portion supplied to West Medford was simply the *Citizen* — not for long, however, as it was found impracticable, and the result was that soon the paper appeared under the original name, *Medford Mercury*.

With the merger came the retirement of Mr. Stetson, and on December 17, 1903, he issued the first number of the *Medford Leader*. Its office was on Main street, opposite the City Hall, and the paper was printed by E. B. Thorndike, at corner of Main and Harvard streets. Mr. Stetson, during his long residence, had made many friends in Medford and his paper was well received, and continued for five years. During its latter year Mr. Stetson was prostrated by sickness and for a time the *Leader* continued to appear under Mrs. Stetson's management, till with the close of its fifth volume publication was suspended for a time in the hope that it might be resumed again. Mr. Stetson had then been in newspaper work for twenty-five years, and his final editorial told something of his effort and his interest in Medford and its people.

The *Leader* had in its heading a cut of a ship on the stocks, illustrative of an old industry of Medford, and was an eight-page paper, fifteen by twenty-one inches in size. During the transition period of the *Mercury-Citizen*, or about that time, the *Mercury* assumed the same size and form, a decided improvement over the old.

In 1905, the business management of the *Mercury* became that of the "Medford Publishing Company," Capt. Henry W. Pitman (who succeeded Mr. Stetson) continuing as editor, with Mrs. Frances French as assistant.

In 1905 Medford celebrated the two hundred and



seventy-fifth anniversary of its settlement; and the *Mercury* made especial note of it in its columns; and also anticipated it by publishing a souvenir volume of one-hundred and seventy pages, entitled "Medford, Past and Present." In that is an article on the "Newspapers of Medford," by Mortimer E. Wilber, to which we are indebted for some of our facts. It is highly interesting, containing but few errors, and those slight. Such corrections of them as are now made are from sources then not available. This book is especially noteworthy and creditable, as its various writers were all Medford people and (as we were told) all its mechanical features were executed by Medford men doing business in Boston.

Also, in 1905, the *Mercury* issued a "Twenty-fifth Anniversary number," dating from its establishment by Mr. Lawrence, and not from that of the *Chronicle* of 1872, whose interest and good will it had acquired by purchase.

William Preble Jones succeeded Captain Pitman in the editorial sanctum, until the sale of the paper to Claude David in 1912. Mrs. David was his associate editor, but neither succeeded in revolutionizing Medford during their management.

The city hall project was much in evidence, and the old one which had been the "town hall of the grandfathers" was continually maligned in the weekly issues.

An automobile gift project, which did not materialize, was somewhat exploited, and soon after, the paper came into its present management. A marked change was noted, especially by its subscribers and patrons.

In November, 1918, the *Mercury* moved to Medford square, to the old historic home of Jonathan Porter, at Nos. 4 and 6 Main street, occupying the first floor as office and press-room and the entire second as composing and job-printing rooms.

Before the removal, however, another "esteemed contemporary" appeared on the scene, this time the *Medford Messenger*, issued by E. B. Thorndike from Harvard



street in South Medford. This was an eight-page paper, eleven by fourteen inches, six columns on a page, and first appeared October 10, 1913.

On January 2, 1914, it was enlarged to fifteen by twenty-one inches, and in 1922 its volume was extended by additional issues to the end of the year, making the succeeding volume begin with the calendar year.

In 1916, there appeared a new venture in Medford journalism — *The Review*. This was an eight-page, six column weekly of the same size as the *Mercury* and *Messenger*. Its heading was ornamented with a cut of a ship ready for launching, and bore the legend,

“News, Arts and Sciences.”

Captain Pitman was with it at its inception, but for some cause or other soon left it to the management and editing of Herbert A. Weitz. Its first issue was on April 15, 1916. In January, 1917, it ceased.

The last issue is of “Second Year, No. 1” — was the thirty-seventh number, and contains no intimation of suspension or discontinuance.

The Historical Society has a complete file of the *Review*, whose office was at High street in West Medford.

There have been at various times publications by various societies, secular, fraternal and religious, which are worthy of notice. They were issued in furtherance of some special object. The “fair papers,” announcing a fair or festival, of course were ephemeral,—still a collection of such would be of historic interest. They were generally financed by their advertising patrons for the furtherance of their respective objects, and, as was expected, only transitory. Several of the Medford churches have at times published weekly or monthly papers.

In 1886 and 1887 the First Medford Episcopal Church published its *Enterprise*, a monthly (Rev. L. D. Bragg edited it) in furtherance of the big enterprise of raising the burdensome debt upon the church property. That it was a help is seen in the fact that its first two subscription payments was the first money collected toward



\$14,000. Some town news, as well as parish and church, may be found in its columns.

In 1901, Rev. J. V. Clancy launched the *Parish Beacon*, an eight-page monthly, in May. Though primarily in behalf of the West Medford Congregational Church, it was of interest to the community; and the business men of West Medford helped to finance it in their way. It contained the church calendar, parish directory and news, and some locals. The contributed articles were of high order. After six months it reduced its pages to magazine size, and in noting the change the editor remarked that it had passed successfully through its experimental days. We have only the issues of that year before us and cannot say when it was discontinued, but wish it had not been.

In 1911, with a church debt to raise, Trinity Church (Methodist Episcopal) of West Medford issued its *Beacon*, with its pastor, Rev. Charles Tilton, at the managing and editorial helm. This was of magazine size and weekly. It was current for three years, continuing for a time after its objective was attained, during Mr. Tilton's pastorate. At the time of the mortgage burning, the *Beacon* had a special number printed in blue ink—but there was nothing else blue, but, rather, great rejoicing.

In Trinity's "jubilee year," 1891-2, appeared *Trinity Jubilee Chimes*, Rev. M. L. Bullock, editor, sixteen pages, eight and one-half by twelve inches, two columns each. Published eight months of the year, it is now in its third volume. Its cover page is of attractive design, a central panel containing a reproduction (half-tone) of some great master's work. Primarily in the interest of Trinity's people, it is welcomed by all.

Doubtless there are or have been others of this class which are worthy of mention, but which have not come to our notice. All such are worthy of preservation in the homes and libraries of our city. With this digression we return to our subject,—the journalism of Medford.



The *Medford Mercury*, the longest established weekly paper of Medford, has just moved into its new quarters, the fourth in its history, and is issuing a memorial or anniversary number. Of its publishing interests and personnel its managers will doubtless tell.

The present writer has undertaken to tell of the journalism of the past sixty-six years, partly from his own observation and from authentic record.

Allusion has been made to the Historical Society's collection of papers, to which the writer turns for proof of some statements. Among these are the earlier but not complete files of the *Mercury*.

It was with much surprise that we found some years ago that our public library had no files of the (second) *Medford Journal* or *Chronicle*, nor yet any bound files of the *Mercury*. It seems strange that neither earlier editor saw to it that the library was furnished with copies of his paper. Furthermore, it seems that there was a lack of foresight somewhere, or else a niggardly economy (whether in town meeting or committee we are not prepared to say) that the *Mercury* of each succeeding year was not substantially bound in board covers and thus preserved.

Even the editors and publishers of the early *Mercury* were negligent in this, though they did place a year's issue between half-inch strips of hard wood, tied through at intervals. But such method did not protect the outer pages. It would appear that even they had lost some years' numbers, as some bear the name of Charles Cummings, the old high school master.

In later years they were rolled up and consigned to the dark loft under the roof, to be consulted only by the rats. At removal from the old quarters down Main street, such as remained in the loft were transported to the Historical rooms, where the librarian carefully arranged them, but found two volumes (for the years 1884 and 1885) missing. Later (a labor of love) they were wire-stitched and bound in heavy covers of builders'



felt and kept flat in a filing case in the library. Since that time we had occasion to seek information contained in those that are missing. Our only resort was the public library. Some bundles were brought us and with the utmost care we examined them till we found in the issue of March 28, 1884, the object of our search — the first illustration (other than advertising cuts) used in a Medford paper. It was a view of "Abbot Hall," the municipal building of Marblehead, reproduced by the courtesy of the *Marblehead Messenger*, — a result of the town hall agitation. Since then the various Medford papers have been more or less illustrated, especially since the camera became so popular. It is a great help to the journalist.

A source of regret it is that from 1857 to 1880, and practically those other two years, the doing in Medford the papers told of is lost, and that so little opportunity is available for the rest. In a nearby suburban city at the present time its early newspapers (since 1845) are being carefully searched and indexed and important happenings tabulated. In those early years an outlay of two or three dollars a year would have saved these Medford papers for future use.

We have been told that "they were not worth binding" (meaning, doubtless, in present condition). But we hold that a local weekly which tells of current events is worthy of preservation if worthy of publication. But to fold a newspaper page into eight squares is not a preservative method, nor yet is it well to leave the accumulated papers exposed to the sunlight. Wood pulp paper has not the enduring qualities of rag paper of earlier days.

We have thus tried to present a *correct* statement which may be confidently referred to in the future, but haven't exhausted our subject, which grows as we consider it.

Present space forbids much which might be written of the influence of the Medford press, as well as of its record of current events.

MOSES WHITCHER MANN.



## AIR SHIPS IN MEDFORD.

December 17 is the twentieth anniversary of the Wright brothers' first successful aeroplane flight. For more than a century "flying chariots in the air" had been predicted, but only the balloon had mounted skyward.

A pretty piece of fiction was "Darius Green and his flying machine," which may (or may not) have had its influence on inventive minds. But the story which gained credence, that Schoolmaster Cummings gave its author the name of the Medford boy Darius for his hero is utterly without foundation. When, in 1911, the art of flying having progressed, Mr. Trowbridge attended the "aviation meet" at Squantum, an honored guest. It must have been a satisfaction to him to have seen a realization of his fictional vision. Two of the fliers landed in Medford — one because of mechanical defect, the other, overloaded. This was on the morning of Labor Day. Views of the scene and accounts thereof are in the *Mercury* of September 15, 1911. Two others passed over Medford, one winning the \$10,000 prize.

During the World War aviation advanced rapidly, and since then oceans and continents have been crossed. During the recent summer some advertising of a certain brand of tobacco has been done by releasing a gas or cloud of smoke, by skillful piloting, thus spelling the words on the aerial billboard.

But the *great sight* was on November 20, when at about 1.00 P.M. the U.S.S. Shenandoah, in its seven-hundred-mile flight from New Jersey and back, passed over the Mystic valley. Really moving seventy-five miles per hour, to the multitudes gazing upward its flight seem leisurely but certainly majestic. As we looked across the river at the buildings of the American Woolen Co. and realized that equivalent in size to the three combined was this modern dirigible air ship, we could but wonder at man's conquest of the air, and say "what next?" with an involuntary shudder at the possibilities of war.



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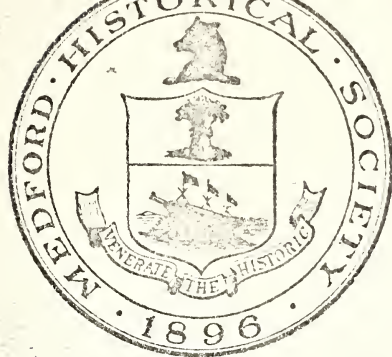


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